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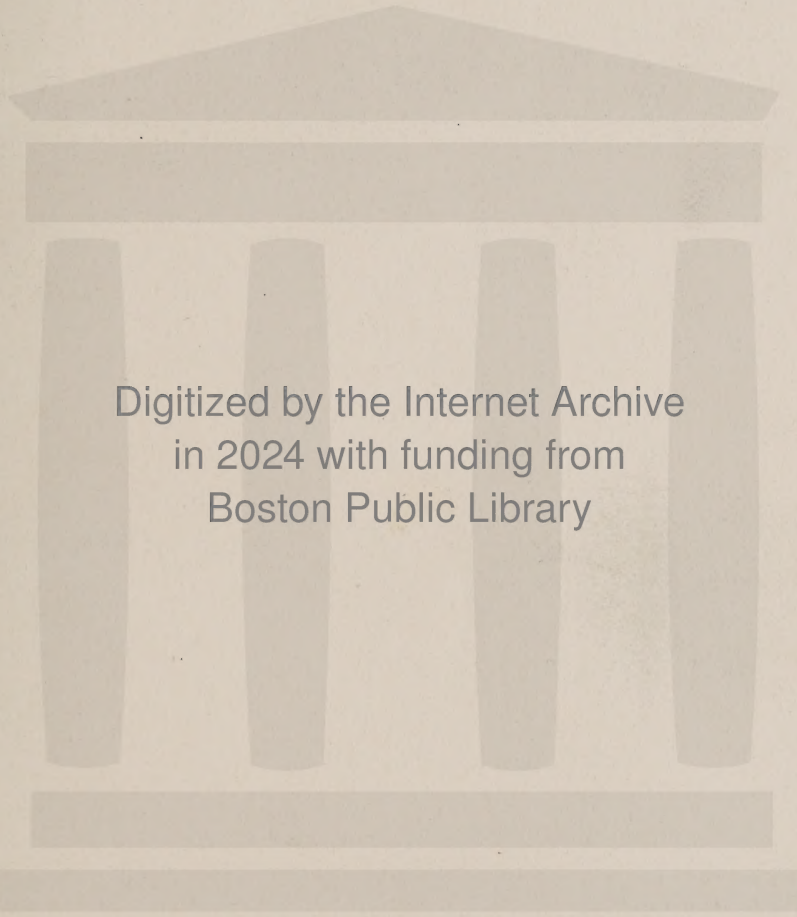
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OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalists Record:

*A Repertory of Fact, Inquiry and Discussion on Fish, Fishing and
Subjects of Natural History.*

4114.81
THE "YELLOW SERIES" COMPLETE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELLIOT STOCK,

62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

1888.




B. H.,
434,390
June 28, 1889.

EPILOGUE.

Venator. "Here I must part with you, here in
this now sad place, where I was so
happy at first to meet you."

The Compleat Angler.—"The Parting."

HE present series of THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK began on the 15th of June, 1884, and the intention of its amiable and enthusiastic editor, the late Mr. THOMAS SACHELL, was to complete the issue at intervals of twelve consecutive months. As a leading feature, he, at considerable trouble, and with no less skill, condensed the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* into "A Collector's Hand-List of Angling Books," by means of which any possessor of a large or small collection may, (marking off, in red ink, the books already in hand) not only form his own catalogue without trouble, but determine, also, at a glance, what articles remain to be sought for towards completion. During the first six months, the numbers were issued with regularity; then, at uncertain intervals; and after the tenth part, it became a question whether the publication would proceed to the end. The year 1886 brought part XI. and, with it, an apology from the editor for the delay, which had arisen out of "causes unfortunately beyond his control, and which had given him the keenest anxiety and annoyance." But that year also saw him fettered with new duties; an important appointment in Her Majesty's Customs fell to his lot, and hindered him from successfully opposing his own energy to the apathetic indifference of which he had so bitterly complained. At this dead-lock the work continued until the beginning of the present year, when, judging from the tone of his letters how heavily the non-fulfilment of his self-imposed task was weighing upon him, I offered my assistance in getting out the last part, and the offer was frankly accepted. Before anything could be done, however, certain symptoms of indigestion, from which he had latterly suffered, began to assume a malignant aspect; gastric *carcinoma* declared itself; and on the 16th of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, Thomas Satchell departed peacefully upon the journey to which this life is only the prelude, retaining his mental powers to the last, and leaving behind him a memory which ought to be kept fresh and green by every member of the little fraternity of Scholarly Anglers for whose benefit he had worked so diligently, so unselfishly, and so well.

The courtesy of the Editor of the *Athenæum* (who kindly permitted me to explain to the literary world the reasons why the second series of the NOTE-BOOK was left unfinished at Mr. Satchell's death) has relieved me from the necessity of repeating censure here ; and I have now to perform the more pleasing, but yet sad, duty of conveying to all who were contributors to these pages the expressions of gratitude and good-will which, in almost illegible characters, our friend had jotted down in pencil not many days before his death. I can decypher the names of Canon Ellacombe (who however, had preceded him upon the way to the Haven of Rest); of his old friend and coadjutor, Mr. Westwood ; of the Rev. M. G. Watkins, the Rev. Professor Skeat, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Lambert, &c.—I think all who had sent papers were in his mind, and I am sure his heart was with his work to the last.

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the question whether the NOTE-BOOK will be continued, because the answer must depend, in great measure, upon the readers to whose cultivated tastes this serial was originally addressed. No doubt Mr. Stock, who has purchased the copyright from Mr. Satchell's executors, will be found equal to the occasion should the Scholarly Angler make the needful signals. That it will be well worth his while to do so, may be inferred from the contents of our YELLOW SERIES. The Collector, Bibliographer, Antiquary, Naturalist, Scholar, and Student, have all had their tastes consulted—and in the Creel any quantity of odds-and-ends has been packed away for the benefit of merry anglers who love small-talk. Only one class has been disregarded—the competitive angler's. Our late editor had no sympathy with “angling contests,” nor did he entertain the least respect for the *art* of prize-fishing. The Contemplative Man's Recreation, as it was taught by Izaak Walton to none but “very honest men,” furnishes the only motive for the ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

“Study to be quiet.”—I Thess. iv. 11.

ALFRED WALLIS, F.R.S.L.

Exeter, December, 1887.



THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SCHOLARLY ANGLER, AND THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK.



HERE has been much talk, of late, of the scholarly angler. Where, we should like to know, is the scholarly angler's *habitat*? What manner of man, is he? What are his ways and his doings? We had an ideal of our own, on the subject—the scholarly angler, we had decided, must be a man of parts and learning, of course. He must be instinct with fine enthusiasms, and many-sided aspirations—not an angler, merely, but a naturalist, a philosopher and a 'bibliophile,' as well. He must be open-eyed, stalwart-limbed, cheerful-minded—an athletic Christian, and such an Admirable Crichton, as we find described for us in the "Pleasures of Princes" and John Dennys' "Secrets." With this ideal before our eyes, we set out in search of our scholarly angler—in the towns—under the trees of Academe—by the rivers that anglers love. We sought for him as pertinaciously as Diogenes sought for his honest man, and with no better result. He eluded us. Then we inquired of all comers—we button-holed our friends and acquaintances. Some of them smiled, some were sarcastic, all insisted that our ideal was misleading us—that we were on a wild-goose chase—that, if scholarly angler there were, he must be of a totally different type—old and decrepit, the dust lying heavy on his erudition and in his heart—infirm of limb, and feeble of vision—that, in short, he must be

the man Shakespeare had described as a "lean and slippered pantaloon, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything." "Your scholarly angler," said one, "is 'Akinetos, the unmoved'—Akinetos, inert and incapable." "He is a pillar of salt—like Mrs. Lot—in a desert of sand," said another—"what help can there be in him?" We were greatly discouraged, for we confess we had counted on our scholarly angler for aiding to build up the fabric of the "Note-book" and for confirming it as a permanent institution. *Was* our ideal, indeed, so false, so unfounded—we asked—as our friends had pretended? *Had* a will o' the wisp led us on such a wild-goose chase? And thereupon, we dropped into a dream—a dream of old days; and in this dream we came, suddenly, face to face, with our ideal, in the flesh, and his name was Charles Kingsley, the name, my readers, of a man of men. Here was our Admirable Crichton, who, verily, saw "books in the running brooks," and wrote them. Here was the athletic Christian, who would rise before the lark, to fish the streams of Devon, with a soul as fresh as the morning—who was neither, to his last hour, old and decrepit, nor an "Akinetos, the unmoved," nor a pillar of salt, in a Sahara of sand—who had all those fine enthusiasms and many-sided aspirations we spoke of, and who has left us his "Chalk-stream Studies," with many another piscatorial page, that the world will not willingly let die. Is the race of Charles Kingsleys utterly extinct among us? Have we sunk so low, that not a remnant of such is left? Me-

thinks our paper blushes at having to record the question!

Anglers of our England! your name is legion—you throng the water-courses—your clubs and associations are past counting—are you satisfied with the mere gross, material pleasure of the sport? You have all read Izaak Walton—have you not discovered how much of good and great there is in him, apart from such questions as bottom fishing and ground bait? Will you not take courage, raise yourselves to a higher level, and become “Gentlemen Anglers” in a fuller and more intellectual sense than heretofore? The “Angler's Note-book” has this object specially in view. It aspires to be literary as well as practical—to give the inner spirit, as well as the mere outer entity of the sport. Anglers of our England, will you not lay aside old habits and old prejudices, and co-operate with us in our task?

T. WESTWOOD.

P.S.—We have cited, by name, a splendid instance—the scholarly angler, ‘par excellence’; but we confess we could have added several others, had we not feared to wound their modesty. It is, besides, not merely exceptions, but the aggregate body that we wish to rally round us.

ON IZAAK WALTON'S HANGING CUPBOARD,

WITH SIX SONNETS SUGGESTED BY IT.



BEING at Bath in the Spring of 1881, I was one day idly skimming the columns of the *Bath Chronicle* when I chanced upon these four words “Izaak Walton's Suspending Cabinet.” Eagerly my eyes turned to the head of the paragraph, and I soon learnt that on a certain day (April 28, 1881) a well known firm of auctioneers were to sell a “Fine Collection of Old Oak and Antique Furniture,” and that the Cabinet was one of the lots.

The interval between reading this absorbing announcement and the day named for the sale seemed an age, for I had decided with alacrity

that this relic of the old angler must be mine come what might.

It was described in the catalogue as follows:

“39. Very interesting relic of the angler “Walton, a suspending wall cabinet, with cupboard and drawer secretly fastened, the door is “sunk and inlaid with fine marqueterie; above “his name, ‘Izaak Walton,’ and below, date “‘1672’; all the twelve panels are richly carved “in floral designs.

“From the Old Deanery at Winchester.”

After some competition the cupboard was knocked down to me, much to my satisfaction and peace of mind, for sweet was the feeling of possession.

Some kinds of historical relics are more frequently met with than others; e.g. many historic chairs are extant as proved by Mr. George Godwin's curious collection at South Kensington, but historic cabinets are rare.* There is, indeed, a small highly finished inlaid cabinet, preserved in the vestry of the Bunyan Meeting-house at Bedford, which belonged to the great dreamer, and it is interesting to associate it, with its companion under examination, inasmuch as their owners were contemporaries, and both wrote immortal books, but I venture to submit that a deeper interest attaches to the relic of Walton, owing to its having been named in his will and inscribed with his name. The reference in the will runs as follows:—

“To my son Izaak I give all my books (not “yet given) at Farnham Castell and a deske of “prints and pickters; also a cabinet nere my “beds head, in wch are som littell things that he “will vawle, tho of noe greate worth.”

The body of this fine old aumbry, bracketed wall cabinet, or hanging cupboard—measures from the underside of the cornice to the bottom 2ft. 2in., the projection of the back above the body measures 10in., and 14in. below; its entire

* When the author of “The River Dove,” (J. L. Anderdon), was shown the “Walton Chamber” at Beresford Hall about 40 years since, he noticed ‘a fine cabinet chiselled in oak and inlaid with paintings’ but I am told that this stood on legs. Beresford Hall was pulled down about 20 years ago by Mr. Beresford Hope.

length is therefore 4ft. 5in. : its depth from back to front is 13in, width 2ft.

The door, as already stated, has a sunk panel (9½ by 7½) and carved and moulded stiles ; the interior has no fittings save one shelf. Above is the partition rail whereon in bold letters *ecce!* the name we delight to honour—Izaak Walton : the date 1672 appears in the centre of the lower rail. Immediately above this rail is the drawer, on the panel of which "twisted dolphins" are carved in relief. It would seem that Walton had a partiality for the music-loving dolphin, witness the engraved title to the early editions of the "Compleat Angler."

The remaining eleven panels are all handsomely carved with various designs, the most distinguishable subject being the thistle, the rest are mostly very conventional ; it may be added that a curiously carved head is noticeable at the top of each of the pilasters flanking the drawer ; the door turns on wooden pivots.

The body is supported beneath by two corbel brackets, and at the top is strengthened by two returned brackets ; as a whole the cabinet is elaborately ornamented.

The subjoined sonnets were the natural consequence of an apparition so remarkable and unexpected.

The writers, it will be noted, have been influenced by that peculiar personal affection that the old angler has always inspired in his admirers, and I think it will be granted that the verses are penetrated with the true spirit, and are in complete harmony with Walton's patriarchal simplicity.

The degree of reverence felt for historic things is of course comparative, but around a relic such as these sonnets commemorate—quite a unique interest clings, and all sincere "devotees of the Waltonian cult" will regard it with the same eyes, as *sanctum aliquid*.

It is my especial pleasure to be able to head the sonnets with two from the pen of one who "belonged to the Enfield brotherhood of Charles Lamb."—That the soul of Izaak long since passed into the author of the "Chronicle of the Compleat Angler" must have been recognised by all familiar with his writings :—

Two Sonnets suggested by the Cabinet that hung at Walton's Bed-head.

I.

Just here our Izaak must have laid the stress
Of his true hand, full oft—just here have stood
Eyeing his books—Quarles, Sibbes, quaint brotherhood !

Or his own 'Angler,' fresh from Marriott's press.
Thus I behold him now—he turns the page
Of 'hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton's' strain ;
His face lights up—he sees the Dove again—
Sees Pike-pool, and that pretty hermitage,
The Fishing House. He marks the trout at play,
And casts his fly—swift turns the whizzing wheel—

A plump three-pounder pants within his creel.
And now his dream is done—he turns away.
Blest Shade, from out your heaven, forgive me this,
That where your hand was laid, I leave my kiss.

II.

We have his books—we have this relic rare—
Where hides his Angle-rod ? *...My fancy wings
Its way to limbos of forgotten things,
And gropes, craves, questions, vainly, for it there.
Our Izaak's Angle-rod—a priceless prize !
At his death-hour, be sure he must have turned,
To where it stood, a lingering look that yearned,
With the last effort of his glazing eyes.
Our Izaak's Angle-rod ! A pearl, a crown
Of preciousness, meet for some noble hoard,
Enriched with painter's pencil, hero's sword,
Relics of Love, and Worship and Renown,—
Vanished, from earth—O Angle-rod, wert given
In Izaak's hand to hold by streams of Heaven ?

T. WESTWOOD.

The sonnet immediately following is written

* I know not if Izaak's angle-rod really were preserved at Beresford Hall or only had a place in Mr. Anderdon's imagination, but he refers to it as follows in his delightful little book "The River Dove,"—"Servant. So please you, Sir, on those two pegs "yonder you may see an old angle-rod, that my "master [Ch. Cotton] lays great store by : it is roughly made, but has killed a huge quantity of trouts in its time ; for it belongs to a worthy gentleman, Mr. Izaak Walton."—(p. 114)

by one with whom I have long been familiar. Leisure, opportunity, and inclination have all been his; enabling him to study nature more closely than many: and I perceive in these lines the preference he holds for the natural as versus the artificial—the old oak standing amid its natural surroundings chaining his imagination more than the quaint cabinet, filled haply with old manuscripts and piscatorial lures—

Shall Fancy curious seek to see thee stand
By ferny brook where oft the fishers come
And 'tice with hungry hook the silver band
That wanton in its waters. Walton's feet
Haply have lingered in thy equal shade.
Thou fallen heart of oak—at his own home—
Ay in his chamber didst thy Master greet
And heardst his last sigh as in woodland glade,
Thou sighedst, when the steel thy vitals stung?
Ah happy hour! while yet the world was young!
Ah sylvan songs—that Izaak's words re-tune!
Like thee they live this serēd world among,
And though hoar centuries fly and winters fade,
Thy boughs still murmur one melodious June.

H. S. SCHULTESS-YOUNG.

Dr. Grosart, in the course of his unwearied excursions into our old literature, has written the panegyrics of countless 'worthies,' but none of these can better bear the keen test of truth than the following graceful tribute to the "Father of Anglers"—

On an oak Cabinet that is named in the Will and is inscribed with the name of Izaak Walton, 1672.

Sacred as legendary relic, this—

And with a touch of tenderer sanctity,

For all who look aneath what meets the eye:

The cabinet of Izaak Walton! 'Tis

A thing of beauty in itself, I wis;

Quaint flowers and fruit and fish that lie

In artful order yet most naturally.

But *his* name! There's the spell and envied bliss

O' the owner. In this chest, by Walton's bed

Suspended, choicest books methinks have lain;

Before me as I ponder, fancy-led

Rise Hooker, Herbert, Donne—ne'er to be ta'en

From their high shrine, the 'Lives.' O sweet
old man

Fresh in thy fame as when that fame began.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, L.L.D., F.S.A.

It is my ambition to fill the cupboard with rare Waltonian volumes: what did Izaak keep therein? I would venture a guess and suggest that in the drawer he preserved some of those 'landskips in black and white' drawn by 'young Mr. Izaak Walton,' (who was a skilful 'limner') with other 'prints and pickters,' besides flies, hooks, MSS., and books—as fancied by the preceding writers and the rector of Londesborough in the following sonnet, worthy the author of "Wood Notes and Church Bells"—

O dainty Cabinet, with carvings rare,

Well might thy antique grace my wonder
claim,

But mid the scroll work I descry the Name,
Which on thy forefront thou dost proudly bear.

While rivers ripple in fresh morning air,

And happy anglers follow, void of blame,

The art they love, dear Izaak Walton's fame

With Shakespeare's self will heartfelt homage
share.

Full many a coloured fly and cunning hook

In this old chest perchance were stored away,

To tempt his finny spoil from shadowy nook:

Or here those precious manuscripts once lay,

Those saintly lives he wrought into a Book

Wherewith to lure dim souls to realms of day.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

The concluding sonnet will not be the least interesting in the series: the rector of Barnoldby-le-Beck being a writer so well known to readers of the *Note-book*, and lovers of country topics generally.

Who first this aumbry owned hath blest our land

More than the artist's brush or bronze, the fire

By poets rapt from Heaven. Not the lyre

Which Milton grandly swept, nor Prospero's
wand,

Our deep affections, as this waif demand;

In vain its buried secrets we enquire;

These dolphins subtly-linked,—these heads
admire,

Relics more touching seldom reach time's strand.
Here carved see IZAAK WALTON; honoured
name!

He gave us fishers thankful moods, kind
hearts,
Peaceful content, the bliss which none can blame
That haunts our walk, near babbling streams
where darts

The trout, larks carol, far-off cushats sigh,
And flutt'ring May-flies live and love and die.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

Relics possessing historic or literary interest,
in the course of centuries necessarily pass
through many hands, and may thus be con-
sidered as leading eventful lives.

Without doubt this cupboard, if only it 'had
language' could tell many a curious story since
1672 when Izaak busily engaged on a third
edition of his "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" caused
it to be cunningly chiselled, but its subsequent
history is nearly a blank: I have endeavoured
without success to trace it back to its original
quarters—

"Where dropp'd the acorn that gave
birth to thee?

Canst thou trace back thy line of ancestry?"
but "In vain its buried secrets we enquire," it
does but proudly hint them—I have not been
able to glean any facts whereby to establish a
pedigree.

That it would "puzzle old Nick, not to men-
tion Sir Harris Nicolas" I am far from thinking,
and hope the necessary data to enable me to
trace it back to its old Winchester home will be
yet forthcoming—I appeal to readers of the
Note-Book to assist me in finding out this
"cabinet secret."

C. ELKIN MATHEWS.

Exeter.

Spring.

Spring on the mountains—what to sing or say?
Will it be something new, this year? Her face
Is so divinely fresh, so touched with grace!
Were ever eyes so blue as hers to-day?
Will she break out in caroling, more gay

Than all her songs of old—in frolic mirth,
Flit, flower-like, o'er the green enamoured earth,
Laughing, as ne'er she laughed? Oh! nay!
oh! nay!

Hearken! the same her song—the same fine
chord—

The same immortal ditty, learned of old,

In her lost Eden, ere the gates of gold

Closed, at the flashing of the fiery sword.

Who sighs for new things, underneath the sky,

This dewy morn of May? Be sure, not I.

T. WESTWOOD.

DR. GARDINER'S "BOOKE OF ANGLING," 1606.



RECENT perusal of the Bodleian
copy of this very rare book enables
me to add one or two more par-
ticulars to the summary given in
the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, page 103. Like several
other celebrated churchmen of his time Gardiner
seems to have been a devoted angler. In the
Dedication, he says—"I am led to give the
"Church such spirituall Meditations, as in time
"I have deducted from mine angling recreation."
A little further on in the 162 pages of his Angling
Spiritualized, he says "The summe of this fol-
"lowing Treatise is abridged in these Verses—

"Ecclesiam pro nave rego; mihi climata mundi
"Sunt mare; scripturæ retia, piscis homo.

"which I deliver in English thus;

"The Churchè I gouerne as a Shippe,
"Wee seas with world compare,
"The scriptures are the enclosing nettes,
"And men the fishes are."

The "piscis homo" will remind the reader of
Vaughan the Silurist's admirable Latin poem
De salmone in which the same imagery is intro-
duced. Dr. Gardiner is somewhat wearisome as
he advances like every allegorist. My next ex-
tract is characteristic—

"The deuill I warrant you is perfect in this
"angling occupation, so he knoweth how to
"handle a fish that hee hath hooked, that he

"may not breake from him. Among other "trickes that hee hath, he will give them time "and libertie, but he will not suffer him to walke "further than he list, but he draweth him in "again when it best pleaseth him," (p. 93). In spite of his marine imagery the Doctor adds, "I meddle not with sea-fish, as meaning only to "deliuer such use as I haue made of my a .gling "recreation," (p. 120). Of the latter extract it may be noted that sea-fishing as a recreation is quite an invention of our own time. The first writer on it, as such, Mr. W. B. Lord only died in April, 1884. The former extract raises a curious question about "playing" fish. When did the term arise? It is not noticed in Skeat, Richardson or Latham's smaller Dictionary, as applied to fishing. Let us hope that Dr. Murray will not forget it. And what does it mean? To play as an active verb means "to set in motion." "Playing" a fish however could hardly mean this, for a hooked fish rushes about sufficiently without any skill on the angler's part. In the sense of the neuter verb "to amuse one's self" it would be much more appropriate to the Doctor's allegorising ;

"Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;"

and many a modern preacher could enlarge to the profit of his hearers on the play which yet ends in death thus granted to his unwilling captives by the devil. But in all probability there is a remembrance of the old Saxon "plega" or play in the expression. This meant "warring" or "fighting" as in "æsc-plega" "a fighting with spears" (made of ash), and "sweord plega" "a playing or fighting with swords." Professor Skeat appositely compares 2 Sam 2, 14. In this sense of fighting, "playing a fish" would merely mean killing it ; and were this borne in mind, it would go far to remove the popular view that an angler manifests much callousness to suffering, in that he talks of "playing" a fish, when what is amusement to him is in truth death to the poor native of the stream.

M. G. WATKINS.

ON ANGLING BOOKS AND THEIR BINDINGS.



LIKE my angling books to have pretty and suitable—that is to say, characteristic bindings. But there is a limit to this. My first five Waltons, for instance, were picked out of the stores of old Lilly, the bookseller. They were bound by Bedford, in olive morocco, "tooled,"—said the Lilly-lingo—"to a Waltonian pattern." This, of course was a pure fantasy of Lilly's invention. We all know what was the livery of the first Waltons—that it was in accordance with the "eighteenpence price," of a puritan plainness, and divested of all "tooling," whatsoever. Lilly's set, equipped in his fashion, was charming enough to look at, but lacked the original charm. Too much splendour had made it an anachronism.

My own principle is never to abolish the binding of an old book except from dire necessity. Think what you sacrifice, by the change—the familiar contemporary aspect of the volume, the touching *stigmata* of immemorial use—the faint, subtle, impalpable perfume of a dead and buried time. Would you give up these merely to possess a gorgeous, gilded monstrosity, on your shelves, that will mock you for evermore? I like Charles Lamb's feeling, in the matter. In the whole course of his life, I do not suppose he ever gave a book to the binder. When his folios grew loose in their hinges, or ragged and tattered at their backs, he usually tucked them under the arm of the present deponent (at least, in his Enfield sojourning) to be handed over to an old cobbler hard by—a character—who squatting on a low bench, after peering at them through an enormous pair of goggles, stitched them here, patched them there, and returned them sound, but unchanged. Lamb considered him an artist of merit, in the same rank and file as Charles Lewis and Roger Payne. He had one advantage over them, even—his bills were shorter. Elia's library, in consequence, was of a pervading brownness. Whatever "tooling" his books might have possessed in former centuries, had been rubbed down to the vanishing point, and

was not missed. Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," old Burton's "Anatomy," Drayton's "Polyolbion," Heywood's "Hierarchy of the blessed Angels," the Duchess of Newcastle's "Sociable Letters," and a host of others, all wore the costume of their time and looked happy and at home in it. The general effect was harmonious, quaint, Elizabethan, and suited to the individuality of the owner. A dear old library, that, in which I passed most of my boyish leisure. Through the open window, in summer, came fresh country smells; sweet peas, in the garden below, new-mown hay in the meadow beyond. Along the verge of that meadow (I may say 'par parenthèse') ran a slender ribbon of water, the New River, in which I caught my first fish and had foretaste of the future glories of piscatorship.

A dear old library, truly! dismantled now, and forlorn—no more books, no more Elia, nothing left but, haply, the sweet peas and the new-mown hay in their season, and these futile and sorrowful memories of mine. *Eheu, heu!*

But smart bindings for our angling books! Oh perverted lover of such, if you had Izaak himself in your clutches, would you strip him of his well-worn doublet, squeeze him into a modern swallow-tail, throttle him with a white choker? Horrible notion, that makes our very hair stand on end!

And his books, then.....

But to bring my beginning and ending together, modern fishing books, if you please—these I like to see in taking bindings, sedate, not gaudy, with a moderate ornamentation of fish and flies and fishing-tackle, if a binder can be found to manage it.

This is all I have to say on the subject.

T. WESTWOOD.

MR. DENISON'S FISHING SCORE.



R. Denison whose renown as a slayer of salmon is as great, though it may not be so durable, as his fame as a collector of books, has been good enough to send us his catch of salmon and grilse during the past thirteen years, which will greatly interest our readers. It may

be premised that Mr. Denison fishes the Ness and the Tweed, having had a water on both rivers for more than twenty years, and that the score includes the produce of both. It will be noticed how the years vary owing to floods, bright dry weather, and not least, the supply of fish. "The year 1873," he tells us, "was the best year of my life both in the number and size of the fish in both rivers. In the Tweed in six consecutive days I landed 54 salmon and all my Tweed salmon that year averaged 22lb. 15oz. For the last two years, owing to the disease which has carried off the big kelts, the average has fallen to 18½ and 18lbs.

The best day I ever had in my life was in the same year 1873, in the Tweed, the second week in October, when I ran 20 salmon, losing three at the mouth of the net, and landing 16 which weighed upwards of 280lbs."

"The Ness," he adds, "is, as a rule, more a grilse than a salmon river and the fish run from 8 to 12lbs., but this last year (1883) there was a considerable number of large salmon. I killed 10 fish there in one day, three of which weighed 28lbs. each. One year in the Ness, after a long drought, when the sewage of Inverness accumulated in the river, rain came, and the salmon long kept out of fresh water rushed up but meeting the sewage turned tail, and during the two months I was there, none came up and I only landed 10 fish the whole season; after the season was ended they came up late in the close time."

Year.	Fish.	Weight.
		lbs.
1871	170	2043
1872	188	2180½
1873	357	4487
1874	175	2169
1875	74	1085
1876	196	2240½
1877	228	2364
1878	80	1882½
1879	141	1515½
1880	94	1243
1881	293	3377
1882	191	2265
1883	243	2770½
	2430	29122½

THAT "VICE OF MISQUOTATION" !

EVERY scrap of information concerning Izaak Walton and the friends who held familiar converse with him, is of interest to the 'bookish angler.' Therefore, Mr. R. H. Shepherd's little collection, entitled *Waltoniana* (London, Pickering & Co. 1878. 8vo.) was very well received and has, since its publication, been respected as an authority, especially for its extracts from little-known Waltoniana. In one matter, however, the compiler has not justified this confidence; and, lest his readers should be misled by

FLATMAN.

Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows,
Except *thyself*, who charitably shows ...

The ready road to Virtue and to Praise,
The *way* to many long and happy days; ...

The noble *art* of generous...*Piety*, ...

And how to compass *an Euthanasie* ! ...

— he knows no anxious cares

In near a Century of *happy* years; ...

Easie he lives, and *easie* shall he *lie* ...

On the soft bosom of Eternity. ...

WALTONIANA.

himself

road

arts—piety

true felicity.

Thro'—pleasant

cheerful—die

Well spoken of by late posterity.

I don't know where Mr. Shepherd found the original of his verses; but it is certain that he misleads his readers by referring them to the third edition of Flatman's *Poems and Songs*; or,

indeed, (so far as accuracy is concerned) to the edition of that work in which the lines to Walton originally appeared.

ALFRED WALLIS.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRIE.

TO those whose lot is cast amidst the crowded life and beneath the smoke-blasted skies of cities, what refreshment, what repose is it to escape on a rare holiday to some still nook of the country; to gaze on heavens blue and unsullied, to wander along hedges, where the feathery eglantine is tossed from thorn to thorn and the air is redolent of honeysuckle odours, to bathe their feet in the cool depths of the moss and the fern, to listen to the babbling of the brook and the song of the skylark, to hear blending in a harmony mellowed and softened by distance all the pleasant pastoral noises of the country home—stead; the tinkling of the sheepbell, the lowing

of the kine, the cackling of the "household fowl," the shout of the labourer, the song of the milkmaid.

And closely resembling that refreshment and that repose is the repose and the refreshment of such as—emerging with pulses somewhat quickened and brain somewhat fevered from one of those troubled chapters of modern fiction in which the unrestful genius of modern life finds a faithful reflection—are led by happy chance to seek a refuge in the reality of country life three hundred years ago. Let any man, travelling down through the centuries, take from his shelves—if his shelves may boast themselves of such a treasure—some ancient calf-bound tome treating of the country and of country matters. Let him pay to the old writer the compliment he but now paid to the new—that, namely, of his close and

serious attention—and verily he shall have his reward. For from those pages, whence at first exhaled only a musty and decaying odour, as of things long put by and forgotten, there will breathe upon him an air fresh and fragrant, as though it veritably blew past banks of violets and fields of blossoming clover. A real sunshine will stream around him, a real rivulet will seem to murmur in his ears. “The melodious singing of the little birds” will greet him at every line, the honey-bee will buzz close by him; presently will pass across the page a faint odour of “rosemarie, chiefest beautie of gardens,” and of lavender, “which the housewives love;” and, blending with the bleating of sheep and the “champing” of horses, will sound the music of the threshing-flail, and the ring of the milk-cans. Nor will human figures be wanting to lend a livelier interest and a more puissant sense of reality. The pages before us are alive with men and women, no mere phantasms, but real flesh and blood, and excellent good companie. First of all, as is meet and due, comes the “husbande,” the master of the country farm, a striking and unforgettable figure, stately yet kindly, liberal of his hospitality, liberal of his counsel, bearing on him too serious a sense of his responsibilities for light jest or trivial talk; or any nearer approach to gaiety than a grave and serene cheerfulness, blending in a singular and not unattractive mixture the simplicity, the elastic credulity, the comical *naïveté* of a child with great learning, strong sense, and a store of practical wisdom. Would you ask him “how he bestows his time” and “how he is occupied all the day?” Here you have his answer:—

“I wyll tell you thoroughly, and not dissemble with you, yf ye wyll geve me the hearing; and to begin I wyll use the woordes and verses of the foresaide poete, though in other his writings scarce honest, yet in this speaking very grave and wyse—

“Fyrst served on knees the Majestie Divine,
My Servantes next and ground I overlooke;
To every man his taske I doo assigne,
When this is doone I get me to my booke.”

I use commonly to ryse first of all mee selfe, specially in Sommer, when we loose the healthfullest and sweetest time with sluggishnesse. Aristotle accompteth early rysing to be best both for health, wealth, and studie. In the Winter yf I be loth to ryse, yf either the unseasonableness of the weather or sicknesse cause me to keepe my bed, I commit all to my Steward, whose faith and diligence I am sure of, whom I have so well instructed, that I may safely make him my deputie. I have also Eurielia, my maide, so skilfull in huswyferie, that she may well be my wyve's suffragan; these twayne we appoynt to

supply our places, but yf the weather and time serve, I play the woorkemaister mee self. And though I have a Bailiffe as skilfull as may be, yet remembering the olde sayeing, that the best dounge for the feelde is the maister's foote, and the best provender for the horse the maister's eye, I play the overseer mee self. That it is holsoome to ryse betimes, I am perswadid both by the counsell of the most grave Philosophers, and besides by myne owne experience. When my Servantes are all set to worke, and every man as busie as may be, I get me into my closet to serve God, and to reade the Holy Scriptures (for this order I alwayes keepe, to appoint mee selfe every day my taske, in reading some part eyther of the old Testament or of the newe): that doone, I write or reade such thinges as I thinke most needefall, or dispatche what businesse so ever I have in my house, or with Sutors abroad. A litle before dinner I walke abroad, if it be faire, eyther in the Garden or in the Feelde; if it be foule, in my galerie; when I come in I finde an Egge, a Chick, a peece of Kid, or a peece of Veale, Fishe, Butter, and such like as my Folders, my Yarde, or my Dayrie and Fishpondes wyl yeelde; sometime, a Sallet, or such fruites as the Garden or Orchard dooth beare; which victuals, without any charges, my wyfe provideth me, wherewith I content mee selfe as well as yf I had the dayntiest dishe in Europe. I never lightly sit above one houre at my meate; after dinner I passe the tyme with talking with my wyfe, my servantes, or, yf I have any, with my ghestes. I rise and walke about my ground, where I viewe my woorkemen, my pastures, my medowes, my corne, and my cattel.

In the meane whyle I beholde the wonderfull wysdome of Nature, and the incomprehensible working of the most mightie God in his Creatures, which, as Cicero truely affirmeth, is the delicateste foode of the Soule, and the thing that maketh us come nerest unto God.

Then, returning home, I goe to writing, or reading, or suche other businesse as I have; but with study or invention I never meddle in three houres after I have dynd. I suppe with a smal pittans, and after supper I eyther seeldome or never write or reade, but rather passe the time in seeing my Sheepe come home from the Feelde, and my Oxen dragging home the Plowe with weerie neckes, in beholding the pleasant Pastures sweetely smelling about my house, or my hearde of cattel lowing hard by me; sometime I list to rest me under an old Holme, sometime upon the greene grasse. In the meane time passeth by me the pleasant River, the streames falling from the springes with a comfortable noyse; or els walking by the River side, or in my Garden, or nearest pastures, I conferre with my Wife or Servantes of hus-

bandry, appointing what I wil have doone. . . Sometimes (specially in Winter), after supper, I make my Minister to tell something out of the Holy Scripture, or els some pleasant storie, so that it be honest and godly, and such as maye edifie. Two or three houres after supper I get me to bedde, and commonly, as I saide before, the last in the house, except my Chamberlayne and my Steward."

Next to the "husbande" stands the "huswife," or "maistresse of the countrie farm," a buxom dame and a comely, but giving no small opportunity of admiring her graces, for, like Martha, she is busied about many things. Is she not sole queen and Lady Oracle in the kitchen, deeply versed in culinary mysteries, and often with her own fingers concocting more "daintie dishes" than were ever seen at one time on a modern table? Is she not the presiding genius of the poultry-yard, the overseer of the cow-stables and dairy, the keeper of those "little pretty Birds" the bees? Could either homespun cloth, or home-made wine, or home-brewed beer, or the manchets and baked meats to furnish the guests' table, or the bread for the household use, or the butter or the cheese, or the endless variety of "conserves" that her cupboards were bound to yield—could any of these things be expected to prosper unless the mistress's eye and the mistress's hand oversaw and directed the whole? And more than this, the "huswife" must also be intimately acquainted with the uses and properties of "physic hearbes," and be able to apply them deftly on occasion, for, as our author thriftily remarks, "To have a physician alwaies when ther is not very urgent occasion and great necessitie is not for the profite of the house." (Yet here we are driven to confess that were we ever moved in our times of sickness to call upon some fair spirit to be our minister, it would not be the spirit of the olden "huswife" that we should be tempted to invoke, for, truth to say, very cruel was oftentimes her kindness!)

And still more than this, and above and beyond all this—but here we will let the author of *The Countrie Farme* speak for himself, and give us his pattern of a perfect housewife:—

"I meane also that she must be such a one as is obedient unto God and her husband, given to store up, to lay hp, and keep things sure under lock and keie, painfull and peaceable, not loving to stirre from home, milde unto suche as are under her when there is neede, and sharpe and severe when occasion requireth, not contentious, full of wordes, toyish, tatling, nor drowsie-headed. . . Let her gratifie her neighbours willingly, never attempting to inveigle or draw away any of their men servants or maids from

them. . . . Let her cause tale-bearers to be silent, and not to trouble themselves with other folks' matters. Let her keep all them of her house in friendly good-will one toward another, not suffering them to bear maice one against another."

So much for the ideal. In reality we are afraid our Martha's temper was not improved (as was only natural) by the trying and never-ending labours of her daily life. We are afraid she was somewhat of a shrew, and that at times her tongue must have borne the resemblance to a perpetual pattering on a very rainy day of which the old Jewish writer speaks. Even her guests, the partakers of her hospitality, were not always spared; but then, was not the ever-present "husbande" by to shield them from too severe an onslaught of "my lady Tongue," and to admonish them, with the grave, sweet smile we can fancy, to "bear with a woman's babbling?" We are sorry to say that our authors tell us little or nothing of the sons and daughters of the house. The sweet merry voices and the small pattering feet of the children are missing in these pages. Indeed, we fancy that in those severe non-cocking days the little voices were usually hushed to a subdued murmur, the little feet trained to a sedate, old-fashioned measure. Moreover, one sentence of irresistible quaintness lets us into the secret of occasional unwarrantable neglect on the part of parents and guardians towards the Dots and Totties of those days. "Entreating of swine," the writer remarks, "this beast is a great eater, and cannot endure hunger, especiaillie the sowes, which in this necessitie have been seen sometimes to eate their own pigs, and those of others, as also children in their cradles, *which is no small inconvenience*." After such philosophically calm announcement of the fact, one might perhaps be pardoned for a little scepticism as regards the concluding sentiment.

But though we might have missed the presence and the prattle of the little ones, what a rare treat would have been "a day in the countrie" with the old "husbande!" With what a gracious courtesie would he have done the honours of what he emphatically called his "kingdom," with what a proud humility carried us over every corner of the noble manor for which he would have modestly disclaimed any higher-sounding title than "this my poor cottage." How willingly would we have lingered within the "fayre porch" of the galleried and gabled mansion, while the Provencal roses flung over us a scented shower, how gladly paced the vine-covered retreat where our host loved to walk and talk, and where he had a table of stone to sup upon when he was disposed. And presently crossing the base court, and stepping over

a bridge, we should have reached a "a little Ile moated about, very gorgeously and sumptuously built," and have scarce needed to be told that this was our host's own lodging, where he, his wife, and his servants lay securely, and adjoining to it his garden and his orchard, which with "the sweete smell of the flowers and the fayre beautie of the trees bringeth both health and pleasure." Neither would our "husbande" have failed to point out to us the lodging of his "Bayliffe" hard by the gate, whence he observed the incomings and outgoings, and likewise had an eye to the "Kitchen, and what was there doone," and chancing to give an upward glance, we should possibly have encountered the eyes of the steward stationed "above the gate" "to oversee his neighbour the Bayly," whereon we should have undoubtedly exclaimed with one "Rigo," "Mary, syr, here is watche and warde in deede."

Neither, as we have seen, was the bailiff himself free from supervision, for as our host would have told us, "Surely I thinke he shall never have a good Baylye that is not able to judge skilfully of him, nor let him thinke to have his woorkes wel doone that knoweth not how nor which way thinges ought to be done; but must be fain to learn of his man, for there is none can judge of a woorker but a woorkman." Neither, I think, should we have been loath to pay a visit to the kitchen, "very well handled," and with "a good handsome roofoe by the chimney well stored with redde Hearing, Bacon, or Martilmas beefe." Nor should we have refused a peep at the storehouses, all arranged with such admirable method that we should have needed no additional proof that "Order is a jolly fellow, and no goodlier thing in a man than to do every-thing orderly." And with what joy should we have suffered "Cono" to lead us abroad to show us his pastures and his cornfields, his gardens and his orchards, his fish-ponds and his bees. In what a grand, stately sort of way, with what sonorous sound of trumpet and beat of drum, he would have taken up the defence of his profession, calling upon more authorities, sacred and profane, than we could readily sum up, to witness that husbandrie, was in all ages counted the "innocentest trade of life," the "profession most acceptable to God," and "most meete for a gentlemen," the "very Cosin Germane to wisdom," the "Mother and Nurs of all other artes." "For wheras we may live without the other, without this we are not able to sustayne our life; besides, the gayne that hereof aryseth is most godly, and least subject to envie, for it hath to deale with the Earth, that restoreth with gayne such thinges as is committed unto her, specially yf it be furthered with the blessing of God." "Surely, as I saide before, this only

hath been ever counted the innocentest trade of life, of al men, and in all ages." "Except a man wyll, with the common sort, thinke it more honest to get his living with the blood and calamitie of poore soules, or not daring to deale with the swoorde to make his gayne of marchandise, and being a creature of the land, contrary to his kind, geve him selfe to the rage of the Seas, and the pleasure of the Windes, wandering like a Birde from shore to shore, and countrey to countrey, or to folowe this goodly profession of bawling at a barre, and for gaine to open his jawes at every benche."

We can scarcely fancy ourselves wearying of such talk as "Cono's," now culled from his own experience, and oftentimes cropping out into strong, pungent sentences—now, under the frequent heading, "It is reported," abounding in more extravagant fictions than those which shelter under the "on dits" of to-day. How often, after listening to much information of an eminently practical tendency, would our modern ears have been startled by some such gravely-dropped sentences as these:—

(Entreating of Corn-feldes), "Under the Northern Pole, it is reported, they sow in the morning and reape at noon;" (Entreating of Gardens), "Some say they have seen of them (turnips) that have weighed an hundred pounde. It is wonderfull that of so little a seede shoulde come so great a roote."

"It is thought that yf you breake to poulder the horne of a Ramme and sowe it, watering it well, it wyll come to be good Sperage" (asparagus).

"Rue delighteth in the shadow of the Figge tree, and being stolne (as they say) it prospereth the better, it is sowed with cursyng, as cummin and divers others.

(Entreating of Orchards), "And because there is a naturall friendshippe and love betwixt certayne trees, you must set them the nearer together, as the Vine and the Olyve, the Pomegranate and the Myrtle. On the other side you must set farre asunder such as have mutual hatred among them, as the Vine with the Filberde and the Bay. Betwixt the Oke and the Olive there is great hatred, for yf the Oke groweth neare it flyeth away and shrinketh towards the earth, and though you cut downe the Oke, yet the very rootes poysoneth and killeth the poore Olyve."

"(Entreating of the Asse), "In drinking, they scarcely touch the water with their lippes (as it is thought) for fear of wetting their goodly ears whose shadowes they see in their drinkeing."

In strong contrast to any of the above, here is a bit of ancient wisdom strangely fitted for modern application.

(Entreating of the Murrain in cattel), "Every

one of these kinds are contagious and infective, and therefore as soone as you perceive them infected, you must presently put them a sunder for infecting the whole stocke, least you impute that to the wrath of God (as many fooles doo), which happens through your own beastlynesse and negligence."

Would you have "Cono's" opinion on a man's neighbours? "Hesodius sayth an evill neighbour is a great mischiefe. I have known divers that for the troublesomeness of their neighbour have forsaken good dwellings and changed gold for copper, because they have had false knaves to their neighbours, and quarellers, that suffering their cattel to runne at large in every man's ground to spoyle their Corne and their Vines, would also cutte down wood and take whatsoever they fiade, always bragging about the boundes of their ground, that a man could never be in quiet for them, or els have dwelt by some Caterpillar Ruffian or Swash-buckler that would leave no kind of mischief undoone.

"Amongst all which, commonly, there is not so ill a neighbour as the new upstart that takes upon him the name of a gentlemen, who, though you use him never so well, wyll at one time or other give you to understand from whence he comes, and make you sing with Claudian

"A leudar wretch there lives not under skye
Than Clowne that climes from base estate to
hye.

As the Proverbe in England is, "Set a Knaves on horsebacke and you shall see him shoulder a Knight, for an ape will be an ape, though you clothe him in Purple."

"But," adds our "husbande," with characteristic caution, "since death and other casualties riddes a man of them, the dwelling is not to be left if it have other good commodities."

But most of all we should have loved to follow the old "husbande" to his "bee-yarde." There most of all, we love to picture him standing with those "little poor creatures" his bees buzzing around him, the air filled with aromatic odours from "great plentie of Time, Savery, Heath, Tamariske, and Broome, in whose flowers the Bee much delighteth." There most of all, we seem to see and hear our friend "Cono" in the flesh, in all his strength and his sweetness, his simple piety, and his child-like simplicity; his erudition, which would not disgrace the most learned of to-day; his science, which constrains even the most unlearned of to-day to smile in pitying superiority. Distinct and clear, as though we veritably stood face to face, rises before us the image of Cono, in the garb we all know so well, the garb of Spenser and of Shakespeare, of Bacon and of Raleigh, his hair

slightly silvered, falling loosely on either side of the placid, thoughtful brow. We hear his voice, distinct, measured, a little sententious as he speaks.

"This litle poore creature, the Bee, dooth not onely with her labour yeelde unto us her delicate and most healthy Hony, but also by the good example of theyr painfull diligence and travaile, encorageth man to labour and take paines according to his calling, in such sort as it seemeth the almightie and most excellent majestie hath, of all other, specially created this litle poore creature for the benefite and commoditie of man, by whom, besides the commoditie of the Hony and Waxe that they make, we might both take example to spend our life in virtuous and commendable exercises, and also to know and reverence the wonderfull bounty and goodness of the most gracious Lord, shewed towards us in the creation of this small and profitable worme."

"If the King, or (as we terme him) the maister Bee dye, the whole swarme droupeth and mourneth, they straightwayes cease from gathering of Hony, they stur not abroad, but only with a heavy and sorrowfull humming they swarme and cluster together about his body. The nature surely of this poore creature is greatly to be wondered at."

"Plinie, following Aristotle, affirmeth Hony to be made of the ayre, most of all at the rysing of the starres, cheefely the Dogge, shining out early in the morning, therefore you shall find in the morning betimes the leaves of the trees bedewed with Hony, as you shall likewise have the Apparayle, Heare, or Beardes of such as have been early abroad. In the morning our common people call it Manna or Hony-dewe, cleaving to the leaves before the rising of the sunne, as it were snowe or rather candied sugar, Whether it be the sweat or excrement of the heavens, or a certayne spittell of the starres, or a juice that the ayre purgeth from himselfe, howsoever it be, I would to Cod it were such as it first came from above, and not corrupted with the vapours and dampes of the earth. Besides being sucked up from the leaves by the Bees, and digested in their maws, and also distempered with the sent of the flowers, ill-seasoned in the Hives and so often altered and transformed, losing much of his heavenish Vertue, hath yet a pleasant and a special celestial sweetness in it."

"Plinie affirmeth that Bees do sitte as Hennes doo upon their Egges, and that which is hatched is at the first a small white worme. The King is at the first of a yellowish colour, as a chosen flower, framed of the finest substance, neither is he bredde a worm, but with wings at the very first."

"The signes of their not being in health is yf they look lothsomely, be roffe and heavy, except

in the time of their labour, when they commonly look like labourers, or be drowsie, or if you see them carrying out of dead carcases and following the corses, after the manner of mourners, or you hear no noyse nor sturring among them. . . . If the king happen to dye, the common people wayle and mourn with great heavinesse, neither wyll they make any provision for their own sustenance, and therefore if you feede them not they wyll famishe themselves."

Alas ! reader, our day in the countrie is draw to a close. The sun is fast dropping westward, the air is beginning to stir in the "honey-suckle hedge," the bees making "lesse and lesse noyse," announce that "the sleepeie time of the night is coming in." We hear a voice say, "The shadowe is tenne foote long," therefore it is high time we go. We go, but we go reluctantly, with feet that linger, and eyes that many times turn back to the grand old figure and apostolic head of "Cono" framed in the rays of the setting sun. Fare thee well, friend Cono, thou lively shadow of a for ever vanished past. The steam-plough now drives along those meadows where once paced thy gentle oxen "yoked even togeather." The groaning of machinery and the panting of the engine now replace the music of the flail upon thy threshing-floors. The child of to-day, in more senses than one, is father to the man of that long ago yesterday ; yet is there something wanting, for as he presses onward with never-resting feet and eager-straining eyes, the child of to-day looks back with something that is half a sigh to where thou standest, thy steadfast feet amidst the meadow-grasses, and thy serene eyes directed to the stars !*

E. H. ELLIS.

* We owe it to our readers to enlighten them as to the sources whence we have derived the above extracts and illustrations. Those sources are twofold—namely, first and chiefly the *FOUR BOOKS OF HUSBANDRIE* of one "Maister Heresbach," "Counsellor of the Most High and Mighty Duke of Cleves," whose work was translated out of its original Latin by "Barnabe Googe," a gentlemen of Lincolnshire, and first produced in the year 1572. Secondly, *THE COUNTRY FARM*, compiled in the French tongue by Dr. Liebault, and likewise translated into English by a certain Richard Surfleet, at a somewhat later date. Thus it will be seen that neither of these works is genuinely British, yet have they been so "Englished," in the best sense of the word, that as we read we have difficulty in realising that their roots were struck in foreign soil.

AN ANGLING INVITATION.

To Mr. H— of Derby.

To J. H.; E. T. sends greeting
Hoping for an Angling Meeting ;
Be kind then to his Expectation ;
Hygeia joins the invitation.
O'er Trent's silver murmuring Tide,
The rosy Goddess does preside ;
When, on the Twenty-fifth, let's try
To take the Peach of various Dye.
Shou'd he avoid th' alluring Snare,
We'll then attempt the silv'ry Dare ;
Shou'd he escape the pointed Steel,
We'll then attack the greedy Eel.
For quick-ey'd Roach we'll, next, lay wait
And tempt him with the Ladies Bait*
The subtle Chub, we'll try to please,
With Hook well hid in Cheshire Cheese ;
And, in this meandering Rout ;
We'll not forget the playful Trout ;
Nor pass the Barb' undeeded by,
For he may help to swell the Fry.
Expansive Joy my Bosom fills,
This Minute t' view the dancing Quills ;
But Oh ! what Transport and Delight,
When, the next, they're out of Sight,
Strike !—The destin'd Victim rushes,
To some Hold or friendl'y Bushes,
There in Hopes to snap your Angle,
Or perchance your Line t' entangle.
Lo ! Th' elastic Rod now bending
Dire Perdition seems impending.
See ! See !! He still exerts each Fin,
His darling liberty to win ;
Up Stream he darts his rapid Course,
Now down again with all his Force,
The finny Tribes are in a Fright,
Nor guess how woeful is his Plight.
Just dead with having play'd his Part,
In vain t' elude *Piscator's* Art.
Too late he finds he cannot joke
With Rod and Line and trusty Hook—
Quite fled his Strength, extinct his Breath,
He sullenly resigns to Death.

E. T.

St. Peter's, Derby, 14 August, 1787.

These verses are printed in the Derby paper of August 22, 1787.

A. WALLIS.

**Ladies Bait*—red cloth which Roach will bite at in hungry waters.

FISHING IN LAKE TANGANYIKA.

"**T**HAT is a capital book of Captain Burton's," we said one morning to a great collector, whilst we lingered before his well-arrayed treasures, and our eyes and fingers wandered now to Dame Juliana in crimson velvet and anon to Captain Gervase Markham in citron leather; and the discourse ran hither and thither: from J. D. to J. S.—no longer the inscrutable—; from the 'Pleasures of Princes' to the 'Amusements of Clergymen'; from 'Good men's recreations' to the 'Accomplish lady's delight.' "A capital book and a big one; but does it contain much about fishing?" we asked. "Very little, indeed." "Then—" "Oh, I cannot choose but have it," the Bibliophile broke in, "it contains the only account of fishing in Central Africa that we possess. Pity it is so large: room is so *very* precious!" he added with a sigh, as he glanced at a table piled up with new acquisitions, all freshly glowing from the binders' hands in ruddy mottled Spanish, for which place must be found in the crowded cases.

"Evisceration in *Note-book*," was our mental conclusion, and the distinctive feature of the present series thereupon took definite shape. We felt it would be a real service to collectors to disgorge with care and into fit receptacle the angling matter from such books as only deal incidentally with fishing, and which, as we have said elsewhere, "though necessarily included in the libraries of great collectors, are forbidden by considerations of space and expense to those who content themselves with a modest gathering." Our resolve has at length become performance and our great care will be to eschew summary and garbling; to present the excerpts precisely as they were written, so that their accuracy may be accepted implicitly, and the absence of the original book may be to our readers, if a loss, merely one of sentiment.

Captain Richard F. Burton's book is entitled: 'The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A picture of exploration. London, Longman, 1880.' It is in two volumes containing 896 pages. The fishing matter is confined to pp. 76-7 of vol. II.

"The Lakists are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers and fishermen, and vigorous ichthyophagists all. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright and balancing themselves in their hollow logs, which appear but little larger than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing, and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels. Conspicuous on the waters and in the villages is the Dewa, or "otter" of Oman, a triangle of stout reeds, which shows the position of the net. A stronger kind, and used for the larger ground-fish, is a cage of open basket-work, provided, like the former, with a bait and two entrances. The fish once entangled cannot escape, and a log of wood, used as a trimmer, attached to a float-rope of rushy plants, directs the fisherman. The heaviest animals are caught by the rope-net—the likh of Oman—weighted and thrown out between two boats. They have circular lath frames, meshed in with a knot somewhat different from that generally used in Europe: the smaller variety is thrown from the boat by a single man, who follows it into the water,—the larger, which reaches 6 feet in diameter, is lowered from the bow by cords, and collects the fish attracted by the glaring torch-fire. The Wajiji also make large and small drag-nets, some let down in a circle by one or more canoes, the others managed by two fishermen, who, swimming at each end, draw them in when ready. They have little purse-nets to catch small fry, hoops thrust into a long stick-handle through the reed walls that line the shore; and by this simple contrivance the fish are caught in considerable quantities. The wigo or crates alluded to as peculiar in the 'Periplus' and still common upon the Zanzibar coast, are found at the Tanganyika. The common creel resembles the khún of Western India, and is well known even to the Bushmen of the South: it is

a cone of open bamboo-strips or supple twigs, placed lengthways, and bound in and out by strings of grass or tree-fibre. It is closed at the top, and at the bottom there is a narrow aperture, with a diagonally-disposed entrance like that of a wire rat-trap, which prevents the fish escaping. It is placed upon its side with a bait, embanked with mud, reeds, or sand, and seems to answer the purpose for which it is intended. In Uzaramo and near the coast the people narcotize fish with the juice of certain plants, asclepias and euphorbias: about the Tanganyika the art appears unknown."

Notices of Books.

"THE SEA FISHERMAN: comprising the chief methods of hook and line fishing in the British and other seas, and remarks on nets, boats and boating. By J. C. Wilcocks. Fourth edition. Longmans & Co."



WE confess to being of the category of those who look with aversion on the customary donothingness of the sea-side holiday, and believing that change of occupation is sufficient rest, both for mind and body, would have everyone take an "object of interest" with him into country quarters—take with him, that is to say, both the object and some sufficient knowledge of it, for otherwise the quest for plants, or shells, or insects, or minerals, is of all pursuits the most futile and disappointing. The faculty of observation is no innate and natural faculty. It comes by use and by use only.

To those who seek simply an agreeable pastime and have no taste for any of the *ologies*, we would recommend sea-fishing. Mr. Wilcocks has provided for this purpose a manual of instructions—clear, precise and ample. His book has now reached a fourth edition and contains

the accumulated results of his long experience. The instructions given in the previous editions of 1865, 1868 & 1875 have been amended where necessary, and in all cases enlarged and further illustrated. The gear, the baits, the methods, are clearly described, and the reader becomes quickly initiated into all the mysteries. "Whif-fing" and "sheaf-fishing" and "clotting" no longer appal him; "courges" and "petrons," "fluking picks," "bobbers" and "nossil cocks," become familiar friends, and even the "chervin" and the "varm" lose the repugnance which goes with the unknown.

Mingled with the practical directions we have pleasant little sketches of their application, and we are taken, now to "A day's drift-line fishing off Guernsey," and then have "A day with the mackerel."

An excellent index is appended and the illustrations are numerous and useful. To one of these latter we might take exception. It occurs on page 152 and represents a "Bulter, trot, or spiller for cod, conger, &c.," that is, a heavy line with hooks attached to 3-foot cords at short intervals, to be laid on the bottom of the sea. The artist has made the sinkers (they weigh two tons each!) and the cords and the fish, out of all proportion. We speak with some knowledge of this same "bulter, trot, or spiller." Five and thirty years ago we shared in the possession of a cottage on the bank, and of a coble on the sand, of a North-Eastern beach. Here we were wont to adjourn after dinner twice or thrice a week, and sleeping as best we might for a few hours on rough benches, it was our practice to launch our boat between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning and pulling off about three miles, to lay down long lines, or "trats," in North Country phrase, extending 1200 yards and baited with mussels. Then an hour or two more of the benches and at five we returned and hauled our lines up again, sometimes taking several hundred fish, chiefly rock codlings, if we remember rightly, but more frequently finding that our lines had fallen among thieves, and that the starfish had saved us the trouble of cleaning the hooks. Mr. Wilcocks does not recommend this style of fishing to Paterfamilias, and he is right.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books.

THIS list is designed to furnish a catalogue of their own books to collectors who mark off therein the volumes in their possession, and at the same time to afford them a ready means of determining what works are wanting in their collections.

The entries are made under the author's name (real or assumed) or his initials, but only when these are given in the book. Anonymous works are entered under the first proper name, or failing a proper name, under the first substantive, in the title. The means of distinguishing between undated editions of the same book or books with the same title, is given by adding the publisher's name, the pagination or the size.

Names and dates enclosed within square brackets will not be found in the books. A† indicates that the book only deals incidentally with fishing; A* that it treats of fish-ponds and early fish-culture. P.P. indicates a periodical publication, S.s. a broadside, and T. is appended to recent publications of tackle-makers.

THOS. SATCHELL.

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| A., J. L. River Dove, [1845], 1847. [Anderdon] | Complete Assistant, n.d. |
| Abbondio. Delle costruzione, 1715 | Desideratum, 1839 |
| Abbott. Ardenmohr, 1876. | Diary. 1866-1884 P.P. |
| Adam, V. Voyage...en Afrique, 1843, 1853. | Evenings, 1880, 1882 |
| Adam, W. †Dales...of Derbyshire, 1861. | Guide, <i>Dean and Munday</i> , |
| — †Gem of the Peak, 1857, (6th ed.) | 1832; Dean & Co. n.d. |
| Advantages...of a new treatise. [1832] | — <i>Smith</i> , 1828 |
| Ælianus. †De naturâ animalium. var. eds. | — to Horse and Groom, |
| Afield and afloat. Philadelphia. P.P. | <i>Brown</i> , 1840, 1841, 1843 |
| Akerman. Angler's almanac, 1848-9. | — <i>Holmes</i> , n.d. |
| — Springtide, 1850, 1852. | — to North Wales [1864] |
| Albin. *Esculent fish, 1794, n.d. | — to...Calais, 1822 |
| Aldam. Quaint treatise on flees, 1876. | — to Yorkshire...1755 |
| Aldrovandi. De piscibus, 1613, 1638-44, 1629, | — to...Tweed, 1781 |
| 1649. | — Handbook, 1838,—?, 1840 |
| Alexander, J. E. Salmon in Canada, 1860. | — Instructor, <i>Little</i> (1871), T. |
| — Preservation of streams, 1867. | — Journal, 1882 etc., P.P. |
| Alexander, W. Beresford Hall, 1841. | — Magazine, (<i>by G. S.</i>) 1754 |
| Alfred. Pike fishing, n.d. | — <i>Hoey</i> , 1760 |
| — Barbel fishing, n.d., see also Otter | — Manual, <i>Howlett</i> , n.d. S.s. |
| Alken. National sports, 1823 | — <i>Bagster</i> , 1808 |
| Allerton. Brook trout fishing, 1869 | — Note-book, 1880 |
| Almanac, Rural, 1855-1884 | — Own Book, <i>Macdonald</i> , n.d. |
| Alquen. Handbuch, 1862 | — <i>Neal and Wood</i> , n.d. |
| Alvenstod. Fischbuch, 1837 | — Pocket Book, n.d. (108 pp.), |
| American angler's guide, 1845, 1846, 1849, 1850, | n.d., 1805, 1814 |
| 1857, 1876. [Brown] | — Pocket Companion, <i>Bailey</i> , n.d. |
| Amusemens de la...pêche, 1743 | — Register then Remembrancer, 1859 |
| Amusements. Healthful A. <i>Bailey</i> , n.d. | — Vade mecum, <i>Farlow</i> , n.d., T. |
| Angler. A. and swimmer, see A's companion | Complete Angler, <i>Elliot</i> , 1855, <i>Purkess</i> , |
| — The Angler, <i>Macdonald</i> , n.d. | n.d. |
| — <i>Groombridge</i> [1834], n.d. | — <i>Willmer</i> , n.d. |
| — <i>Dean</i> [1871] | — Angler's Guide, 1858 |
| — The Anglers, <i>Dilly</i> , 1758. | Jolly Angler see March |
| — Angler's Almanac, 1853-5. | Modern — <i>Richardson</i> , n.d. |
| — Assistant, <i>Ustonson</i> , n.d. S.s. | North Country Angler, 1786, 1789, |
| — <i>Gamidge</i> , n.d. | 1800, 1817 |
| — <i>Mason</i> , 1813. | — Praktische — 1864 |
| — Companion, <i>Cowie</i> , n.d. | — Universal — 1766, 1780 |
| — <i>Hughes</i> , n.d., 1824. | — Young — 1860 |
| — <i>Hodgson</i> , n.d. | — Angler's Assistant, <i>Dean</i> , n.d. |
| — <i>Piper or Allen</i> , n.d. | — <i>Mason</i> , 1813 |

Angler. Young angler's companion, *March*, n.d.
 ——— guide, *Holmes* [1859]
 ——— instructor, 1839, *T*.
 Anglican Friar†, 1851. 12mo.
 Angling: a poem. 1741. ["In. Epicure."
 ——— On angling, Pittsburgh, Penn. 1852.
 Annals of sporting...gazette, 1822-8.
 Antonius. Disputatio de jure piscandi, 1604.
 Arderon, W. See *Phil. trans.*, 1746.
 Armiger. Sportsman's vocal cabinet, 1830, 1834.
 Armstrong, British angler's handbook, 1862, *T*.
 ——— Jas. Wanny blossoms, 1876.
 ——— John. †Art of preserving health,
 1744, 1745, 1803, &c.
 Art. L'art de pêche, 1719, 1730, 1733, 1750.
 ——— Art of angling. *Smeeton* [1822?], *Hodgson* [1825?], *Cole* [1827?], *Dean* and
Munday, 1832.
 ——— ——— *Baxter*, 1809.
 ——— ——— *Davy*, also *Lewis*, 1819.
 ——— ——— for beginners. *Lea*, n.d.
 ——— ——— greatly improved.
 ——— ——— *Derby*, 1846.
 ——— Wholeart of angling. *Cowie and Strange*, n.d.
 ——— ——— fishing, 1714.
 Arte del pescare, 1693.
 Arundo. Practical fly-fishing, 1849.
 Atkinson. †Walks, talks, 1860, &c.
 Aurivillius. Dissertatio de piscatura, 1676.
 Ausonius. †*Mosella, var. eds.*
 Avon, a poem†, [Huckell], 1758, 1811.
 Ayrtoun. See "Greydrake" and "Dee."
 B. J. See *Blagrove*, J.
 ——— T. Piscatorial reminiscences, 1835.
 Baddeley. London Angler's book, 1834.
 Badham. Prose halieutics, 1854.
 Baer. *Bewirthschaftung privater Fischerein,
 1872
 Bagnall. Piscatorial rambles, 1865.
 Bailey's complete, also new and complete art of
 angling, [1819?]
 Bailey, W. Angler's instructor, 1857, 1866, 1879
 Baily's Monthly Magazine. *In progress*, 1860, etc.
 Bainbridge. Fly fisher's guide, 1816, 1828, 1834,
 1840.
 Baker. †Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, 1867.
 Baldi. †Versi e prose. 1590, 1859.
 Banks. [Angling cards, 1880]
 Barber. †Crumbs from table, 1866.
 Barbieri. La pesca di Chioggia, 1835.
 Barker. Art of angling, 1651, 1653, 1817, 1820.
 ——— Barker's Delight, 1657, 1659, 1820, 1826
 (*Hodgson* also *Bryant*).
 Barlow. Seuerale wayes of...fishing. 1671.
 Barnacles and his boat. See "Greydrake."
 Barnard. †Sport in Norway, 1864.
 ——— †Sketches...in Norway, 1871
 Barnes. Treatyse of fysshynge [in Book of St.
 Albans], 1496, fo.; reprinted 1810;

and separately, [c. 1500] 4to; then
 in The Boke of Hawkyng...and
 fysshynge, 4to—fourteen undated
 editions, 1500-1596; 1827, 1875,
 1880; Older form, 1883. (L.O.F.B)
 Barnwell see Roosevelt.
 Barry. †Moorland and stream, 1871
 ——— †Sporting rambles, [1873].
 Bassus see Geoponika.
 Bastien. †Nouvelle maison rustique, 1798, 1804
 Bate. †Mysteries of nature and art, 1654
 Bathurst. †Notes on nets, [1837]
 Baudrillart. Traité général des...pêches. 1827,
 1833.
 ——— Code de la pêche fluviale, 1829,
 1860.
 Beckmann. Disputatio de jure piscandi, 1676.
 Begriff. Kurtzer Begriff, 1733, 1745
 Belèze. †Dictionnaire universel, 1862.
 Bellamy. Housekeeper's guide, 1843, 1862.
 Bell's Life in London† *In progress*, 1820, etc.
 Bennet. †Winter in South of Europe, 1865, etc.
 Berisch. Gründliche Anweisung, 1794.
 Best. Concise treatise on art of angling, 1787,
 [1789], 1794, 1798, 1802, 1804, 1807,
 1808, 1810, 1814, 1822, 1832, 1846.
 Bewick. †Memoir of Thomas B. 1862.
 Biermann. Neuestes...Fischereibuch, 1865.
 Binnell. Description of Thames, 1758.
 Bischoff. Anleitung zur Angel- Fischerei, 1859,
 1860, 1864, n.d.
 Black's guide to Moffat†, n.d.
 Black Palmer. Scotch loch-fishing, 1882.
 Blacker. Art of angling or fly-making, 1842,
 1843, 1855.
 Blackwood's Magazine† 1817, etc. P.P.
 Blagrove. *Epitome of art of husbandry, 1669,
 1670, 1675, 1685, 1719.
 Blaine. Encyclopædia of rural sports. 1840,
 1852, 1858, 1870.
 Blake. Irish salmon fisheries, [1863].
 Blakey. Hints on angling, 1846.
 ——— Angler's guide...England, 1853, 1859.
 ——— ——— Scotland, 1854, 1859.
 ——— Historical sketches, 1856
 ——— Angler's song book, 1855.
 ——— Angling, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1858, 1860,
 1865, [1871], etc.
 ——— †Old faces in new masks, 1859.
 Blanchère. Oncle Tobie, 1866.
 ——— La pêche, 1869
 Bloch. See *Han. Magazine*.
 Blome. The gentieman's recreation, 1686, 1710
 Boaz. The angler's progress, S.s., n.d., 1820.
 Bocer. Disputatio de...piscatione, 1599
 Böckler. †Haus- und Feldschule, 1669.
 Boeckken. Dit B. leert hoe men mach...viss-
 chen [1492], n.d., 1634.
 Bohn's Book of sports, 1845. [Cont. on p. 48.]

MR. JOSEPH CRAWHALL AND
"THE COMPLEATEST ANGLING BOOKE."

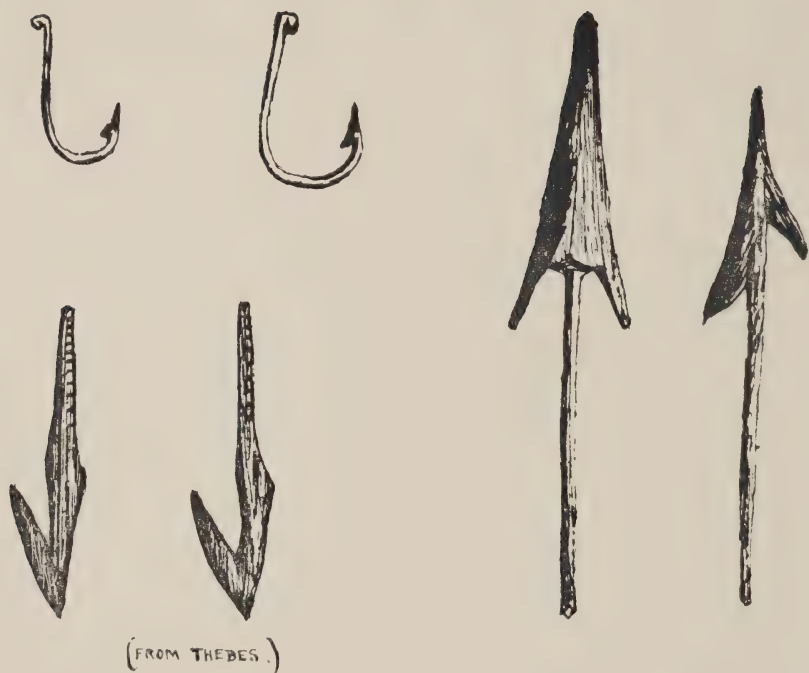


Retrospect of more than twenty years! truly a long vista—but at the end of it is Mr. Joseph Crawhall, and it is of Mr. Joseph Crawhall and his book that I have to speak.

I was occupied, at that time, (1861) in preparing for the press my "*New Bibliotheca Piscatoria*," and standing, as I did then, on the threshold—or perhaps outside the threshold even, of of piscatorial bibliography, I was naturally anxious to get a glimpse of some of the private catalogues of the more marked collectors of the time. Accordingly, I made an appeal to English collectors of angling books, in general, through the medium of the "Field" newspaper, and was sorely surprised and rebuffed by the scanty and grudging response it elicited. That such appeals have, usually, no better results in our courteous England, is a fact I have had to acknowledge, sorrowfully, since, on many occasions. There were a few exceptions, however, in this particular case, and amongst the first Mr. Crawhall came forward and obligingly placed his catalogue at my disposal. I gladly seize this opportunity, therefore, of separating him from the category of churls and niggards that I had mostly to deal with in the matter. On inspection, I found his list rich in many of the Angling rarities, but one, on the outside of these especially arrested my attention. This was "The Compleatest Angling Booke," which I eventually described in my *Bibliotheca* as "a book of recent date, but almost as rare as the Gryndalls and Mascalls of black-letter times." I might have said *rarer*, for there, on my own shelves, within reach, were Gryndall, Mascal, the Jewell for Gentrie, *et hoc genus omne*, while here was a book unknown and unheard of—not merely a rarity, but a mystery as well. If I had discovered a gold nugget cropping up through the pavement of Cheapside, my puzzlement could not have been greater—and my readers will readily imagine what a shower of queries was immediately spluttered from my pen, in

Mr. Crawhall's direction, about this *rara avis* of angling books. The result was another surprise. A few days later, the postman deposited in my hands a portly packet, which, on being divested of its envelope, turned out to be the *Booke*, itself. Yes, "The Compleatest Angling Booke" was before me—the rarity attained, the mystery unveiled. Of my delight I do not speak. The book was accompanied by a friendly letter from its author, replying to my queries, without stint, but requesting that, in my forthcoming *Bibliotheca*, his incognito might be respected. On dipping into the pages, here and there, I discovered what a liberal giver was Mr. Crawhall, such additions having been made to the work,—and especially a splendid water-colour drawing of a Coquet trout, as rendered my copy unique. It remains, to this day, one of my most treasured literary heirlooms, into which I never look without seeming to feel the cordial hand-shake of the giver. The "Compleatest Angling Booke" never having been allowed to drift (either in its first or second issue) into vulgarising trade groves, it has remained almost as much a mystery as at first, a few words of description may therefore not be amiss, in this place.

The work was written, illustrated and printed under Mr. Crawhall's roof, at Morpeth. It is a medley—an "olla podrida" of wise and witty sayings, of quaint drollery, of mingled prose and rhyme. Now it indulges in historical pretence—now, it glorifies Walton, whom it exhibits, in a fancy portrait, with the crabbedest inscription under it, now it lapses into black-letter legend, or breaks into an old-fashioned stave, fresh and odorous as Coquet honeysuckle. A mad book, my masters! but with a method in its madness—*sui generis*, at all points—cast in a mould of its own, safe from imitators—a North Country book, with the North Country burr in its speech, and all the North Country heartiness and thoroughness, throughout. The illustrations reflect the text, in its various transitions—in its fun, its sarcasm and its sentiments. There are woodcuts (head and tail pieces) that look centuries old—delicate steel engravings with the modernest aspects, and original drawings vigorous and fresh, from the master's hand. Not a page but



EGYPTIAN BRONZE FISH-HOOKS AND SPEARS.
(NATURAL SIZE.)

bears the imprint of an artistic mind, and of a nature such as the French would call *prime sautier*. Of Mr. Crawhall's personality, however, it is not our province to speak, though I cannot refrain from stating in conclusion, that, during the twenty years and more, to which I have alluded, I have invariably found him what he struck me as being, at the first, the type of a true angler of the Waltonian stamp, and of a loyal North Country gentleman to boot—honest of speech, open-handed and large-hearted. I hold his friendship to be one of my best possessions, and that he may go on creating "crown-jewels" for the angling libraries of the future, is my cordial desire. By Coquet side, in those times to come, when anglers pledge the memory of "The Great Fishers of auld," may Joseph Crawhall's name never be forgotten, amongst them!

T. WESTWOOD.

PREHISTORIC STONE FISH HOOKS.

By REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.



HE bronze fish-hooks of our prehistoric ancestors are well known to most fishermen, and may be seen in the illustrations of Mr. Evans's work on the Bronze period. Few however are aware that the evolution of fish-hooks may be traced a step further back to the stone age. The mother-of-pearl and other shell-hooks of the Pacific Islanders are often found in Museums. As a rule they are not suitable for catching large fish. When a prehistoric man was minded to take any of the *Esocidæ* or *Gadidæ* he would require a much stronger hook. Mr. B. Phillips, Secretary of the American Fish Cultural Association has lately drawn out a theory of the evolution of the fish-hook and his views are so suggestive that the English fisherman may be grateful to hear of them, more

especially as only 225 copies of the beautifully illustrated book which contains them have been reprinted from the *Century* magazine in which they were originally published. Mr. Phillips's essay is printed in *Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters*. Edited by Prof. A. N. Mayer. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. (Douglas, Edinburgh). In this book the learned editor tells us that it may be gathered from the fish-bones and carvings found in caves that the cave-men either speared or caught, (presumably with hook and line,) the salmon, trout, pike and carp. (Vol. I., p. 36). Fish spears of bone which were probably fastened on long shafts have been found at La Madelaine and elsewhere. These would be employed to take the larger fish, seals, &c., as is now done by the Eskimos. But a great resource of primitive man was doubtless to drain and make dams in brooks and streams (after the fashion which Caliban so feelingly mentions,) thereby to procure himself abundance of fish. There were brave men too before Agamemnon, and probably ticklers of trout and tench before Shakespeare. Still both bronze and stone fish-hooks have been found among the lacustrine remains of Switzerland and elsewhere and it is to these that Mr. Phillips addresses himself.

With regard to the growth of fishing implements our author thinks that man first used the spear for taking fish, next the hook and line, lastly the net. Proceeding to the hook he first calls attention to a curious piece of dark polished stone, found in the valley of the Somme in a peat-bed twenty-two feet below the surface. This peat-bed is supposed to represent varying thousands of years by different authorities. Sir C. Lyell and Sir J. Lubbock regard it as being contemporaneous with the commencement of the Neolithic period. In any case it represents a vast antiquity. The stone implement itself is about an inch long with a curve at each end and a groove in the centre, something after the fashion in which certain ivory pins for neckties are made. This, Mr. Phillips regards as a very early prehistoric 'gorge,' which was fastened to a line and baited. On this being swallowed by a fish, on coming crosswise with its gullet when the line was taut, it enabled the fish easily to be

caught. And he deems this 'gorge' the parent of the angler's well-known hook. Fish gorges of bronze wire, of much the same form, are the next stage and are found in the Swiss lake-dwellings. "It is very curious," he adds, "that in France a modification of this gorge-hook is in use to-day for catching eels. A needle is sharpened at its eye-end, a slight groove is made in the middle of it, and around this some shreds of flax are attached. A worm is spitted, a little of the line being covered with the bait." Other kinds of fish are also said to be thus taken in France. Singularly too it has been found that forty years ago the Chippewas near Lake Superior used a gorge made of bone to catch their fish. This prehistoric 'gorge,' if the ends be sufficient bent, assumes the form of our ordinary double perch-hook; and then the device of a barb was easily added to each limb of it, as the prehistoric men were already, on Mr. Phillips's hypothesis, familiar with the barb on their bone spear and arrow heads. To my mind this genesis of the double hook anterior to the discovery of the single and ordinary form of a fish hook, appears a fatal objection to the theory; as complicated forms in any art generally follow simpler beginnings. As well might it be supposed that a double-barrel gun preceded the invention of the single barrel. But Mr. Phillips's theory is both interesting and original.

Hooks made of stone are, he tells us, exceedingly rare. Some singular illustrations of halibut hooks from Alaska, as used at the present day, are appended in which the first idea of what is now known as the 'centre-draught hook' may be recognised. Another series of hooks made of shells found in California and supposed to be of great antiquity is also figured from the originals in the National Museum at Washington. Their barbs all turn outwards; "in which respect," he says, "they differ from all the primitive European hooks I have seen." I cannot better describe their form and use than by quoting from Mr. Phillips the opinion of Messrs. C. C. Abbott and F. W. Putnam of the U. S. Geographical Survey. If the reader fancies an ordinary fish-hook, almost circular in form, with the barb on the exterior instead of its usual position he will

be at no loss to understand their explanation without the engravings. "These hooks are flattened, and are longer than wide. The barbs of these specimens are judged by fishermen of to-day to be on the wrong side of a good fish-hook, and the point is too near the shank. By having the line so fashioned that the point of tension is at the notch at the base of the shank, instead of at the extreme end of the stem, the defect of the design of the hook would be somewhat remedied, as the barb would be forced down, so that it might possibly catch itself in the lower jaw of the fish that had taken the hook." The fac-similies of these so-called shell-hooks are beautifully drawn, but the form of hook is so awkward and the probabilities of catching fish by them so slight, that I am tempted to regard them as nothing else but shell earrings; although without actual examination I can only give my notion for what it is worth. I speak too with all deference of a man possessed by a theory.

Of course Mr. Phillips would conclude that from the very early 'gorge' to these quaint hooks with barbs on the outside, the next transition was to the modern fish-hook with its barb, as we consider, in the normal position. Whatever the value of his argument, these curious hooks which he figures are a great addition to piscatorial archæology. I think fishermen will thank me for calling attention to them. It is worth while adding one more extract to this Museum of Fish-hooks from Mr. Phillips's essay. "In Professor Mayer's collection there is an exceedingly clever hook, coming from the North Western coast, which shews very fine lapidary work. A small red quartzose pebble of great hardness has been rounded, polished and joined to a piece of bone. The piece is small, not more than an inch and three quarters in length, and might weigh an ounce and a half. In the shank of bone a small hook is hidden. It somewhat imitates a shrimp. The parts are joined together by lashings of tendon, and these are laid in grooves cut into the stone. It must have taken much toil to perfect this clever artificial bait, and as it is to-day, it might be used with success by a clever striped-bass fisherman at Newport."

Many will remember last year in the Swedish Court at the Fisheries Exhibition similar hooks shewn by Baron Nordenskiöld, obtained by him during his voyage in the Vega from the Chukches and the Eskimos of Port Clarence. Thus there were hooks made of stone of different colours in the form of beetles, garnished with ivory, horn, blue glass beads, horny red plates taken from the beak of the *phaleris cristatella*, and iron wire. These were bound together by twine made from whalebone. Other hooks were formed of bone and ivory, of wood with ivory points, and of stone, with heads, iron wire and the like. Beetles of different kinds and colours seem the favourite lure of these "blameless Hyperboreans." Altogether this collection of Northern hooks was of the highest interest to all archæological anglers.

While writing on fish-hooks an American catalogue of fishing tackle has just arrived containing engravings of hooks of wonderful shape which would amaze the simple British angler to whom a hook, so long as it is strong, is a hook; just as to Peter Bell

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

An ordinary hook, at its shank, thus becomes "knobbed," "tapered," "ringed," "flatted," "needle eye," "marked." Limerick and Kirby hooks, every one knows, but "hollow pointed Limerick hooks" strike me as an improvement on the original form. Who could distinguish between Aberdeen, Carlisle, Sproat, O'Shaughnessy, Kinzey, Chestertown, Virginia, and even super Virginia hooks unless he were a Yankee angler? Yet all these (and more) are figured in this marvellous catalogue. The "gravitation" hook which passes into "central draught" hook, seems excellent for sea fishing. By the agonising appearance which minnow and pike tackles here present, rigged up in numberless forms, with hooks of all shapes bristling on every side, the throat and fauces of the beholder involuntarily shudder. As for the artificial insects, also equipped with carefully hidden hooks, beetles, cockchafers, grasshoppers, dragonflies, creepers,

shrimps, bees, "kill devils" and "bugs" of strange and fearsome shapes, I am only thankful I do not live where I should have to meet these "in the flesh." Another item in this excellent List possesses all the horror which intense ignorance can engender. Brother anglers, what is a "helgramite"? It sounds like a kind of hobgoblin.

PORTRAITS OF ANGLERS.



IN the account of Dr. Gardiner's 'Booke of Angling' (p. 5) Mr. Watkins says that "like several other celebrated churchmen of his time Gardiner seems to have been a devoted angler." A list of such celebrities would be interesting, but I should like to shorten the list by a record of those divines only who have declared themselves anglers by their published writings, or by their portraits, and especially by their portraits.

Divines who have declared themselves anglers by their writings may be well represented by Dr. Gardiner and Dr. Donne among the older writers, while Charles Kingsley will well represent them in our own day.

But of those divines who have wished to go down to posterity as anglers by their portraits I can only recall two, but hope some reader of the *Note-book* will add to the number.

A friend of mine who is a descendant of Archdeacon Paley has a large mezzotint engraving of him; in which he appears standing by a river in full clerical costume—every inch the Archdeacon—and landing a trout. I do not know who was the painter or the engraver of the picture as the margin has been concealed under the mount, but it is evidently a good engraving from a good picture, and it shows that this great divine was not ashamed to be handed down to posterity as a good fly-fisher as well as a good Archdeacon, or rather was a little proud of his angling skill.

It recalls at once the well-known story told by Sir Humphrey Davy, that he "was ardently attached to this amusement; so much so that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over,' as if this were the business of his life"—(Salmonia—First day).

The other example will be familiar to all Waltonian readers, but the description is so thoroughly Waltonian, that it will bear repetition. After describing the great Dean of St. Pauls, Dean Nowel, Walton concludes thus:—"This good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn—leaning on a desk; with his bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and on his other hand, are his angle-rods of several sorts, and by them this is written, 'that he died 13th Feb. 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of S. Paul's Church; and that his age neither impaired his learning, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory; nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.' It is said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings—and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man."—Part I, c. 1

Being in Oxford this week, I went to Brasenose on purpose to see this portrait. It is as Walton says, 'now to be seen and carefully kept,' occupying a post of honour above the high table in the Hall. The bible is very visible, and there is an inscription, which I could not make out in the gloom of the evening—but there was not a trace of 'tackling' or 'angle-rod' or anything of the sort. Whether there is another portrait with these interesting adjuncts, I cannot say—if there is not, I should think it very likely that some enthusiastic admirer of the Dean's thought these adjuncts beneath the dignity of the great divine and had them painted out. This is the

merest guess on my part; perhaps some reader of the *Note-book* will be able to give more definite information—for a portrait so minutely described by Walton is worth hunting after.

HENRY N. ELLACOMBE.

THE "FLOS MEDICINÆ."



WE have recently added a new book to our angling shelves—a book of interest to those who concern themselves about the beginnings of angling literature. Before giving some account of it and of the matter which brings it within the sweep of our net, a personal experience may serve as a warning to collectors, inclined, like ourselves, to be *thorough*: to get one and all the editions of a desirable book. Having decided that the "*Flos Medicinæ*" was of this character we hastened to secure it. We searched the catalogues of dealers and instructed agents. Copies and reports of copies came to us quickly. We accepted all offers and soon 30 or 40 volumes were gathered on our table. To our surprise every copy offered, without exception, bore a different date. We paused to consider; then made the inquiry which might have been made earlier. We found, "as every schoolboy knows," said one candid friend, that we were gathering one of the most popular books of the Middle Ages, a book of which 250 separate editions have been enumerated, and this, probably, without approaching the end of the tale. It was clearly impossible to be *thorough* in dealing with the "*Schola Salernitana*." A few representative editions showing the work as it grew under the pens of many editors and many commentators will satisfy the most ardent collector. We shall hereafter specify the editions that mark (for the angling *bibliophile*) the successive alterations made in the chapters *de piscibus*—by addition, suppression and annotation.*

Our present purpose is to say something on the nature of the work and on its origin. The "*Medicina Salernitana*," or "*Regimen Sanitatis*

Salerni," or "Flos Medicinæ," as many manuscripts entitle it, consisted originally of some two or three hundred lines giving instructions *de conservandâ bonâ valetudine*, in rhyming Latin verse—Leonine verse, as it was termed, but whether, as an old editor remarks, because it was noble verse, or because it was verse with a tail, is open to question.

The number of lines has been doubled, trebled, quadrupled in the course of time, some MSS. containing as many as 1239, and about them a body of comment has accumulated that now fills a thick volume, in which the verses appear, *rari nantes*, at long intervals.

The earliest stage of this comment that has been committed to type, was the work of *Magister* Arnold de Villa Nova.

The verses themselves were written by Joannes de Mediolana in the name of the celebrated School of Medicine established in the University of Salerno, and were addressed to a King of England, as the opening line declares. This King (only a possible but at one time a probable King) of England was Robert, Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of William the Conqueror. Returning in the year 1100 from many gallant exploits in the Holy Land this prince visited the Norman colony established in the South of Italy and lingered long, the history books tell us, at the feet of the beautiful Sibylla, the daughter of the Count of Conversano, whom he afterwards married. Linger he no doubt did and rightly, but he was probably drawn first to Calabria by the desire to consult the physicians of Salerno respecting an open wound in his right arm, which he had received at the siège of Jerusalem from a poisoned weapon. The Wisemen declared no mode of cure possible, *nisi frequenti oris suctu*. This the brave Duke would not permit; lest it should endanger the life of another, but we read that his young wife successfully carried out the instructions of the doctors and secretly sucked the poison from the wound of her sleeping husband. This is a very old tale no doubt and we must ask pardon for reproducing it, but the story books in common use are silent about the matter, and Sibylla surely deserves a place beside the devoted wife of our first Edward—

The *præcepta metrica* then prepared for the guidance of Duke Robert, embodied the medical science of the period, and continued, with much added matter, to be the compendium, *utile simul et jucundum*, of medical practice, for several centuries. An editor (Renatus Moreau) writing more than five centuries afterwards, declares: "Nullus medicorum est, ne quidem initiatorum et neophytorum qui carmina *Scholæ Salernitatæ* ore non circumferat, et omni occasione non crepet." Manuscripts innumerable exist, and, as already stated, there were 250 printed editions. The first of the latter came from the celebrated press of John of Westphalia at Louvain in the year 1480. We possess a fine copy with ample margins and rough leaves, in which the blank spaces left for initial letters have been filled in by hand in colours and every capital is touched with red. This edition contains the exposition of Arnold de Villa Nova, a "jewel of a doctor" (*omnium medicorum viventium gemma*) as the colophon asserts, and from this text the opening lines may be taken.

"Anglorum regi scripsit schola tota Salerni :
Si vis incolumem si vis te reddere sanum.
Curas tolle graues. irasci crede prophanum
Parce mero. cenato parum. non sit tibi vanum
Surgere post epulas. somnum fuge meridianum
Mon mictum retine. nec comprime fortiter anum
Hec bene si serues tu longo tempore viues."

'Solomon testifies to the ill effects of sadness,' observes the commentator, referring to *Proverbs*, (xvii. 22), which in our version reads: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bone."

The next verses of the "Regimen" are these:

"Si tibi deficiant medici medici tibi fiant
Hec tria mens leta, requies, moderata dieta."

Here then we have the key-note of the well known opening of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge." We have Solomon and the Latin distich altered to suit the purpose of the writer, and throughout, the argument and almost the words of the expounder: "animus hilaris ac lætus. . . ætatem floridam facit, iuuenile corpus diu conseruat, vitam prorogat."

The passage as it appears in the "Older form of the Treatyse" (1883) may be quoted :

"Salomon in hys paraboles seith that a glad spirit maket a flowryng age. That ys to sey a feyre age and a longe. . .

Si tibi deficiant medici medici tibi fiant
Hec tria mens leta labor et moderata dieta.

That ys to sey yf a man lak leches or medicens he schall make iij thynges hys medicens or leches and he schall never neyd to mor. The fyrst of them ys mery thought. The ijd is labor measurably. The iijd ys good dyet of cleyn metes and drynkes sesenable."

The writer of the "Treatyse," to adapt the precept to his purpose, has struck out *requies* and substituted *labor*—not a curative agent certainly, however useful as a preservative against disease; an impossible substitute for a *leche* when a *leche* was really needed. The dozen lines or more which follow the passage quoted, may also be compared with the remarks of the expounders of the precepts of the "Regimen."

The next verses of the "Regimen" that may be here given, touch upon fish as an article of diet :

"Si pisces molles sunt magno corpore tolle[s.]
Si pisces duri, parvi sunt plus valituri.
Lucius et perca saxaulis et albica teuca
Gornus plagicia cum carpa galbio truca."

The translator of the "School of Salernes. . . Directorie," 1617, gives the lines in English thus :

"The Fish of soft, and biggest body take,
If hard, and little, doe not them forsake.
Pike, Pearche and Sole are known for dainty fish,
The Whiting also is a courtly dish :
Tench, Gurnard, and a well growne Plaice in May,
Carpe, Rochet, Troute, these are good meat, I say."

The meaning of the first lines is clear enough in the Latin, but somewhat doubtful in English. Avicenna can tell us what was meant, for this instruction for the choice of fish came from his hand :

"Ex piscibus dura carne præditis eligendi sunt minores, ex molli vero majores ad terminum aliquem." (2 Canon. cap. 553).

With all their wisdom the doctors of Salerno,

when they thought of Galen and Hippocrates and Avicenna, might well say : *pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!*

On these fish the expounders have much to say, but with the exception of a passage on the trout, we shall forbear quoting the curious matter that has been collected. The following verses succeed those just given :

"Vocibus anguille prae sunt si comedantur
Qui phisicam non ignorat hec testificantur
Caseus anguilla nimis obsunt si comedantur
Ni tu sepe bibas et rebibendo bibas ;"

And a little further on we find :

"Post pisces nux sit, post carnes caseus assit.
Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est."

The *nux* of this passage is the nutmeg. To return to the ten fish enumerated as affording wholesome food; it will be noticed that the name of the tench is given as *teuca*, and the rhyme requires this spelling, which, whether through ignorance or design, is repeated in the observations which follow from the pen of Arnold de Villa Nova, whose first edition (1480) we are following. His remarks on the trout are curious and are evidently the origin of the account of this fish given by Estienne in his editions of the *Maison rustique*, which, as we have pointed out elsewhere, reappears in Leonard Mascall's "Booke of fishing with hook and line," 1590. The trout, he says, is caught in large rivers and permits itself to be taken by tickling. These are his words :

"Ultimus est truca que est in carne similis salmoni nec tamen est salmo et est longus et non grossus. Et capitur in magnis fluuiis et permittit se fricari in aqua et sic capitur et ex eo fiunt pastilla cum speciebus et est piscis valde preciosus."

The later expounders have much more to say about the trout, but they are silent as to the "tickling."

In a *Regimen sanitatis*, without annotation, from the press of Fredericus Newman, (Moguntie, 1509), in which, with many of the old lines, many new ones appear, we find another mention of fish as food and a qualified approval of it.

Each distich in this little quarto volume of 16 pages, has four lines of a German translation in verse beneath it.

"Boni sunt pisces si cum vino bene misces
Quod si non misces forsan damnum adipisces.
Wiltu essen gesundte fisch
mit wein du sie gar wol misch
Michest du sie aber nil mit wein
fürwor so empfindstu den schaden dein."

In this edition, it may be noted, the distich given in the "Treatyse of fysshynge" reads :

"Si medici desunt medicamina sint tibi illa
Hec tria mens leta requies moderata dieta."

We purpose in another paper giving a list of the various editions of this work, noting the special features of each, and enumerating some few of the translations that have appeared in English, French, German, and other modern tongues.

THO. SATCHELL.

OLD SAYINGS ABOUT FISHING, ABOUT CLOTHES & ABOUT OTHER THINGS.

IF, when you are fishing, you count what you have taken, you will catch no more. This is a Western superstition, for in that country professional fishermen still endeavour to prevent an amateur from counting the fish caught, until the day's sport is over.

They say, in Suffolk, that the price of corn rises or falls with Barton Mere. This is an eccentric piece of water which varies in size from twelve or fourteen acres to a small pond, and is sometimes entirely dried up. It lies about four miles from Bury St. Edmunds. It is certainly an observed fact that the price of corn and the height of the waters do vary together : probably the character of the weather may affect both in common.

It is lucky to put on any article of dress, particularly stockings, inside out. But if you wish the omen to hold good, you must continue to wear the reversed portion of your attire in that condition, till the regular time comes for putting it off—that is, either bed-time or "cleaning

yourself." If you set it right, you will "change the luck." It will be of no use to put on anything with the wrong side out *on purpose*. It is worthy of remark, in connection with this superstition, that when William the Conqueror, in arming himself for the battle of Hastings, happened to put on his shirt of mail with the hindside before, the bystanders seem to have been shocked at it, as at an ill omen, till William claimed it as a good one, betokening that he was to be changed from a Duke to a King.

The clothes of the dead will never wear long. When a person dies, and his or her clothes are given away to the poor, it is frequently remarked : "Ah, they may look very well, but they won't wear ; they belong to the dead."

If a mother gives away *all* the baby-clothes she has, or the cradle, she will be sure to have another baby, though she may have thought herself above such vanities.

If a girl's petticoats are longer than her frock, that is a sign that her father loves her better than her mother does ; perhaps because it is plain that her mother does not attend so much to her dress as she ought to do, whereas her father may love her as much as you please and at the same time be very ignorant, or unobservant, of the rights and wrongs of female attire.

It is unlucky to enter a house you are going to occupy, by the back door. A family who had hired a house, went to look over it, accompanied by an old Scotch servant. The family, innocently enough, finding the front-door "done up," went in at the back-door which was open : but great was their surprise to see the servant burst into tears and sit down on a stone outside, refusing to go in with them. The front-door was, however, opened, and she went in at that by herself ; hoping, I suppose, that the spell would be dissolved if *all* the family did not go in at the back-door.

The Cross was made of elder-wood. Speaking to some little children about the danger of taking shelter under trees during a thunder-storm, one of them said that it was not so with *all* trees, "For," said he, "you will be quite safe under an *eldern* tree because the Cross was made of that and so the lightning never strikes it."

Mushrooms will not grow after they have been seen. Very naturally, because the first person who sees them, gathers them.

G.

ODDITIES ABOUT FISH.



Much admire the first number of the "Angler's Note-Book," and especially that note about "Angling Books and their Bindings," which introduces Charles Lamb and the Enfield cottage almost as sweetly as Charles Lamb might himself have done. For the direct issues of fishing I care but little, but for the indirect, the cloud passing painted in its water-mirror, the trees in summer leafage growing downwards into their liquid bed, and the pointed flags at their feet, the faster they grow heavenward thrusting all the faster downward their green blades into the stream; the low of kine, and the shout of labour, the voice of birds and the deep vibratory buzzing of the bee that does not labour but busily pursues his summer enjoyment, all these influences and many more which are the indirect accompaniments of fishing, who can be indifferent to?

Any oddity for me, of whatsoever kind, has its attractions. I like to hear of a fulfilled prophecy by Nostradamus of which there are many, and can quite appreciate Montaigne's desire to read that book of the Abbé Joachim who foretold all the future Popes, their names and figures, of which, by the bye, a most curious account is given in Moreri. I am pleased also to hear a philosopher pooh pooh these things and explain them away by such very strange processes that if I were forced to take a side, which I am not, I would rather believe that the impossibilities occurred, than the still more impossible reasons why they could not have occurred. I like to be told by such a master of gentle English as Goldsmith in his *Animated Nature*, how a snake charmer at Bath could cure a viper bite by applying fomentations of hot olive oil to the part and swallowing an occasional spoonful of the same. I have many times been assured by medical men that the idea is absurd, but I always

recur to it with exactly the same pleasure as if it were a fact certified to by the whole College of Physicians. I remember that that body once was to a man opposed to Hervey's great discovery, and that now they deliver annually a verbose Latin oration in honour of the man and of the (once impossible) fact. I further remember that the oil carriers in Egypt have always been noticed for their immunity from plague and I immediately fall back upon the homely Bath tale of dear Oliver in a trustful kind of *doubt*, yet all the while quite persuaded that there is *something* in it.

Joseph Glanvil's *Saducismus Triumphatus* is another admirable book to furnish you with subjects of belief that most men find to be quite indigestible, and grow angry at having them proposed to the acceptance of their faith, but I rejoice in it all and fall back with a smile on that inverted aphorism of Tertullian "*credo quia impossibile est.*" I swallow it because the throat cannot take it in. What the majority will swallow upon the compulsion of society is so ridiculous as to make a wise man tolerate any absurdity, so it be voluntarily proposed to the benevolency of his credence.

It is pleasant to hear that there are fish with eyes undeveloped because they have for centuries been shut up in dark caves in pools that the upper light never had irradiated. Here is a Darwinian retrogression in lieu of a development, only to my uninvestigative perception a doubt is thus suggested whether it does not, contrary to Darwin, seemingly point to a fixed archetypal medium, which, whether you fall lower or rise higher is always liable to reassert itself when some shock introducing change permits it.

Spallanzani's experiments and those of Robert Boyle are full of human instruction to one constituted like myself, because they address themselves to the rationality of man, and are not carried inaccurately into deductions three deep, or frozen into science, which brings first torpidity and then death to us by a system of agglomerated congelation.

Well, lately an oddity rejoiced me which I came upon in M. Sonnerat's *Voyage à la Nouvelle Guinée*. He found that two leagues from

Calomba in the Island of Luçon, near Bally, near the Lugana of Manilla at *Los-Bagnos*, a brook the water of which was so hot by Reaumur that at three miles from its source the thermometer when plunged in stood at the 69° or at about 190° Fahrenheit. The swallows that flew across at a height of seven or eight feet from the water uniformly fell down dead, but the plants on the banks whose roots were immersed in this almost boiling liquid grew vigorously. Especially an *agnus castus*, and a broom called *aspalathus*.

He frequently drank the water. When cooled it seemed earthy and ferruginous. Beside the brook several baths had been constructed, and their heat was in proportion to their distance from the stream. One of these was so hot that he could not plunge his hand into it, but fishes were swimming in it. He could not catch them as he wished, nor could he distinguish their kind owing to the vapour arising, but they had brown scales, and the largest were some four inches long. M. Prevost, another traveller, confirms him, and adds, that the margins of this brook were covered with "a very fine green carpet."

The Abbé Mazéas [*Mem. des Savans étrangers* v. 325] chronicles a kindred fact as to vegetation but not as to the fish. He says that in the almost boiling water of the Solfatara at Viterbo at the bottom of the basin are plants growing of identically the same kinds as those which inhabit the bottom of the adjacent lakes and ditches. These are wonderful instances of plants and animals resisting by the action of the vital principle degrees of heat that under ordinary circumstances would cause death. These are matters deserving more investigation than they have met with.

C. A. WARD.

THE PIKE'S CHIRURGEONS.



HAT the pike does not regard the slimy tench as a toothsome morsel and looks also with disfavour on the spiny perch, save when his "prickly lophoderme" is young and tender, is well known to anglers, and doubtlessly forms

the foundation of the old belief that a sort of friendship subsisted between these three fishes. The belief, as beliefs are apt to do, found confirmatory facts where it looked for them: saw the wounds of the water tyrant healed by the fish he had refrained from eating.

The good offices of this kind rendered by the perch appear to have slipped out of notice. This is what one writing "*De conservandâ bonâ valetudine*," (in 1480), reports: "Imo, ut Albertus refert, naturalis quædam lucio cum perca amicitia est. Læsus enim lucius non tam facilè a quovis alio piscium sanatur quàm a perca."

Solum igitur liquidis parcam laceratus in undis

Vestigat lustrans, solum hunc medicamina poscit.

Qui sic inventus vulnera ejus tangendo lenit atque sanat."

This passage, with certain artistic embellishments, may be read again in the words of an English translator:

"For if the Pike be once hurt of another fish, hee is healed with great difficulty. And when hee is hurt, hee goeth up to the Pearch, the which seeing him hurt, toucheth and sucketh his wound, and so the pyke is healed again." (*The School of Salernes most learned and iudicious Directorie*, 1617.)

It is to the tench, however, that the pike chiefly resorts in his tribulation, for the tench is reckoned "*medicum omnium piscium*," as well as "*vulgi solatium*," which Ausonius disparagingly terms him. A good fish is the tench, says the writer of the "*Treatyse of fysshynge*" and he "healith all manere of other fysshe that ben hurte yf they maye come to hym." How the London dealers cut open the pike for the purpose of showing his condition to their customers, and how the tench repaired the damage, is graphically told by an old writer, but he puts the "reason why" doubtfully and personally inclines towards another solution of the wonder. Here are his words in his book "*De vitâ prorgandâ*":

"Anglia præcipuæ nobilitatis ostendat, ventribusque eorum cultro apertis seum pingueque vendentes eumentibus ostendunt, et si non emanant (mirum dictu) in aquas eos rursum

conjiunt, nec intereunt, sed vulnus celerrime coalescit, quod quidam tincarum contractui adscribunt : tinca enim glutinos admodum est : alii rectius eam vim iis inesse à naturâ affirmant, inventum enim est interraneis Lucii coagulari lac, ut glaciari æquè ac coagulo." (*Goclenius*.)

Though the belief in the healing properties of the tench was general, it does not seem that all were equally satisfied that the possible patient had forethought enough to go without his dinner from a "lively sense of future favours." L. Blundeston writing, in 1563, an "Answer to a sonette on Ingratitude" by Barnabe Googe, says :

"The Tenche by kinde
hath Salve for every soore,
And heales the may-
med Pike in his dystresse,
The Churlish Pike
for gentlenes therfore,
In his reward,
doth cruellye expresse.
His murdring mynde,
his fylthy spotted fayth,
When hungre prickes
to fyll his gredye Jawes,
He grypes his poore
Chyrurgion unto death."

However this may be the healing qualities of the tench are not thereby impugned. Nor as a simple "vulnery" did he alone shine to our forefathers. His medical powers were held to be much more extensive. "In the head of a tench," says Dr. Richard Brooks in his "Natural History of fishes," (1790, p. 106), "there are two small stones that have an absorbent, detergent, and diuretic quality"; and Dr. Badham in his "Prose Halieutics," (1854, p. 276), has summed up the popular notions in these words :

"In fabrile attacks, it used to be applied to the palms of the feet and hands, to absorb the fever; laid over the region of the liver in jaundice, still more wonderful results ensued,—after one or two applications the skin of the icteric patient would, we are assured, return to a per-

fectly natural colour, while the fish became more and more saffron in hue, and at length expired in a jaundice; on being cut open it was found dyed throughout of a deep gamboge yellow! A live tench applied to the temple has been (*on dit*) known to assuage the throbbings of nervous headaches; and worn round the neck, to cure sore eyes; it was also found equally potent in distinct worm cases."

We turn the shield, and read in the "animadversiones. . . Renati Moreau," on the Schola Salernitana, (Paris 1625, p. 669), a different tale, though one to be homœopathically expected :

"Tantæ dicitur esse prauitatis ut ejus esus febres inducat. Quapropter magnus fuit eorum stupor qui *Tincam* definierunt 'Medicum omnium piscium.'"

THO. SATCHELL.

FISHING IN ABYSSINIA.

IT is difficult when opening Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," (London, 1867), to refrain from dwelling on the peculiar interest which recent events have given to the work. Our readers would do well to renew their acquaintance with it. The impression made on a keen and sympathetic observer of men, during twelve months' close intercourse with the inhabitants of the countries which border the upper portion of the Nile, are worthy of study. When we are brought face to face with the men with whom it is now our ill-fortune to be in conflict, we are compelled to modify and possibly to amend our *Newspaper* views.

Our present purpose leads us elsewhere. We concern ourselves with Sir Samuel Baker's experiences as a sportsman. His journal abounds with them. Sufficient for us are his fishing exploits.

The author's object in visiting Abyssinia was to explore the rivers, and chiefly the Blue Nile and the Atbara, which rising in the high lands,

have for ages poured forth into the Nile, about Midsummer, that great flood of water which ensures the fertility of Egypt and has formed the Delta, by the precipitation of the rich black soil carried by its swift current towards the sea. When the Atbara was first reached it was the dry season, and the bed of the river was exposed, a few deep pools only remaining here and there. In one of these Sir Samuel made his first essay, with the result of

"CATCHING A TARTAR"

"In the afternoon I arranged my tackle, and strolled down to the pool to fish. There was a difficulty in procuring bait; a worm was never heard of in the burning deserts of Nubia, neither had I a net to catch small fish; I was, therefore, obliged to bait with pieces of hippopotamus. Fishing in such a pool as that of the Atbara was sufficiently exciting, as it was impossible to speculate what creature might accept the invitation; but the Arabs who accompanied me, were particular in guarding me against the position I had taken under a willow-bush close to the water, as they explained, that most probably a crocodile would take me instead of the bait; they declared that accidents had frequently happened when people had sat upon the bank either to drink with their hands, or even while watching their goats. I accordingly fished at a few feet distant from the margin, and presently I had a bite; I landed a species of perch about two pounds weight; this was the "boulti," one of the best Nile fish mentioned by the traveller Bruce. In a short time I had caught a respectable dish of fish, but hitherto no monster had paid me the slightest attention; accordingly I changed my bait and upon a powerful hook, fitted upon treble-twisted wire, I fastened an enticing strip of a boulti. The bait was about four ounces, and glistened like silver, the water was tolerably clear, but not too bright, and with such an attraction I expected something heavy. My float was a large-sized pike-float for live bait, and this civilized sign had been only a few minutes in the wild waters of the Atbara, when, bob! and away it went! I had a very large reel, with nearly three hundred yards of line that had been specially made for monsters; down went the top of my rod as though a grindstone was suspended on it, and, as I recovered its position, away went the line, and the wheel revolved, not with the sudden dash of a spirited fish, but with the steady determined pull of a trotting horse. What on earth have I got hold of? In a few minutes about a hundred yards of line were out, and as the creature was

steadily, but slowly, travelling down the centre of the channel, I determined to cry "halt!" if possible, as my tackle was extremely strong, and my rod was a single bamboo. Accordingly, I put on a powerful strain, which was replied to by a sullen tug, a shake, and again my rod was pulled suddenly to the water's edge. At length, after the roughest handling, I began to reel in slack line, as my unknown friend had doubled in upon me, and upon once more putting severe pressure upon him or her, as it might be, I perceived a great swirl in the water about twenty yards from the rod. The tackle would bear anything, and I strained so heavily upon my adversary that I soon reduced our distance; but the water was exceedingly deep, the bank precipitous, and he was still invisible. At length, after much tugging and counter-tugging, he began to show; eagerly I gazed into the water to examine my new acquaintance, when I made out something below, in shape between a coach-wheel and a sponging-bath; in a few more moments I brought to the surface an enormous turtle, well hooked. I felt like the old lady who won an elephant in a lottery: that I had him was certain, but what was I to do with my prey. It was at the least a hundred pounds weight, and the bank was steep and covered with bushes; thus it was impossible to land the monster, that now tugged and dived with the determination of the grindstone that his first pull had suggested. Once I attempted the gaff, but the trusty weapon that had landed many a fish in Scotland broke in the hard shell of the turtle, and I was helpless. My Arab now came to my assistance, and at once terminated the struggle. Seizing the line with both hands, utterly regardless of all remonstrance (which, being in English, he did not understand) he quickly hauled our turtle to the surface, and held it, struggling and gnashing its jaws, close to the steep bank. In a few moments the line slackened, and the turtle disappeared. The fight was over! The sharp horny jaws had bitten through treble-twisted brass wire as clean as though cut by shears. My visions of turtle soup had faded.

The heavy fish were not in the humour to take, I therefore shot one with a rifle as it came to the surface to blow, and, the water in this spot being shallow, we brought it to shore; it was a species of carp between thirty and forty pounds, the scales were rather larger than a crown piece, and so hard that they would have been difficult to pierce with a harpoon. It proved to be useless for the table, being of an oily nature that was only acceptable to the Arabs." (pp. 44-7)

Presently the scene changed and in a single night. A sound like distant thunder reached

the traveller as he lay half asleep on his bed. Presently there was the noise of hurrying feet and the shouting of men in the darkness, "The river! the river!" Next morning (June 24th, 1861) the barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert had disappeared. In place of dust and desolation a magnificent stream of water 500 yards in width and from 15 to 20 feet in depth was hastening towards the wasted Nile. This without a drop of rain or a thunder cloud on the far horizon. The water had fallen on the high lands of Abyssinia.

The rainy season soon followed and when it had ceased and the floods of the Atbara had abated, the author again brought out his tackle and was speedily exclaiming,

"THAT WAS A MONSTER!"

As the Atbara had fallen to the level of the small tributary, the Till, that stream was nearly exhausted, and the fish that inhabited its deep and shady waters during the rainy season, were now fast retiring to the parent river. At the mouth of the stream were a number of rocks, that, as the water of the Atbara retreated, daily increased in size; these were evidently blocks that had been detached from the cliffs that wall-ed in the Till. As we were now entirely dependent upon the rod and rifle for the support of our party, I determined to try for a fish, as I felt quite certain that some big fellows in the main river would be waiting to receive the small fry that were hurrying away from the exhausted waters of the Till. I had a good supply of tackle, and I chose a beautifully straight and tapering bamboo that had been brought down by the river floods. I cut off the large brass ring from a game bag, which I lashed to the end of my rod; and having well secured my largest winch, that carried upwards of two hundred yards of the strongest line, I arranged to fish with a live bait upon a set of treble hooks. In one of the rocks at the water's edge, was a circular hole about three feet in diameter and five or six deep; this appeared like an artificial well, but it was simply the effect of natural boring by the joint exertions of the strong current combined with hard sand and gravel. This had perhaps years ago settled in some slight hollow of the rock, and had gradually worked out a deep well by perpetual revolutions. I emptied this natural bait-box of its contents of sand and rounded pebbles, and having thoroughly cleaned

and supplied it with fresh water, I caught a large number of excellent baits by emptying a hole in the Till; these I consigned to my aquarium. The baits were of various kinds; some were small "bouliti" (a species of perch), but the greater number were young fish of the *Silurus* species; these were excellent, as they were exceedingly tough in the skin, and so hardy in constitution, that they rather enjoyed the fun of fishing. I chose a little fellow about four inches in length to begin work with, and I delicately inserted the hook under the back fin. Gently dropping my alluring and lively little friend in a deep channel between the rocks and the mouth of the Till, I watched my large float with great interest, as carried by the stream it swept past the corner of a large rock into the open river; that corner was the very place where, if I had been a big fish, I should have concealed myself for a sudden rush upon an unwary youngster. The large green float sailed leisurely along, simply indicating, by its uneasy movement, that the bait was playing; and now it passed the point of the rock and hurried round the corner in the sharper current towards the open river. Off it went! Down dipped the tip of the rod with a rush so sudden that the line caught somewhere, I don't know where, and broke!

"Well, that was a monster!" I exclaimed, as I recovered my inglorious line, fortunately the float was not lost, as the hooks had been carried away at the fastening to the main line; a few yards of this I cut off, as it had partially lost its strength from frequent immersion.

I replaced the lost hooks by a still larger set, with the stoutest gimp and swivels, and once more I tried my fortune with a bait exactly resembling the first. In a short time I had a brisk run, and quickly landed a fish of about twelve pounds: this was a species known by the Arabs as the "bayard"; it has a blackish green back, the brightest silver sides and belly, with very peculiar back fins, that nearest to the tail being a simple piece of flesh free from rays. This fish had four long barbules in the upper jaw, and two in the lower: the air-bladder, when dried, forms a superior quality of isinglass, and the flesh of this fish is excellent. I have frequently seen the bayard sixty or seventy pounds weight, therefore I was not proud of my catch, and I recommenced fishing. Nothing large could be tempted, and I only succeeded in landing two others of the same kind, one of about nine pounds, the smaller about six. I resolved upon my next trial to use a much larger bait, and I returned to camp with my fish for dinner."

Whilst in this camp the author has again to note in his journal,

"A GOOD RUN AND ANOTHER MONSTER."

"September 25.—Having nothing to eat, I took my fishing-rod and strolled down to the river, and chose from my aquarium a fish of about half a pound for a live bait; I dropped this in the river about twenty yards beyond the mouth of the Till, and allowed it to swim naturally down the stream so as to pass across the Till junction, and descend the deep channel between the rocks. For about ten minutes I had no run; I had twice tried the same water without success, nothing would admire my charming bait; when just as it had reached the favourite turning-point at the extremity of a rock, away dashed the line, with the tremendous rush that follows the attack of a heavy fish. Trusting to the soundness of my tackle, I struck hard and fixed my new acquaintance thoroughly, but off he dashed down the stream for about fifty yards at one rush, making for a narrow channel between two rocks, through which the stream ran like a mill race. Should he pass this channel, I knew he would cut the line across the rock; therefore, giving him the butt, I held him by main force, and by the great swirl in the water I saw that I was bringing him to the surface; but just as I was expecting to see him, my float having already appeared, away he darted in another direction, taking sixty or seventy yards of line without a check. I at once observed that he must pass a shallow sand-bank favourable for landing a heavy fish, I therefore checked him as he reached this spot, and I followed him down the bank, reeling up line as I ran parallel with his course. Now came the tug of war! I knew my hooks were good and the line sound, therefore I was determined not to let him escape beyond the favourable ground; and I put a strain upon him, that after much struggling brought to the surface a great shovel-head, followed by a pair of broad silvery sides, as I led him gradually into shallow water. Bacheet now cleverly secured him by the gills, and dragged him in triumph to the shore. This was a splendid bayard, at least forty pounds weight.

"I laid my prize upon some green reeds, and covered it carefully with the same cool material. I then replaced my bait by a lively fish, and once more tried the river. In a very short time I had another run, and landed a small fish of about nine pounds of the same species. Not wishing to catch fish of that size, I put on a large bait, and threw it about forty yards into the river, well up the stream, and allowed the float to sweep the water in a half circle, thus taking the chance of different distances from the shore. For about half an hour nothing moved; I was

just preparing to alter my position, when out rushed my line, and striking hard, I believe I fixed the old gentleman himself, for I had no control over him whatever; holding him was out of the question, the line flew through my hands, cutting them till the blood flowed and I was obliged to let the fish take his own way: this he did for about eighty yards, when he suddenly stopped. This unexpected halt was a great calamity, for the reel over-ran itself, having no check-wheel, and the slack bends of the line caught the handle just as he again rushed forward, and with a jerk that nearly pulled the rod from my hands he was gone! I found one of my large hooks broken short off; the confounded reel? The fish was a monster!

"After this bad luck, I had no run until the evening, when putting on a large bait, and fishing at the tail of a rock between the stream and still water, I once more had a grand rush, and hooked a big one. There were no rocks down stream, all was fair play and clear water, and away he went at racing pace straight for the middle of the river. To check the pace, I grasped the line with the stuff of my loose trousers, and pressed it between my fingers so as to act as a break, and compel him to labour for every yard; but he pulled like a horse, and nearly cut through the thick cotton cloth, making straight running for at least a hundred yards without a halt. I now put so severe a strain upon him, that my strong bamboo bent nearly double, and the fish presently so far yielded to the pressure, that I could enforce his running in half circles instead of straight away. I kept gaining line, until I at length led him into a shallow bay, and after a great fight, Bacheet embraced him by falling upon him, and clutching the monster with hands and knees; he then tugged to the shore a magnificent fish of upwards of sixty pounds. For about twenty minutes he had fought against such a strain as I had never before used upon a fish, but I had now adopted hooks of such a large size and thickness that it was hardly possible for them to break, unless snapped by a crocodile. My reel was so loosened from the rod, that had the struggle lasted a few minutes longer I must have been vanquished. This fish measured three feet eight inches to the root of the tail, and two feet three inches in girth of shoulders, the head measured one foot ten inches in circumference—it was the same species as those I had already caught.

"This closed the sport for the day. We called all hands to carry the fish to camp, and hoisted the flag, which was quickly followed by the arrival of a number of men from Sofi, to receive all that we could spare. The largest fish we cut

into thin strips, these we salted and dried ; the head made delicious soup, with a teaspoonful of curry powder." (pp. 220-3).

Two days after he records the capture of another monster ; this time,

AN UGLY MONSTER.

"Sept. 27, 1861.—I returned home and took the rod, hoping for better luck in the river. I hooked but lost, a small fish, and I began to think the fates were against me by land and water, when I suddenly had a tremendous run, and about 150 yards rushed off the reel without the possibility of stopping the fish. The river was very low ; thus I followed along the bank, holding hard, and after about half an hour of difference of opinion, the fish began to show itself, and I coaxed it into the shallows ; here it was cleverly managed by Bacheet, who lugged it out by the tail. It was an ugly monster of about 50 lbs., a species of *silurus*, known by the Arabs as a *coor* ; it differed from the *silurus* of Europe by having a dorsal fin, like a finger, that extended along the back to the tail. This fish had lungs resembling delicate branches of red coral, and, if kept moist, it would exist upon the land for many hours, like an eel. It smelt strongly of musk." (Pp. 224-5.)

The next entry, made on Sept. 29th, tells how

A BEAUTIFUL FISH GAVE A SPLENDID CHALLENGE.

"This afternoon I took the rod, and having caught a beautiful silver-sided fish of about a pound weight, I placed it upon a large single hook fastened under the back fin. In about an hour I had a run, but upon striking, I pulled the bait out of the fish's mouth, as the point of the hook had not touched the jaw. I had wound up slowly for about 30 yards, hoping that the big fellow would follow his lost prize, as I knew him to be a large fish by his attack upon a bait of a pound weight. I found my bait was killed, but having readjusted the hook, I again cast it in the same direction, and slowly played it towards me. I had him ! He took it immediately, and I determined to allow him to swallow it before I should strike. Without a halt, about 100 yards of line were taken at the first rush towards the middle of the river ; he then stopped, and I waited for about a minute, and then fixed him with a jerk that bent my bamboo like a fly-rod. To this he replied by a splendid challenge ; in one jump he flew about six feet above the water, and showed himself to be one of the most beautiful fish I had ever seen ; not one of those nondescript antediluvian brutes that you expect to catch in these extraordinary

ivers, but in colour he appeared like a clean run salmon. He gave tremendous play, several times leaping out of the water, and shaking his head furiously to free himself from the hook ; then darting away with 80 or 100 yards of fresh line, until he at last was forced to yield to the strong and elastic bamboo, and his dead body stranded upon the fatal shallows.

Bacheet was a charming lad to land a fish : he was always quiet and thoughtful, and never got in the way of the line ; this time he closely approached him from behind, slipped both his hands along his side, and hooked his fingers into his broad gills, thus he dragged him splashing through the shallows, to the sandbank. What a beauty ! What was he ? The colour was that of a salmon, and the scales were not larger in proportion : he was about fifty pounds' weight. The back fin resembled that of a perch, with seven rays ; the second dorsal fin towards the tail had fourteen rays : the head was well shaped, and small in proportion ; the eyes were bright and red, and shone like rubies ; and the teeth were very small. I cut away my line, as the hook was deeply swallowed ; and having washed this beautiful fish, I assisted Bacheet to carry it to the camp, where it was laid upon a clean mat at the tent door for admiration. This species of fish is considered by the Arabs to be the best in the river, it is therefore called "El Baggar" (the cow). It is a species of Perch, and we found it excellent—quite equal to a fine trout. I made an exact sketch of it on the spot, after which the greater portion was cut up and salted ; it was then smoked for about four hours. The latter process is necessary to prevent the flies from blowing it, before it becomes sufficiently dry to resist their attacks.

For several days I passed my time in fishing, with the varying success that must attend all fishermen. Upon the extreme verge of the river's bank were dense bushes of the nabbuk, about 15ft. high, but so thickly massed with green foliage that I cut a tunnel with my hunting knife, and completed a capacious arbour thoroughly protected from the sun. In this it was far more agreeable to pass the day than at the camp ; accordingly we arranged to proceed with mats and carpets, and my wife converted the thorny-bower into an African darwing-room, where she could sit with her work and enjoy the view of the river at her feet, and moreover watch the fishing." (pp. 227-30)

THE NEW RIVER.



N a recent article of mine, I alluded, cursorily, to the New River. The whim takes me to revert to the subject, and to make a confession.

Some swear by Tiber, some by Eridanus, some by pastoral Thames or Trent :—I swear by the New River, suburban, cockney little rivulet, though it be.

Other streams have been sung by the poets ; even the most insignificant come in for their share of Drayton's celebration, except, through a chronological *contresens*, the river in question. One poet alone has approached it, Scott of Amwell. In a few turgid lines he sings its birth, styles it a "mercenary" stream, and then flies off at a tangent to Anio and Tivoli and other vague classicalities. We can well believe, indeed, that in its first estate the New River had but few pretensions to the poetical and picturesque. A crude, raw looking canal—a mere water-pipe to serve the needs of the great metropolis, even the poetasters of the day must have looked upon it as below their eulogy. But time brought its revenges. Nature, even as a step-mother, is still a *nursing* mother, and Nature, before long, nursed the New River into beauty. She graced it with grassy borders—planted, here a willow, and there a silver birch on its banks—and stocked its waters with a variety of fish. As a natural consequence, the angling tribe were won over to it too. Even the venerated Izaak is said to have dropped his line into its quiet waters, which is probable, lying as it did, so near to his customary track Lea-ward. In our own day, before the stream reaches the hubbub and pollution of the populous streets—while as yet it glides peacefully through the Hertfordshire and Middlesex meadows, with many a silver gleam and many a graceful meander, it is undeniably a charming little watercourse, adding a beauty to the homely landscape, and fraught, for many beside myself, with familiar and cherished associations.

Amongst the few who have written eulogisti-

cally of the New River, is absent-minded George Dyer, Lamb's friend, who, when on a visit to him at Colebrook cottage, walked unwittingly into it, and was dragged out, not without effort. Says Elia, describing this incident in a gossiping letter, "G. D., instead of keeping the slip, that leads to the gate, had, deliberately, staff in hand, in broad open day, marched into the water. He had not his spectacles on and you know his absence. Who helped him out they can hardly tell, but between 'em they got him out, drenched through and through. A mob collected by that time and accompanied him in. 'Send for the Doctor,' they said : and a one-eyed fellow, dirty and drunk, was fetched from the public house at the end, where, it seems he lurks for the sake of picking up water-practise, having formerly had a medal from the Humane Society, for some rescue. By his advice, the patient was put between blankets ; and when I came home at four to dinner, I found G. D. a-bed and raving, light-headed, with the brandy-and-water which the doctor had administered. He sang, laughed, whimpered, screamed, babbled of guardian angels, would get up and go home, but we kept him there by force, and by next morning he departed sobered, and seems to have received no injury. All my friends are open-mouthed, about having paling before the river, but I cannot see, because an absent man chooses to walk into a river with his eyes open, at mid-day, that I am any the more likely to be drowned in it, coming home at midnight."

Had George Dyer, after this catastrophe, owed a grudge to the New River, it would not have been surprising, but absent-minded people are not usually vindictive, and this was proved in G. D.'s case by an article he contributed, subsequently, to Hone's *Every Day Book*, and from which we may extract the following passage :

"This gentle river" meanders through countless spots of surprising beauty and variety within ten miles of town. When I was a boy, I thought "Sadler's Wells Arch" opposite "Sir Hugh Myddelton" (a house immortalized by Hogarth,) the prime part of the river . . . but the

"prime" gudgeon-fishing, then, was at "the Coffin," through which the stream flows after burying itself at the Thatched-house, under Islington road, to Colebrooke-row, within half a stone's throw of a cottage endeared to me, in later years, by its being the abode of "as much virtue as can *live*." Past the Thatched House, towards Canonbury, there was the "Horse Shoe," now no more . . . and all along the river to the pleasant village of Hornsey, there were delightful retirements on its banks, so "far from the busy haunts of men," that only a few solitary wanderers seemed to know them. Since then, I have gone "over the hills and far away," to see it sweetly flowing at Enfield Chase, near many a "cottage of content," as I have conceived the lowly dwellings to be, which there skirt it, with their little gardens, not too trim, whence the inmates cross the neat iron bridges of the "New River Company," which, thinking of "auld lang syne," I could almost wish were of wood. Further on, the river gracefully recedes into the pleasant grounds of the late Mr. Gough, the antiquary, who, if he chiefly wrote on the manners and remains of old times, had an especial love and kind feeling for the amiable and picturesque of our own. Pursuing the river thence to Theobald's, it presents to the "contemplative man's recreation" temptations that old Walton himself might have coveted to fall in his way : and why may we not suppose that the vicinity of the New River, to the place of his habitation, might sometimes tempt *him* out, whose loss he so pathetically mentions, to spend an afternoon there." He tells "the honest angler," that the writing of his book was the "recreation of a recreation," and familiarly says, "the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially on such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe ; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours—even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

"Over the hills and far away," as applied to the brief and uniformly level interval that separates Hornsey from Enfield Chase must be accepted as the merest figure of speech. Cer-

tainly, however, after reaching Enfield, the stream assumes a more pastoral and idyllic character, and on its banks it was (when Enfield was still a rustic village) that the earliest portion of my boyhood was past. We were a band of boy-anglers there at the time—enthusiastic, audacious, heedless of private rights. Our habit was to fish straight on, and let nothing stop us—neither park-palings, with the menace outside of "man-traps," nor the keeper with his gun, nor the surly bailiff, nor even the Squire himself. Least of all the squire, I think. We got used to his behaviour—first a heavy frown—then an oath like a thunder-clap—then, an involuntary smile—we could see it coming—evoked, probably, by some flitting reminiscence of his own unruly youth. The squire was of uncertain temper—sometimes we were turned out summarily and ignominiously, and he

"Parted, with great strides among his dogs"—sometimes he would bid his gardener fill our pockets with pears and plums, and allow us to continue our sport, on our promising to abstain in future. Alas ! such abstinence was never of long duration.

Pleasant Enfield days ! and especially pleasant, when on reaching the homestead, I could exhibit the contents of my basket, symmetrically arranged on a round platter, to Elia and his sister Bridget, trying to persuade them that perch and gudgeon were food for the gods and . . . would they have some for supper ?

Pleasant Enfield days ! They lie on the far-off horizon of my life, lapped in a sunshine of their own—a sunshine of youth and hope and Arcady.

And now, dear reader, you know as well as I do why I swear, not by Tiber and not by Eridanus, but by Hugh Middleton's little "mercenary" stream—the New River.

T. WESTWOOD.

AN APPRECIATIVE ANGLER.

ANOTHER WORD FROM ANOTHER ADMIRER.



HE warm sunny days of June usher into existence innumerable May Flies. Now, like soft fleecy clouds they are wafted aloft by a gentle

breeze, now they settle down like gossamer all over the meadows. The angler lives again. In one sense every Spring is his first, for the fly-fisher never wearies of June. Some weeks earlier saw him already abroad, filling his creel with plenty of good fish. If you steal silently to his window when the Winter is past, you will find him very busy with his tackle, sorting, arranging, and fitting it up with all the cunning of a craftsman. His music is sweet and harmonious. Hush! Listen breathlessly to his melodious voice while he sings :—

“Whan that the monethe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Fairewel my boke, and my devocioun !”

But there is a season when all is changed, when the wind blows chill from the North-east, when the fire-side is more agreeable than the river-side, when even the angler is driven back into winterquarters. Then you will find him in his library, surrounded by books containing hints that profit the most experienced fisherman, and descriptions of scenes and recollections that cheer him during the long winter evenings.

By no means the least important branch of his instruction has grown out of essays on fishing and reviews of books on the sport, some of which have been contributed by those whose names alone speak for themselves. It was Sir Walter Scott who wrote the notice of ‘Salmonia’ for *The Quarterly Review*: ‘Christopher in his Sporting Jacket’ and ‘Noctes Ambrosianae,’ which, at one time, excited the attention of readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* were the outpourings of John Wilson's literary genius; while the article on the literature of fishing that appeared a year ago in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that at once marks the author as one of the most scholarly anglers of the day, may, unless we are quite mistaken, be safely attributed to Mr. Watkins.

Besides these and many others there is an essay that has for long been regarded, by the angler, as one of his choicest treasures. The late Mr. Charles Kingsley's ‘Chalk-stream Studies,’ for we refer to that essay, is certainly one of the brightest and happiest delineations of

English river-scenery that adorns the literature of fishing. Those striking characteristics, enthusiasm, originality, and true and deep love of all nature, that are ever present throughout ‘The Complete Angler,’ and without which no one can hope to compose a really pleasant book on fishing, reappear in Kingsley's *Prose Idyl*.

The appreciative angler knows pleasures beyond the bare enjoyment of making a good basket. His character has always been the same. Blow the dust off the old book, the rarest of all your antique gems, and feast once more on Lady Juliana's representation, in black-letter, of a XVth Century Angler. Follow the Father of Fishermen as he wanders through the Lea-side meadows, and listen to those graceful utterances that remain unsurpassed even in our own time. On every page of ‘Chalk-stream Studies’ there is a faithful reflection of nature. “What shall we see,” asks the “Minute Philosopher,” “As we look across the broad, still, clear river, where the great dark trout sail to and fro lazily in the sun?” and this is what Kingsley shows us :—

“White chalk-fields above, quivering hazy in the heat. A park full of merry haymakers; gay red and blue waggons; stalwart horses switching off the flies; dark avenues of tall elms; groups of abele, ‘tossing their whispering silver to the sun’; and amid them the house . . . a great square red-brick mass, made light and cheerful though, by quoins and windows of white Sarsden stone; with high-peaked French roofs, broken by louvres and dormers, haunted by a thousand swallows and starlings. Old walled gardens, gay with flowers, shall stretch right and left. Clipt yew alleys shall wander away into mysterious glooms: and out of their black arches shall come tripping children, like white fairies, to laugh and talk with the girl who lies dreaming and reading in the hammock there, beneath the black velvet canopy of the great cedar-tree, like some fair Tropic flower hanging from its boughs. Then they shall wander down across the smooth-shorn lawn, where the purple rhododendrons hang double, bush and image, over the water's edge, and call to us across the stream, ‘What sport?’ and the old Squire shall

beckon the keeper over the long stone bridge, and return with him bringing luncheon and good ale; and we will sit down, and eat and drink among the burdock leaves, and then watch the quiet house, and lawn, and flowers, and fair human creatures, and shining water, all sleeping breathless in the glorious light beneath the glorious blue, till we doze off, lulled by the murmur of a thousand insects, and the rich minstrelsy of nightingale and blackcap, thrush and dove."

Charles Kingsley never works indoors. All his pictures are drawn, filled in, and completed under the light of the sun, shaded only by bending willows and leafy trees that overhang the banks of the stream.

That he was a genuine and enthusiastic fisherman is made transparently clear, over and over again, in his writings, where his originality and nature-loving spirit are displayed no less conspicuously. We hope Mr. Ellacombe will someday suck the honey from Kingsley's numerous volumes just as he has drawn it from Shakespeare.

Fishing such as is described in 'Chalk-stream Studies' is undoubtedly difficult to procure, so perhaps we may say that it savours somewhat of luxury; but we must not forget that Kingsley was in no sense a fine gentleman or a cockney sportsman: both gentleman and angler he was—a gentleman by nature, and what concerns us most of all the gentlest of gentle Anglers..

OSMUND LAMBERT.

NOTES ON THE EARLY LITERATURE OF ARTIFICIAL FLY-MAKING.

THE employment of an artificial fly as a means of capturing fish dates from a very remote period. Martial, who wrote towards the close of the 1st century, asks,

"Who has not seen the scarus rise

Decoy'd and kill'd by fraudulent flies?"

But it may be that he merely refers to dapping with a natural fly, and Ælian, who probably wrote in the first half of the 2nd century, is the

only one of the old authors who undoubtedly mentions the use of an artificial fly as a lure for fish, and describes the materials employed in its construction. He says, adopting the translation of the passage which is given in the "*Bibliotheca Piscatoria*," 1883, "Round the hook they twist scarlet wool and two wings are secured on this wool from the feathers which grow under the wattles of a cock, brought up to the proper colour with wax." The passage is translated somewhat differently by Mr. Lambert in "*Angling Literature in England*," 1881. His version runs "They fasten red (crimson-red) wool round a hook and fit on the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in colour are like wax." Which may be the more accurate translation I do not profess to judge, but there can be no doubt which fly would kill best. The application of wax to cocks' hackles would certainly cause the fibres to stick together, entirely destroy their free play in the water, and render them useless as wings.

A wide gap separates Ælian from the unknown author of the "*Treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle*" which next claims our attention. This "*Treatyse*," commonly attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, formed part of the second edition of "*The Book of St. Albans*" printed in 1496. It contains no directions for tying a fly, but its author after describing the manufacture of hooks tells us how to whip them to the line with "*smalle redde silke*" saying nothing, however, of the advisability of waxing the silk before commencing operations. Towards the close of the "*Treatyse*" he gives the dressings of twelve flies "*wyth whyche ye shall angle to the trought and grayllyng*" at different seasons, but fly-fishing for salmon appears to have been still in its infancy as, in describing the different baits for this fish, he remarks "Also ye may take hym: but it is seldom seen with a dubbe at suche tyme as whan he lepth in lyke fourme and manere as ye doo take a troughte or a gryalyng."

L. M. in "*A Booke of fishing with Hooke and Line*," first published in 1590, copied freely from the "*Treatyse*." The dressings of the twelve flies which he gives are very evidently

taken from it, but after describing the last of them he adds "Thus are they made upon the hooke, lapt about with some corke like each Fly afore mentioned." I presume the cork was intended to prevent the clumsy hooks of the period from sinking too deep in the water, for I do not suppose that the fishermen of those days ever attempted to float a dry fly over a rising fish.

"The Secrets of Angling" by J. D. appeared in 1613, but artificial fly-making is not mentioned in it, and the passages which allude to fly-fishing seem to refer to dapping with the natural fly.

Gervase Markham in "The Pleasures of Princes," 1614, reproduces the list of flies given by L. M. in "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line." In describing the dressings of the flies, however, he does not always follow L. M. but occasionally varies the materials a little, or states more particularly where those materials are to be found.

The impression a comparison of the books leaves on me is, that as regards fly-making, Markham was not a mere book-maker, but took a sportsmanlike interest in the matter, and endeavoured, while adopting the list which L. M. had borrowed from the "Treatyse," to improve on his dressings. That he recognised the importance of closely imitating nature is clear from the following passage. "Now for the shapes and proportions of these flies it is impossible to describe them without paynting, therefore you shall take of these severall flies alive, and laying them before you trie how neare your art can come vnto nature by an equall shape and mixture of colours; and when you have made them, you may keepe them in close boxes uncruised and they will serve you many yeeres."

Markham gives no detailed description of the process of fly-making, but alludes as did L. M. to the use of cork, without, however, making the mode of applying it to the hook any clearer. The passage runs "the cloudie darke flye is made of blacke wooll, clipt from between a sheepes eares, and whipt about with blacke silke, his wings of the vnder mayle of the Mallard,

and his head made black and sutable, fixed vpon a fine peece of corke, and folded so cunningly about the hooke, that nothing may be perceived but the poynt and beard only."

The passages in "The Pleasures of Princes" which treat of artificial flies were reproduced by Markham without alteration in "Country Contentments," 1631.

He also wrote "The Young Sportsman's Instructor," the most diminutive volume in the angler's library, measuring only 2½in. by 1¾in. The earliest dated edition, which, however, I have not seen, is that of 1652. An undated edition, which is reprinted in Pearson's "Angler's Garland" for 1871, contains a description of fly-making, but it is too brief to have been of service to anyone desirous of learning the art.

Thomas Barker who published the original edition of his "Art of Angling" in 1651 is the first writer I know of who gives detailed instructions for fly-making. I have not had an opportunity of examining his book, but Izaak Walton in the first edition of "The Compleat Angler," 1653, acknowledges his indebtedness to Barker, and says that he "will give you his very directions without much variation."

These directions are rather general and will not, I think, prove of much assistance to a tyro, though anyone who knows something of the art will have no difficulty in following them, and will feel that Barker was probably more successful in making flies than he has been in describing the way to do so. He tied on the wings pointing away from the bend of the hook at first, and after forming the body and putting on the hackle from tail to head turned the wings forwards and fixed them in position, a system not now so much practised as it formerly was. Barker is the first writer who mentions gold and silver thread for fly bodies, and who recommends Palmers for night fishing.

The first edition of "The Compleat Angler" gave but a short list of artificial flies, the May, Oak and Hawthorn being the only ones mentioned by name, but in the fifth edition, 1676,—if not in an earlier one—Walton gives the dressings of what he calls a "jury of flies." For this list, which is almost identical with the one

given in "A Booke of fishing with Hooke and Line," Walton is evidently indebted to L. M. who, as has been already mentioned, reproduced the twelve flies given in the "Treatyse" with a few variations.

Special flies for salmon fishing appear to have been still almost, if not entirely, unknown, and Walton describes the salmon as not usually rising at a fly. An important advance in salmon fishing had, however, been made prior to 1676 by the invention which Walton mentions of the reel and a "ring of wire" at the top of the rod for the line to run through, a refinement not mentioned in the first edition of "The Compleat Angler." Rings intermediate between the reel and the point of the rod do not appear to have come into use for some time after this. "The Gentleman Angler" 1726 is the first book in which they are mentioned so far as I know.

Charles Cotton's "Compleat Angler" 1676, though originally sold by itself or combined with the treatises of Walton and Venables under the title of "The Universal Angler," has been appended, as Part II., to all the reprints of the fifth edition of Walton's work which have been published since his death. In the course of the second day Cotton represents Piscator as giving Viator instructions in artificial fly-making, and describes at considerable length the method of making a winged fly with some of the dubbing of the body picked out for legs, following Barker's system of reversing the wing after the body was finished. I think that anyone who followed these instructions carefully ought soon to be able to tie this simple fly fairly well.

It is surprising, at first sight, that Cotton did not explain how to put on a hackle to represent the legs of a fly, but apparently he was not in the habit of using flies with a hackle under the wing. The sixty-five flies which he describes for the different months are either simple winged flies with dubbed bodies or palmers, and for the making of the latter we are told that Walton has already given "sufficient direction," which however he has not done. Cotton recommends having wax of all colours at hand so that the fly-tyer may apply to the silk he is about to use wax of its own colour. This has been rendered

unnecessary by the colourless wax and silks of all colours which are available for modern fly-tying.

Cotton was indebted for his knowledge of fly-tying to his relative Capt. Henry Jackson.

James Chetham published the first edition of "The Angler's Vade Mecum" in 1681, but a second and greatly enlarged edition is dated 1689, and to this I shall refer in my remarks.

He has little claim to originality so far as trout flies are concerned. His directions for tying a "dub-fly" are taken nearly verbatim from Cotton, whom he follows in recommending the fly-tyer to use wax the colour of his silk, though elsewhere he recommends, and he is the first to do so, "Shoomaker's Wax to the Thread or Silk with which you make or mend either Rod or Fly, or whip hooks; for it holds more firmly, and sticks better than any other."

Chetham gives directions for tying palmers but they only occupy five lines and are of no value. He gives two lists of flies for use at different seasons; the first a reproduction of Cotton's list, while for the second, which describes twenty flies, he admits that he is indebted to "a very good angler."

But when we come to salmon flies we find a distinct advance. He tells us that "some Persons fasten two Hooks together, in like manner, as some double Pike Hooks, lately used in Trowling are made not with the points opposite to one another, but almost a quarter of a circle from each other; and on them they make their Fly, that if one Hook break hold, the other Hook may not fail." This I believe to be the first mention of double hooks for fly-making.

Chetham gives no instructions for tying a salmon fly, but recommends the use of showy wings and particoloured bodies of gaudy colours with gold and silver twist. In his opinion "Flies made for the great Salmon are better, being made with four wings, than with two only; and with six better than with them of four." These wings were not all tied on at the head of the fly but in pairs at short distances apart along the body.

This author also describes an artificial cod-bait—the body of yellow bees-wax, the head of

black dubbing and black silk. He considers it when neatly made "an incomparable Bait for Trouts and Salmon Smelts."

John Gay, the poet of fly-making, deserves a few words of notice in passing. In "Rural Sports," first published in 1713, he gives a capital description of the materials required for fly-making, and represents the skilful angler catching a specimen of the natural fly, studying its appearance and imitating it by the river side.

"The Compleat Fisherman" by James Saunders, 1724, is the first work on angling in which silk worm gut is mentioned but it does not treat of fly-making, and John Williamson in "The British Angler," 1743, closely follows Walton and Chetham and adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject.

Dr. Richard Brookes in the first and second editions of his "Art of Angling," published in 1740 and 1743, gives no instructions for fly making, and excuses the omission on the ground that artificial flies "are to be had ready made, and much more neat than an unexperienced Person could be supposed to make them from any Directions I could give."

These two editions of "The Art of Angling" seem to have satisfied the public for a good many years, but eventually Dr. Brookes revised his work and arranged it in the form of a dictionary the first edition of which appeared in 1766, and was followed by many others.

In this dictionary Dr. Brookes gives, under the head "Flies," detailed instructions for tying a palmer which I have not found in any earlier work which has come into my hands. They are quite intelligible and sufficiently clear to have enabled any one desirous of tying his own palmer to learn to do so. Dr. Brookes next gives directions, similar to those given by Barker and Cotton, for tying winged flies of different sorts, and concludes by explaining how to make a "buzz" fly with a small feather from the wing, or elsewhere, and a little dubbing on the body. Under the head "Hackle," he also describes how to make flies from hackles and small feathers with merely the tying silk as body, and gives three woodcuts illustrative of

his remarks. These are the first illustrations connected with fly-making with which I am acquainted.

The list of materials required for fly-making and the general remarks much resemble the corresponding portion of Chetham's *Vade Mecum*.

There are three lists of flies given. First one for which Dr. Brookes acknowledges that he is indebted to Cotton, and then two modern catalogues. Both of these modern lists have in some parts a resemblance to Bowlker's.

Dr. Brookes availed himself freely of the works of earlier writers in the preparation of his dictionary, and, whatever may be thought of his conduct in doing so without acknowledgement, it must be admitted, I think, that he succeeded in compiling the most complete description of artificial fly-making which had appeared down to the time at which he wrote.

Bowlker's "Art of Angling" was first published at Worcester about 1758, and afterwards reprinted without date at the same place. These editions are rare and I have not had an opportunity of examining them. The title page, as given in the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" does not mention fly-making so I am uncertain whether it was treated of or not.

In 1774 a second edition appeared with a new and lengthy title page, mentioning among other things "directions for making artificial flies." In this form it has been frequently republished.

The directions Bowlker gives for fly-making though clear enough so far as they go, are not materially different from those given by Barker. He confines his remarks to a winged fly with a hackle wound on from tail to head over a dubbed body, and reverses the wing after completing the body and putting on the hackle just as Barker did.

What will interest the fly-dresser most is the excellent and original description of twenty-nine flies which Bowlker gives. He is the first writer on trout flies who describes the seasons, habits, and appearance of the natural flies as well as the materials to be employed in their imitation, and his list, consisting as it does of a moderate number of useful flies copied from

nature, is a great improvement on the long catalogues of nondescripts given by some of the earlier writers.

"The Angler's Museum" by Thomas Shirley 1784 need not detain us long. Though professing to be "carefully collected from actual experience" the list of flies and the directions for fly-making are taken almost verbatim from Bowlker, the only difference being the omission of the sizes of the hooks on which he recommends the flies to be dressed.

Thomas Best who published his "Art of Angling" in 1787 has little claim to the gratitude of the fly-tyer, his directions for fly-making, and lists of flies being mainly a reproduction of those given by earlier writers, Chetham, Brookes and Bowlker being all made more or less use of.

Samuel Taylor in "Angling in all its Branches" 1800, is the first writer who gives detailed instruction for tying salmon flies. He describes in great detail and very clearly how to tie three different flies, still following, however, the vicious system of reversing the wing after it has been tied to the hook, but he recommends that for salmon flies it should not be divided.

Taylor is the first to recommend the use of a vice in fly-tying.

His directions for winged trout flies are similar to those he gives for salmon flies, but he advises the wing feather be divided. He concludes with the dressings of thirty of the most useful trout flies for day, and of three moths for night fishing.

I might here close these notes on the early literature of artificial fly-making, for I do not intend to review the numerous angling manuals which have appeared since Taylor's day, but there is a novel feature, connected with fly-tying, in the angling literature of the early part of the present century which I must briefly notice. I refer to the endeavour which is made by several writers to familiarize their brother anglers with the natural flies on which trout and grayling feed.

The first of these is George Scotcher whose rare work "The Fly-fisher's Legacy" was published about the year 1800. According to the title page as given in the "Bibliotheca Pisca-

toria," for I have never met with the book, he professes to give "accurate descriptions of all the principal natural flies . . . the most successful method of imitating them . . . with engravings of the natural flies coloured from nature."

This appears to be the earliest work on angling which contains coloured representations of the natural flies.

Bainbridge following in the steps of Scotcher produced in 1816 "The Fly-fisher's Guide," which still remains one of the text books of the fly-tyer.

He gives one coloured plate illustrative of his method of tying flies, one of salmon flies and five representing the forty natural flies the imitations of which he describes in the text. The drawing and colouring of the trout flies are excellent, considering the period at which they were executed, and the dressings given are generally good.

Bainbridge's instructions for fly-making are somewhat more detailed than those of his predecessors, but even he does not describe the various steps in the process quite so minutely as a novice in the art might desire. Where he differs most from his predecessors is in recommending the wings to be tied on with their points directed towards the bend of the hook, instead of directing them to be reversed after they are attached to the hook as all the earlier writers from the time of Barker do. He is the first to recommend the use of spring pliers wherewith to hold the hackle while rolling it on the hook.

Bainbridge describes the dressings of the four simple salmon flies which he figures, but gives no special instructions for tying them, and I can hardly say that it was necessary for him to do so, as the salmon flies of those days were little more than trout flies on a large scale.

Carroll is the next who attempts to depict the natural flies for us, "The Angler's Vade Mecum" appearing in 1818. He gives no instructions for fly-dressing, but indicates briefly the materials which he thinks most suitable for the imitation of some of the 195 flies of which he gives coloured representations on twelve plates. The

drawings of the flies are very badly done, not to be compared to those given by Bainbridge, and the book is more curious than useful to the student of piscatorial entomology.

When I come to Alfred Ronalds, who published "The Fly-fisher's Entomology" in 1836, I am aware that his work does not belong to the early literature of fly-making, but I must briefly allude to it for he may be said to have completed the work begun by Scotcher and carried on by Bainbridge and Carroll.


Ronalds figures both the natural fly and the imitation of it which he describes in his text. The drawing and colouring are, with few exceptions, good, considering the difficulty of reproducing with even tolerable accuracy the delicate and varied hues with which Nature has painted the Ephemerae.

Ronalds follows Bainbridge in directing the wing to be tied to the hook with its point directed towards the bend. The novelty in his instructions for fly-making is his palmer tied on two hooks following one another on the same length of gut but facing in opposite directions.

From these brief notes it will be seen that, down to the close of the eighteenth century, very few of the writers on angling had any special knowledge either of flies or artificial fly-making. Some of them may have thought, with Izaak Walton, that "no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well," and that it was therefore unnecessary to take much trouble with the subject. But I believe that most of those who copied freely, and too often without acknowledgement, from Barker, Cotton, Chetham or Bowlker did so because they had never experienced the pleasure of catching fish with flies of their own manufacture, and had only sufficient knowledge of entomology to distinguish between a May Fly and a Blue Bottle.

ALEX. D. CAMPBELL.

"AS SOUND AS A ROACH."


N Hazlitt's Collection of Proverbial Phrases we find the entries "as sound as a roach" and "as sound as a trout." It would seem that our ancestors considered fish, in general, as a type of all that is healthy, the roach and trout being specially singled out for this distinction. It becomes a question how old this idea may be. Without giving any explicit answer to this, I can shew that fish were proverbially "whole" as early as the fifteenth century. I have met with two curious examples of this, and I dare say more may be found.

In the Romance of Alexander, as edited by Stevenson for the Roxburgh Club, l. 2575, we have the story of Alexander taking a chill by bathing in a river, and how he was healed by a drink administered by his physician Philip. Alexander was warned that Philip designed to poison him, but he drank the potion without hesitation. "As fast was he fysz-hale," *i.e.*, he was at once as whole as a fish.

In the Chevalere Assigne, ed. H. H. Gibbs, l. 353, we have a still more startling story of a goldsmith, who had five gold chains, and who actually warranted them by declaring that they were all "fysh-hole." This singular use of the proverb shews how widely and loosely it was applied. It is clear that the "Angler and Naturalist" may hope that his sport will not only enable him to boast of "mens sana in corpore sano," but of *piscis sanus in hamo sano* likewise.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

"WANNY BLOSSOMS."

A LITTLE volume in North Country dialect, by a rural bard, may be added to the angling shelf. Few of our readers know of it. It is absent from the pages of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," for the fact of its existence only reached us during the present year, coming to us, as most

good wishes and helping hands have come, from a kind American friend. This is the title : "Wanny blossoms : a new book of Border songs and ballads. With a brief treatise on fishing, fly, worm, and roe. By James Armstrong. Carlisle, 1876."

In a modest preface the writer tells us that his sole desire was "to portray, in simple song, the wild grandeur of the heathery hills and sparkling streams of our glorious Borderland." He claims no literary merit, feeling that his verse is rough and unpolished as the rocks of his native mountains. We have no knowledge of him beyond what his book furnishes. Family trouble seems to have driven him across the Atlantic—for a time ; and home sickness seems to have inspired and given force, though the form came later—to his principal poem, the "Wild hills o' Wannys," on whose feathery crests, he tells us, his rude harp was first strung. This wild and picturesque district lies between the head waters of the Wansbeck and the Reed, and the North Tyne and Coquet skirt its southern slopes, while to the North rise the rugged Cheviots overlooking the fields of Flodden, Chevy Chase, and Otterburn, and a land famous in story and in song. A land truly of glamour and enchantment. A land where every moor, every rock, every stream could tell of some fierce struggle of men, some tender tale of woman's love. The cradle of a vigorous race from which has gone forth to the confines of the earth a fresh brood of hardy Northmen.

Opening the little volume and selecting such passages as the main purpose of the *Note-book* warrants, we take first a recollection of early fishing exploits from the title poem :

"Round the wild hills o' Wannys in the morn's
early gleam,

O'twas grand to gan fishing away by the Leam ;
Wi' the flee o' the woodcock, the green drake, or
teal,

Wi' gould speckl't trouts we filled monie à fine
creel.

There's the Reed an' the Wansbeck, where the
dews sweetly fa',

The Lyles Burn and Reasey we oft fisht them a',

Aye, there's monie a burnie and sweet heather
brae,
Round the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far
away."

For a fishing song we may next find place :

THE FISHIN', MY LAD.

Air : "Mammie nae mair."

Inscribed to Percy Robson, of Speethope Head.

"By the clear winding streamlet the daisie now
springs,
On the soft mossy brae-side the sweet primrose
hings ;
Wi' the cowslip an' gowan the green-sward is clad,
Sae we'll away off to the fishin', my lad.

Chorus.

The fishin', my lad, the fishin', my lad,
We'll away off to the fishin', my lad.

Wi' the cowslip an' gowan the green-sward
is clad,

Sae we'll away off to the fishin', my lad.

Wi' the bonnie red-tackle an' dotterel sae fine,
An' black speyder too, lad, we'll tackle wer line.
The lavrock is singin' sae joyfu' and glad,
Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad.

In the Reed an' the Wansbeck the bonnie trout
thrives ;

In yon lang peuls an' streams, where the dun
otter dives.

It's there, where the big yellow-fin bends the gad,
Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad.

In the Jed, an' the Liddel, and Coquet sae clear,
North Tyne and Whyte Kielder, there's troots
never fear.

We'll gan to the streams where's there's fun to
be had,

Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad."

(pp. 91-2).

In more serious mood and with more earnest
and vigorous hand the author again takes up
this theme in

"THE STREAMS O' THE WEST.

We'll away to the West, where the lavrock on
high,

Is singing a love song o' sweet liberty.

Where the wild thyme smells sweetly on yon
bonny glen

An' the noops grow in plenty round the fell
foxes' den

We'll away up by Wannup, where the fleecy
flocks feed,

We'll fish the White Kielder, the Jed, an' the
Reed,

Where there's fine yellow trouts, lad, and fishing
the best,

Away in the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

Then seek out thy tackle, thy creel, an' thy gad,
An' we'll ower the mosses sae lightsome an' glad,
Where the wild heather-bleater on high quivering
wing,

An' curlew an' plover gars a' the fells ring ;
Where the blackcock croos proud on his ain
benty knowe

An' the wee grey moss-cheeper trills cheerie,
I trow ;

O but it's gladsome on the mountain's wild crest,
Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

An' then there's the Esk an' the Liddel sae fine,
The Slitrig, the Teviot, an' bonnie North Tyne,
The Ewes, an' the Yarrow, an' Ettrick an' a',
Comes wimplin' by monie a fair flowrie shaw ;
Where we'll fling the flee lightly in linn and in
stream

An' twirl the trout deftly when his yellow fins
gleam ;

While the throssel sings clear to his mate in
her nest

Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

Sae blythesome we'll wander where the dew's
sparkling sheen

Is shimmering in grandeur on the fairy-like scene,
Where the primrose peeps out frae the moss-
covered brae,

An' the cowslip an' gowan sae lovely to see.

When the sun hides his glory ance mair in our
dreams,

The bright spangl'd beauties we'll wile frae the
streams,

Then joyfu' we'll wauken frae Nature's sweet
breast

Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West."

These verses produced a controversy, passing
in the end into bitterness, among the local bards,
who, as befits "Ballad land," are to be found in
every hamlet.

One, praising the "banks o' the Tyne,"

"Where the trout fills yer eyes with a gold-
spangled gleam,

And the salmon glides swift through the bonny
clear stream,"

maliciously asks :

"But how does it happen, dear brother Armstrong,
That the fair sex is scarce ever nyem'd in yer
sang."

Another laments that "no praise has been
found for the Queen of the Flowers." At length
the "Plashetts poet" loses his temper: his
assailants are "puir twa-fac'd baboons," and he
adds :

"Sae then, baith you and Anderson,
Can just gaun to auld Nicks, lad."

This was the last straw to Mr. Anderson, the
"Throckley poet." A personal encounter was
threatened, and the following verses tell the
humorous way in which the threat was met—
and brushed aside.

THE DUEL.

"Brave Anderson went to the toon,

Wi' his cronies a' in clusters ;

Bout pistils, guns, an' twa lang swords,

Baith double cut and thrusters.

What ails ye noo Frank Maffin said,

Are ye gaun to shoot some fewil.

O ! no lad, no I'm a hero,

I'm gaun to feycht a Duel.

Chorus.

It's nae use tryin to haud me noo,

I'll kill that ootbye huel ;

Just beyde off me, I'll let ye see,

I'm gaun to feycht a Duel.

I'm gannin' West to North Teyne heed,
 Wul ye gan wi' me my mannie ;
 I'll shoot that chiel o' Plashetts deed,
 Him the weyld herds caa Wanny.
 O ! haud yer han, then Westgarth cried,
 An' dinna be sae cruel ;
 Ye'll dae nae guid to spill his bluid,
 O ! dinna feycht a Duel.

It's nae use taukin noo, it's no,
 He sal ken wi' wha he's dealin.
 Bring me some poother an' some shot,
 An' yon lang gun frae Ponteelin.
 Brave *Telford*, he'll stand at my back,
 Till I *slew* the heelin huel ;
 An' I'll never flinch a half an inch,
 When I gan to feycht the Duel.

He put on that coat o' *Henderson's*,
 Fill'd a pocket fu o' poother ;
 Put bullits, guns, caps, swords an' a',
 An' pistils in the t'other.
 Then he went on to Throckley Fall,
 Wi' baggy Frank and Rowel,
 And they put him thro' his exercise,
 To gan an feycht the Duel.

They put a yetlin on his heed,
 A horse tail on the middle ;
 At break o' day he maircht away,
 To the soond o' feyfe and fiddle.
 Come back, come back, the auld weyves cried,
 O ! come back, Jim, my jewel.
 My lad, it'll wer daughters kill,
 If ye faa in the Duel.

He mairchit on still thro' Harlawhill,
 The colours ower him flyin.
 The gewgaws an' tin-whussils play'd,
 There he left the lassies cryin.
 The last teyme ever he was seen,
 Was on the banks o' Ruel.

Shootin—hip hurray, noo clear the way,
 I'm gaun to feycht a Duel !" (pp. 59-60).

Over otter hunting and fox hunting the writer waxes warm and the volume contains some spirited descriptions, both in verse and prose, of these sports. One paper is devoted to "Dandie Dinmont and his terriers" and to Dr. Grant of Hawick the writer owns that he was


chiefly indebted for his information on this celebrated race of dogs. The reminiscences of "Old Watty Jackson of Catcleuch" may be quoted : "Monie a time hae I huntit wi' Jamie [Davidson of Hindlee] ; an' frae what Sir Walter reytes about Dandie Dinmont an' his Peppers an' Mustard terriers, Jamie was the verra man, there's nae doot o't ; for his terriers wer maistly Peppers an' Mustards,—lang backit, shurt leggit customers ; maybe rayther shurt i' the leg for rinnin' efter the huns ower rough grun ; but Jamie was up to that : he aye carryit twae o' them in a wallet, ane on eyther seyde, afore him on the galloway's back ; an' when the fox holed, they wer fresh. I mind yence o' my faither an' him howkin ane at the Little Worchet yonder ; an' the fox gat Jamie by the han', an' he shoots 'Ha ! the lim', he's beyten ! Aweel, aweel my frien', if ye'll keep yer grip, I'll keep mine ! Od ! I could tell ye ower as monie o' Jamie's brecks as wad fill a hale beuk." Next we have the "points and characteristics of a pure and perfect Dandie Dinmont terrier," and the pedigree of Dr. Grant's dogs ; with some account of a famous race of Border hounds, "The celebrated fox hounds of Emmethaugh."

It remains to mention the treatise on fishing with which the volume concludes. This is brief, extending from p. 93 to p. 118, and will be read with interest as the outcome of a long practical experience.

In conclusion we may hazard the conjecture that the writer pursues but fitfully his occupation of a collier ; that the breeding of terriers and fishing and hunting chiefly occupy him ; that he is a fair type of the Borderers still to be found among the Northern Moors—rough, shrewd and energetic ; fiery, self-opinionated and a trifle quarrelsome.

THO. SATCHELL.

FISHING WITH ELEPHANTS.

" BELIEVE, at least I hope, that had the shade of Old Izaak watched us he would have forgiven us under the circumstances," writes the author (G. P. Sanderson) of "Thirteen years

amongst the Wild Beasts of India" (London, Allen, 1879) when entering in his journal the particulars of an attempt, only partially successful, to capture all the fish in a jungle-pool which his mahouts had discovered near his camping ground.

"January 2, 1876.—"Yesterday some of the mahouts, when collecting fodder, discovered an old course of the river, in which was a pool of water full of fish. The pool was about 150 yards in length, 50 wide, and 6 feet deep. It evidently only had communication with the river [Chengree] during floods, and was isolated at other times; shady trees overhung it, and it was a most perfect preserve. I saw large fish of the carp tribe sailing about in it, and some monsters like pike. I decided forthwith to have fish for dinner.

A rod could not be used for the trees, nor could a fish have been played for the weeds, so I decided on another plan, which would furnish fun to the whole camp and fish for everybody.

It may not be generally known that fishing is one of the many useful acquirements of the elephant. Such, however, is the case; and without the aid of ours on this occasion, many a fine fish, which was shortly to be made as salt as was Lot's wife, might still be gliding about in that retired jungle-pool.

I had twenty-five elephants mustered without their gear, and all the spare men, who in great glee provided themselves with hastily-improvised bamboo spears, baskets, knives, &c., and we put the elephants in line at one end of the pool, two or three delighted attendants on the back of each. The elephants advanced down the pool in close order, enjoying the bath, and making the water surge as if a paddle-steamer was on it. Their feet stirred up the thick mud at the bottom, and I knew this would soon make the fish show themselves.

When the elephants had traversed the pool twice, some large heads appeared for an instant on the surface, then vanished. "Give them another turn" I shouted to the men, and I shortly joined the line on my pad-elephant. Large fish now came to the surface in sad strait, unable to stand the stifling mud, and glided

gloomily about with their nostrils above water.

Now the fun began in earnest. The elephants separated as their mahouts gave chase to particular fish, and generally very soon transferred them to their baskets after chopping their heads off with their *daos*. Having a spear with a sharp blade nine inches long I bagged more than any one else, as I could strike the fish further off: they sometimes sank just as the men got within reach with their shorter blades. Their heads could be taken off with one slice with the spear, when they invariably floated at once; but if struck in the middle they sank, owing to the air-bladder being cut. A sort of cod-looking fish (one of the genus *Silurus*, I believe, scaleless, thin, deep, and silvery, with long feelers) which I cut in two behind the shoulders, closed its jaws upon the mahout's finger when he put it into its mouth to pick up the head portion, and hung on like a bull-dog for some seconds.

In following fish that, though in distress, were sufficiently conscious of danger not to let us get very near, the elephants exhibited much sagacity, abstaining (of course at a hint from their mahouts) from blowing under water or making any splashing. They enjoyed themselves immensely. My men were very noisy over their share of the sport, and it was highly amusing to watch the chases by several elephants at once of any particularly fine fish that was in a bad way. The men stood up on their elephants, and often several darts were made at once at any unfortunate fish, which one would triumphantly hold aloft, impaled through and through. Several men fell off and were half-choked in the mud, which, when dried, coated them over like white-wash. I believe, at least I hope, that had the shade of old Izaak watched us he would have forgiven us under the circumstances.

In getting into the pool at a new place where the water was deep and the bank straight my elephant entered carelessly. One elephant had just gone in before, but by kneeling and sliding in, whilst "Neelmony" stepped boldly over. In putting down her fore-feet she nearly turned a summersault; her head went right to the bottom I think; the mahout was under water, and

I was up to my knees, with the elephant's hind-quarters somewhere about the back of my head !

The best fish I bagged was 7 lb. in weight ; the generality were under 2 lb. ; my total bag was 72 lb. I found that not one of the large pike-like fish that we had seen basking near the surface, and which the men called *gajál*, had been bagged. They evidently escaped by burying themselves in the mud, and were not affected like the carp species. The discovery of this peculiarity caused my men much grief, and some who told me that those fish had "only one bone in them," and that "all the rest was meat," were quite depressed. I think they almost felt inclined to punch a small elephant coolie's head who provokingly showed, with both his outstretched arms, how long some were that he had seen."

J. M.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE CITY OF LONDON

TOUCHING FISH AND FISHING.

THE Letter-Books of the City of London contain much curious and valuable matter concerning the Thames fisheries and the fish supply of the inhabitants during early times. The endeavour to prevent the destruction of undersized fish, the regulations for the sale of fish, the prohibition of forestalling, &c., are the subject of frequent entries. From the selections made from these Letter-Books by Mr. Riley, under the authority of the Corporation, and printed in "Memorials of London and London Life in the 13th, 14th and 15th Centuries. London, 1868," we have excerpted all the entries bearing on these subjects, and we think they will be found to be of great interest as illustrations of the manners and usages of the time.

Conviction for forestalment of lampreys.

4th Ed. II., 1311. Letter-book D., fol. cxxiii.
(Latin).

Hugh Matfrey, fishmonger of London, was attached to answer our Lord the King, and the

Mayor of London, because that he, the same Hugh, on the Monday next after the Feast of Annunciation of Saint Mary [25 March] in the 4th year of the reign of King Edward, bought of Thomas Lespicer, of Portesmuth, six pots of lampreys of Nautes, which the said Thomas had brought to London on the preceding Saturday, and stowed away in the house of the same Hugh, against the customs and ordinances used in the City ; seeing that he ought to have exposed the same for sale immediately after his arrival, under the wall of St. Margaret's Church in Bridge Street, and there to have stood for the purpose of selling such lampreys, the next four days after his arrival ; in such manner as is contained in a certain Black Book of Memoranda of the time of Gregory de Rokesle, formerly Mayor : whereas he, the said Hugh, bought the said lampreys on the second day after their arrival, and that in his house, against the customs and ordinances aforesaid, in forestalment, and to the no small damage, of the good men in the City dwelling. And he was asked how he would acquit himself thereof.

Whereupon, he appeared, and said he was guilty thereof, and he put himself upon the favour of the Mayor as to the same. And the said Mayor, with the assent and will of the Aldermen, and at the instance of Sir John Devery, wholly forgave the said Hugh, as well as the said Thomas, the trespass aforesaid.

And the said Thomas, touching the holy relics, made oath that in future, when he should happen to come with lampreys to the City, whether his own or belonging to other persons, he would not sell them elsewhere than at the place appointed, and according to the ordinance aforesaid. And the aforesaid Hugh in like manner made oath that in future he would warn, or would cause to be warned, all foreign dealers bringing lampreys to the City, that they must expose them for sale in the place appointed, and according to the ordinance aforesaid ; and that in future he would not buy any lampreys of them, against the ordinance aforesaid ; and further, that in future he would not shew contempt for the Mayor or Aldermen by any unbecoming words, or in any other way ; under a penalty of

10 pounds, to the Chamber of Guildhall to be paid, in case he should be convicted thereof. (Pp. 83-4).

Dorsers for Fish, of Unlawful Measure, Ordered to be Burnt in Chepe.*

8. Ed. II., A.D. 1315. Letter-Book E., fol. xxxii. (Latin).—Be it remembered, that on Friday the Feast of St. Ambrose, namely the 4th day of April, in the eighth year of the reign of King Edward, son of King Edward, Stephen de Abyndone and Hamo de Chiggewelle, Sheriffs of London, caused to be brought here to the Guildhall the fish of divers fishmongers of the City, namely, conger, plaice, and gurnard, trussed in dorsers; because that the same Sheriffs, upon the assertion of certain persons, had heard that the aforesaid dorsers were not of the rightful measure for holding such kind of fish, in the said city from of old appointed: each such dorser rightfully holding within it one bushel of oats. And the said dorsers were measured in presence of John de Gysorz, Mayor, Nicholas de Farendone, and other Aldermen.

[A list of sixteen names is then given, whose dorsers were found wanting, to the extent of a quarter of a bushel or more. The name of Andrew Horn, afterwards City Chamberlain, (the most learned lawyer of his day, and writer of the *Liber Horn* and the *Mirror of Justices*, and who then kept a fishmonger's shop in Bridge Street) appears among them, but his "two dorsers of plaice" are given as "good and of certain measure." One other person only, "John Saleman" by name, receives the same acquittal.] And because the aforesaid dorsers were not of rightful measure, it was adjudged that the fish therein contained should be forfeited to the use of the Sheriffs, and that the said dorsers should be burnt in the King's highway of Chepe. (Pp. 116-7).

Unlawful Nets condemned to be burnt.

3 Ed. III., A.D. 1329. Letter-Book E. fol. xciv. (Latin).—Be it remembered, that on the Wednesday next before the Feast of Easter, that

is to say, on the Feast of St. Alphage [19 April], in the 3rd year of the reign of King Edward the Third, there came Estmar Coker and John Wychard, citizens of London, together with Ralph Bourghard, serjeant of the Chamber of Guildhall, and brought before the Mayor and Aldermen, at the Guildhall, John Jacob of Erhithe [Erith], Edmund Dode of Reynham, Thomas Wychard of Erhithe, William Niece of Stokflete, Robert Scof of Erhithe, John Noreys of Erhithe, Alan le Spenser of Reynham, and Alexander of Dagenham, fisherman; for that they had been found fishing in the water of Thames with twelve nets which are known as "*tromekeresnet*" and are a kind of kidel: the meshes of which nets,—which are called "*mascles*,"—ought to be one inch and a half in size, whereas they were hardly half an inch; and with which nets the said fishermen caught every fish, and every little fish even, that entered such nets. By reason whereof, the small fish, which are called "*fry*," were unable to escape or get out of the said nets; to the great damage of all the people of the city, and also of others unto the same city resorting.

And the said John Jacob and others, being questioned as to this, did not deny it, nor could they deny that they had done as before stated, to the loss, &c. It was therefore ordered by the Mayor and Aldermen that the said nets should be burnt at the Cross in Chepe; and the said fishermen committed to prison, until they should have made fine, &c. And they were accordingly delivered to the Sheriff in form aforesaid and taken to Newgate.

Afterwards, on the Saturday next after the Invention of the Holy Cross [3 May], they were brought to the Guildhall before the Mayor and Aldermen, from the prison aforesaid; and by assent of such Mayor and Aldermen, by special favour and for charity's sake, seeing that they were but poor men, the fines were remitted to them for the present; on the understanding that they should behave themselves well for the future, and no longer presume to fish with such nets. (Pp. 171-2).

* Baskets for carriage on packhorses.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. II.

- Bol. †Venationis, piscationis...typi, n.d.
 Bologna. Statuti...de' pescatori, 1601
 Bonge. De...piscatione salmonum, 1730
 Book. The book of sports, 1819
 ————— 1843
 ————— Illustrated book of rural sports, 1839
 ————— †New book of knowledge, 1697
 Border. Border angler, 1858
 Borne. Handbuch der Angelfischerei, 1875,
 1881
 ————— Wegweiser für Angler, 1877
 Bose. Das ganze der Fischerei, 1803, 1812
 ————— Worterbuch, n.d., 1810
 Bosgoed. Bibliotheca ichthyologica, 1874
 Bossow. Quæstiones juris de piscatione, 1618
 Boul't's Sportsman's companion, (?)
 Bowden. Naturalist in Norway, 1867, 1869
 Bowdich. Fresh-water fishes, 1828
 Bowles. †Life of Dr. Ken, 1830
 Bowker. Art of angling, [1758?], n.d., 1774,
 1780, n.d., 1786, 1788, 1792, 1806, 1814,
 1820, 1826, 1829, 1833, 1835, 1839, 1854, etc.
 Boy. †Boy's book of sports, *Grieves*, n.d.
 ————— *Allman*, 1880
 ————— † ————— handy book of sports, *Ward*, n.d.
 ————— † ————— own book, 10th ed., 1835
 ————— ————— handbook of angling, n.d.,
 [1861]
 ————— ————— illustrated handbook, *Uston-*
son, n.d.
 ————— ————— ————— *Dyson*, n.d.
 ————— † ————— magazine, 1856
 ————— †Every boy's book, 1856, 1868, etc.
 ————— † ————— of games, 1852
 ————— †Little boy's own book, 1855
 Boyle, F. †The savage life, 1876
 Boyle, R. †Occasional reflections, 1665, 1669,
 1808, 1820, 1848
 Bradley. *Works of nature, 1721
 ————— *Country gentleman, 1726
 ————— *Country housewife, 1726 (?), 1727
 Braithwaite. Fishes and their food, 1863
 Brander. De piscatura Cumoensi, 1751
 Bretonnerie. †Correspondance rurale, 1783
 Briggs. The Peacock at Rowsley, 1869
 Bring. Dissertatio de piscaturis, 1750
 Brindley. †Life of W. F. Porter, 1860
 Brink. Piscatio, pêche, 1858
 British Naturalist†, 1830
 ————— Sports and pastimes, 1868
 Brookes. Art of angling, 1740, 1743, 1766, 17-?
 1770, 1774, 1778, 1781, 1785, 1790, 1792,
 1793, 1799, 1801, 1807, 1811
 ————— System of natural history, 1763,
 1772, 1790
 Brooks' guide to sea fishing, n.d., T.
 Brouse. Code de la pêche fluviale, 1829
 Brown, J. J. See American Angler's Guide
 ————— T. Manual of farriery, n.d.
 Browne, H. K. †Racing and chasing, [1868]
 ————— M. Piscatory eclogues, 1729; *with Poems*
 1739; *as Angling sports*, 1773
 ————— W. †Britannia's pastorals, 1616, 1623,
 1625, etc.
 Bruckman. Tractatus de piscatione, 1605
 Buc'hoz. Traité de la pêche, 1786
 Buckland. †Curiosities of natural history, 1857,
 1860, 1866, 1868, 1872
 ————— Log-book of a fisherman, 1875
 ————— Familiar history of Brit. fishes, [1873],
 [1881]
 ————— Pollution of rivers, 1878
 Buechlin. Ein wunder Büchlin, 1552; Fish-
 buchlin, 1578; Recepten, 1580; Fischbuch,
 1598; Buchlein, 1610; Kunste, 1612;
 Fischbuchlein, 1700?; n.d.
 Bulger. †Records of St. Hubert's Club, 1864
 Burckhard. Disputatio de piscatione, 1684
 Burdett-Coutts. Two essays, 1874
 Burgess. Angling, 1867
 Burke. The boy's Walton, 1878
 Brun. Fishes' complaint, 1833
 Burton. †Lake regions of Africa, 1860
 Bushman, Old. †Bush wanderings, 1861, 1864
 ————— Spring in Lapland, 1864
 ————— Ten years in Sweden, 1865
 ————— Sporting sketches, 1866
 C., H. The fisher boy, [1808]
 Cairncross. Origin of the silver eel, 1862
 Cairn-Lorch. A ten pound tour, 1873
 Calabar, Old. Over turf and stubble, 1873
 Calmo. Rime piscatorie, 1557, 1576, 1583
 Cambridge essays†, 1856
 Camerarius. †Symbolorum cent. quarta, 1604,
 1654
 Campagne, La. 1859-60
 Campaux. De ecloga piscatoria, 1859
 Canadian handbook, 1867
 Cancrin. *Ahandlung, 1791
 Canna de pescare, 1612
 Capaccio. Mergellina, 1598
 Carleton. Sporting sketch book, 1842
 Carpenter. Angler's assistant, 1848, 1852
 Carpentier. La pêche raisonnée, 1879
 Carrol. Angler's vade-mecum, 1818
 Carter. †A summer cruise, 1870
 Cassell's handbook of fishing, 1868
 Catalogues, Sale. Splidt, 1814; [Ellis], 1823;
 [Haworth], 1826; [Donovan], 1827;
 [Tayleure], 1828; Milner, 1829; Higgs,
 1830; Anon., 1830; Haslewood, 1833; Cot-
 ton, 1838; Valentine, 1839; Grace, 1841;

Anon., 1843; Lowndes, 1843; Walsh, 1847;
 Anon., 1849; Pickering, 1854; Cotton,
 1856; Pepys, 1856; [Prince], 1858; Hasle-
 wood, 1860; Daniel, 1864; Corser, 1868,
 1869, 1870; Jesse, 1868; Ellis, 1869; Ha-
 seltine, 1871; Pinkerton, 1873; [Stoyle],
 1880.
 Cathrall. †History of Oswestry, 1855
 Cats. †Wercken, 1655, &c.
 Chambers' Edinburgh journal, †1832-84
 Champon. La pêche, 1876
 Chapus. Le sport à Paris, 1854
 ——— Annuaire du sport, 1859
 Charfy. The fisherman, [1800?], [1815?]
 Charleton. Art of fishing, 1819
 Chasse. La C. et la pêche en Angleterre, 1842
 ——— ———, Paris, 1868
 ——— ———, Bruxelles, 1879
 ——— ——— en Hongrie, n.d.
 ——— ——— illustrée. 1876, &c. P.P.
 ——— Chasses et pêches Anglaises, 1852, n.d.
 Chatterton, G. J. Essay on fly-fishing, [1878]
 Chatto. See Fisher and Oliver
 Chavannes de la Giraudière. Souvenirs d'un
 vieux pêcheur, 1853
 Cheek. British angler's instructor, 1854, 1855,
 1856, 1859
 Cheney. See Orvis and Cheney
 Cheshire. Recollections of Norway, 1861
 Chesshyre. †Posthumous songs, 1837
 Chetham. Angler's vade-mecum, 1681, 1689,
 1700 (*bis*)
 Chicago Field. 1874, &c. P.P.
 Chitty, E. See South
 ——— J. Treatise on game laws and fisheries,
 1812-6, 1826
 Choice, chance and change†, 1606
 Chomel. †Dict. économique, 1718, 1769
 Chubb. A good day's fishing, n.d.
 Cigar. †The cigar, 1825
 Clark. The game laws, 1786
 Clemente. †Della agricoltura, 1673, 1677, 1696,
 1714, n.d.
 Clericus [Carterwright]. Rambles and recollec-
 tions. 1854, 1874
 ——— Facts and fancies, 1874
 Cliffe. Notes and recollections, 1860, 1870
 Clifford. The angler, 1804
 Code de la pêche, 1829
 Coetlegon. †Universal history, 1745
 Colburn. †C's kalendar of amusements, 1840,
 1841
 Cole. Young angler's pocket companion, 1795,
 1813, 1816
 Coler. †Oeconomia ruralis, 1656, 1665, 1680,
 1686, 1692
 Collaert. Piscium vivæ icones, n.d.
 Colquhoun. Moor and loch, 1840, 1841, 1851,
 1878, 1880
 ——— Rocks and rivers, 1849

——— Salmon casts, 1858, 1878
 ——— Sport, 1874
 ——— Sporting days, 1866
 Columella. *De re rustica, 1472, &c.
 ——— of husbandry, 1745
 Comenius. †Latinæ linguæ janua reserata, 1639
 1658
 Contributions to natural history, †[Esdaile],
 1867
 Conway. Letters from Highlands, 1859
 ——— Forays among salmon, 1861
 Cookson. Goosnargh rambler, 1850
 Coquet-dale fishing songs, 1852
 Cornhill magazine, †1860, &c. P.P.
 Costello. †Stories from a screen, 1855
 Cotton. Compleat angler, 1676, see Walton
 ——— Poems, 1689
 ——— Series of views, [1866]
 Country. 1873-79
 ——— Gentleman, 1753, 1755, 1756
 Country-man's recreation, 1654
 Couteux de Canteleu. La pêche au Cormoran,
 1870
 Cox. Gentleman's recreation, 1674, 1677, 1686,
 1697, 1706, 1721
 ——— Nobleman and gentleman's recreation,
 Smeeton, n.d.
 Crawhall. Collection of garlands, 1864
 ——— Chaplets from Coquetside, 1873
 ——— Compleat angling book, 1859, 1881
 ——— Border notes, 1880
 Crescenze. *Ruralium commodorum lib. xii
 1471, &c.
 Crignelle. †Le Morvan, 1851
 Crisp's Yarmouth...handbook to angling, [1870,
 1876]
 Cron. Anleitung zum Angeln, 1860
 Cross. Fifty years with the rod, 1880
 Croston. †On foot through the Peak, 1862,
 1868, n.d.
 Cubby. How to fish, 1873
 Cupid's Bee-Hive†, 1721
 Curiosities. New C. in art and nature, 1711
 Curzon. †Universal library, 1712, 1722
 Cutcliffe. Art of trout-fishing, 1863
 D. J. Secrets of angling, 1613, 1620?, 1630,
 1652, 1811, 1877, 1883
 Dabry de Thiersant. *La pisciculture et la pêche
 en Chine, 1872
 Dagley. Death's doings, 1828
 Dahl. Den fuldkomne Fiskefanger, 1855
 Dance. Izaak Walton, 1839
 Daniel. Rural sports, 1801-2, 1805, 1812, Sup.
 1813
 Dashwood. †Chiploquorgan, 1871
 Davies, E. W. L. Dartmoor days, 1863
 ——— G. C. Fishing, [1873]
 ——— Mountain, meadow and mere, 1873
 1874
 ——— Angling idylls, 1876

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH, MR. BLADES
AND DAME JULIANA BERNERS.



R. Bernard Quaritch has just issued a catalogue, Homeric in its character, for the books it offers and the prices it asks. For instance "Godefroy of Boloyn," 1481 (Caxton) £1000. Lydgate's "Lyf of our Lady," 1482, the same price. Helton's "Scale of Perfection," 1494, (Wynkin the Worde),* "To be sold by private contract" —(Thought shrinks from all that lurks below !); "The Booke of St. Albans," 1486, (St. Alban's Schoolmaster) £735†, with others on the same magnificent scale.

Such catalogues must have the effect of laying poor collectors flat on their backs. I am a poor collector myself and can vouch for this consequence. What manner of men, I ask, are they who wend their way to 15 Piccadilly, and re-issue from Mr. Quaritch's august precincts, with such books as these in their possession. From my horizontal position, I acknowledge a vehement longing to witness the transaction. Surely this unparalleled bibliopole has built for himself a throne (a throne of ancient and priceless folios) and has no rival, nor equal near, to dispute his right.

His entry of the Book of St. Albans is followed by a bibliographical note, the object of which is to impose a final extinguisher on poor Dame Juliana Berners—already half-extinguished (in intention) by cruel Mr. Blades.

That stately figure—Abbess of Sopwell.—scion of a noble house that, for four centuries past has paced through our dreams and received our

*Lowndes. Alchorne's Sale (180) £18 18. I do not cite this as antagonistic to Mr. Quaritch, for whom I have a sincere admiration, but as a bibliographical curiosity.

There existed, about thirty years ago in the Monastery of Stavronikela (Levant) a MS. copy of the "Scale of Perfection," with exquisite miniatures, in a brilliant state of preservation. It was of the tenth or eleventh century.

†The Book of St. Albans has not progressed in value in the same proportion. In Lowndes' time a good copy was valued at from £400 to £500.

obaisance, is to disappear and give place.....to what? To a Dame of another sort—the Dame of a Dame's School, teaching her BAIRNS' young idea how to shoot with¹ tractates of Fishing, Hunting, Hawking and Heraldry! Strange meat for bairns truly! Oh! Mr. Bernard Quaritch, has your royalty no bowels of mercy? What had Dame Juliana done to be mystified by such a metamorphosis? Verily, they, who so lately picked up the skull of Shakespeare, in the valley of Jehosophat, and planted, or tried to plant it, on the vertebræ of Lord Bacon, were less merciless.

But proofs, Mr. Quaritch—proofs, Mr. Blades! in the absence of such why vex us with the shallow wit of hypothesis and peradventure? For my own part, I cling to Dame Juliana's robe—to that old, tattered, time-worn robe of the antique years—pluck me from it, who can.

T. WESTWOOD.

We give Mr. Quaritch's note in full, from his "Catalogue of English Literature," (No. 355, pp. 2119–20) together with some remarks upon it, with which the Rev. Professor Skeat has favoured us.

"A common error assigns this work to the authorship of a 'Dame Juliana Berners,' a supposed 'Abbess of Sopwell,' a lady of the family of the Lords Berners—all, as Mr. Blades judiciously points out, on the strength of the following words on the first sign. f. 4—

"Explicit Dame Julyans
Barnes in her boke of Huntyng,"

although even in this inscription the word is Julians not Juliana. It really refers to nothing beyond the 23 pp. of verse which precede it upon 'the maner of huntyng for all maner of bestys,' in which a Dame addresses 'My dere chylde,' 'My sonnys,' 'My lief chylde,' and uses the following phrase—'Say, chylde, where ye goo, youre dame taught you so.' She also instructs them what to do when they have taken a hart, and tells them, after having cut it up,

"Than bryng it hoom, and the skynne with all
The nombles and the hornes at the lordis gate
Than boldely blow the price tharat"

which plainly shows that she did not write, as Mr. Blades imagined, for scions of the aristocracy, but for simple foresters who aided in the chase. Indeed we may go much further and question the very existence of the lady, except as a personification of the *Domus Juliani* or St. Julian's Hospital near St. Albans. Her book is the Barnes' book of Hunting, or (so Wynkyn de Worde put it) the Barnes' Doctrine, and is simply a work of rhymed instructions from a supposed schoolmistress (Dame) to her *Barns*, or school-children. Such a work we can have little difficulty in believing to be the original composition of the mysterious "Schoolmaster of St. Albans," personifying in a supposititious authoress the affiliated establishment called the *Domus Juliani*.

As for the use of the word Barnes or bairns, it occurs frequently in old English books and MSS., and the "schoolmaster" seems from his dialect and spelling to have belonged to Northumberland or Yorkshire."

Any one who will examine the volume on Hawking and Hunting will easily see that the portion written by Dame Juliane Barnes, or, as it is spelt in the book itself, "Dam Julians Barnes," is the portion on Hunting only. This portion is distinct from the rest of the book, and begins with the words—"Lyke wise as in the booke of hawkyng aforesayd are writyn and noted the termys of plesure belongyng to gentill men havying delite therin. In the ssame maner *thys booke folowyng* shewith to sych gentill personys the maner of huntyng for all maner of beestys.....And also it shewith all the termys conuenyent as well to the howndys as to the beestys aforesayd," &c. At the end is the colophon: "Explicit Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of huntyng." "Julyans" can only be a misprint for "Julyane," a more probable form than "Juliana." It is impossible to twist it into a genitive case by anything short of ignorance of the usages of Middle English grammar; a nominative case it *must* be. And the name of the lady must be Dam Juliane Barnes, and nothing else. The pretence that the sentence means "Dame Julian's Barnes in her book of

hunting" is utter nonsense, and does not deserve serious consideration.* Equally untenable is the statement that she did not write for the scions of the nobility, a statement which rests on sheer carelessness. The title expressly asserts that it was written for exactly "sych gentill personys" as the book of Hawking was intended for.

It is quite clear that the author of the book of Hawking came to know of Dame Juliane Barnes' poetical effusions on the terms of the chase, and obtained leave to add her book to his. There is no need to make any mystery about the matter.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

P.S.—The critic clearly thinks that the colophon reads "here ends Dame Julian's children's in her book of Hunting," and that this is all the same as if it were to read "here ends Dame Julian's (book) in her children's book of Hunting." Nothing can be more ridiculous, unless it be the notion that St. Julian's Hospital is personified as a female! That *Barnes* as a proper name is derived from an older name *Barne*, which may mean either a barn for corn or a child, has already been shewn in Bardsley's English Surnames. That *barn* may mean child is no immense discovery.

TROUT-FISHING IN BELGIUM.



PREVALENT impression exists in England that there are no good trout-streams in Belgium. How erroneous this impression is will be seen when the roll-call of Belgian rivers has been, even imperfectly, run through, as follows.

First, we have the Hoyoux, which takes leading rank. It becomes an affluent of the Meuse below the picturesque little town of Huy, that, with its citadel, like

*And there *must* be a misprint; for as the sentence stands it means (if *barnes* is to be 'children') "here ends Dame Julian's children in her book of hunting," which is pure nonsense. Barnes is undoubtedly a proper name here.

"topmost Gargarus,
Stands up and takes the morning."

In the Hoyoux, if the angler is so fortunate as to obtain an "Open Sesame" he will be sure of fine takes. The trout are abundant, often run to a large size, and are of excellent quality. We speak dubitatively of permissions, for the Belgian *grands seigneurs* who chiefly own the Hoyoux, knowing too well the skill of English trout-fishers, do not throw open their gates to them with any largeness of hospitality. They appreciate the trout on their own tables, but being seldom Piscators themselves, are apt to ignore the amenities of the sport.

Next, in order, comes the Bocq, or Bouc, a name that is descriptive as well as distinctive, for like a wild mountain goat, this little stream butts down its upper levels, over cascade after cascade—now lingering in pools, now scampering along currents—now winding and loitering by the way, through innumerable water-meadows with their tall lush grasses, till it reaches the Meuse at the little village of Yvoir, and weary alike of butting, capering and scampering, is content to lapse into and be absorbed by the larger flood. The Bocq is a model trout-stream, both as regards landscape, water and fish. The trout are, perhaps, not so abundant in it as in the Hoyoux, but are handsome fish, and a moderately good angler, after a summer day's fishing, may bring home a couple of dozen beauties in his creel, averaging half a pound a-piece. Three and four and even five-pound trout, are occasionally taken in this stream and grayling also in the lower part of it. These two kinds of fish have the entire occupancy.

Of the Bocq, I speak from personal experience having fished it during a long series of years.

A word of warning to the angling epicure. Let him not venture on the outlying districts of Belgium, (especially in the Walloon direction,) if he is not prepared for much privation and for a daily menu, that will certainly not savour of Lucullus.

The Walloons are not a culinary race; they are even *anti-culinary* in the extreme. For instance, given a ham, a fowl, and some fresh eggs, the ham, in their hands, will assume the aspect of a

boiled sponge; the fowl, through over-stewing, be dissolved into a hideous *ratatouille**; the fresh eggs be hard and tepid, having been plunged out of hot water into cold. In village way-side inns there is an aggravation of all this; when your dinner is served, your landlord or landlady (usually the latter) will take her place opposite to you at table—not to eat herself, but to look on, and enjoy, it is to be presumed, the 'gusto' and voracity with which you attack her viands. The position is an embarrassing one, but not without a remedy. Take care, on such occasions, to have always near you at your meal one of the hungriest dogs of the establishment, and when your *vis-à-vis* drops into a dose, as landladies are apt to do, in their leisure moments, cram into his capacious maw, ham, fowl, eggs and egg-shells, with an indiscriminate prodigality—so shall you leave your hostess amazed with your ogreish capacity and charmed with your compliment to her culinary skill. I cherish, in my affections, the memory of one particularly useful dog in an Ardennes inn that helped me out of many a dilemma of the kind. I found him a skeleton, and left him a porpoise—whether my own state was not *vice-versa*, my readers may suppose.

But to return to the rivers—a more appetizing theme. The next on my list is the Molignée, that joins the Meuse at Moulin, below Dinant, and the upper valley of which is surmounted by the beautiful ruin of Montaigle.

The Molignée is fairly well supplied with trout, and will repay the angler for a day's devotion to it. There are many other streams of its calibre in the precincts of the Ardennes and in the Ardennes themselves, but the Ardennes rivers are apt to run dry in the summer heats.

Then there are the larger streams—the Lesse, above Dinant, beautiful in situation, traversing a lovely valley, but abounding in coarse fish more than in trout—the Amblève and Ourthe, good fishing ground both, especially in the early season, when the May-fly is abroad—and the Meuse, the queen of Belgian rivers (sister of the Rhine, and almost as fair), in which large pike

* The stew given to the Belgian soldiery.

may be taken beyond the French frontier, and occasionally salmon-trout. The Meuse, however, as a salmon river, has lost its old reputation through too much steamboat traffic and too much washing of mineral ore. "Ah! for the good old times!" said an ancient dame to me, with a sigh, "when I was in my teens I have seen fifty salmon and more taken in the nets above Dinant." This river contains a fish unknown to English anglers, called the Hoteux, or Hotisch, which often runs to a considerable size. It has two peculiarities, the one a sharky practice of turning its belly upward when it seizes the bait, the other that it takes no bait whatever after the month of May. As an edible fish it is of little value.

These are a few loose notes for the guidance of my angling countrymen when they visit Belgium. May they help them to fill their creels, and . . . escape boiled sponges.

WILD-DRAKE.

WET DAYS AT EDGEWOOD.

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.*

WE are of the old school—quietists in literature—almost antiquated enough, indeed, to swear by Sir Roger de Coverley, for gentlemanliness, and by Will Honeycombe, for wit and humour. The modern school, with its sensational fiction, its spasmodic verse and its futile and silly æstheticism, we cannot away with. Thus, our chief pleasure, in this sultry season, has been to take refuge under a garden tree with our Baskerville's Addison and to revive the life of the eighteenth century, such as the *Spectator* presents it, with its "Kit-cat," "Beef-steak," and "October" clubs—its beaux, demi-reps, and macaroni parsons—its "Will Wimbles" and "Ned Softlys"—an artificial life, truly, a life of powder and patches, of

"clouded canes" and gold snuff boxes, but with a vein of sound sense and strong thought underlying its surface that we should be wrong to overlook, and with a drollery of its own that still acts on our facial muscles.

Now and then, however, we take a modern book into our shady corner—modern, but with the aroma of past days hanging about its pages, such as this "Wet Days at Edgewood," which even Addison might have read with profit, and to which Goldsmith and Steele would surely have given honourable mention.

We gather that its author was born about 1826 and that he was brought up in one of those New England manses where purity of heart and steadfastness of faith have become hereditary. He was intended for the ministry, and at an early age was sent to Newhaven College, there to finish his education. After graduating with honours, it was found that his too close application had so much injured his health as to necessitate another choice in life. He therefore engaged in agricultural pursuits, and his first literary essays were upon subjects connected with rural affairs.

From a wild farm in New England, he passed over, in 1848, to Great Britain, and passed some time in rambling over England on foot and observing the agricultural methods of that country. Afterwards he visited Germany, France, and Switzerland, wintering between Rome and Naples. His chief works are the one that heads this paper, "Our Farm of Edgewood," and two works of fiction, entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." These were published under the *nom de plume* of "Ik. Marvel," and it is by these that he is chiefly known.

"Wet Days at Edgewood" is, something more than a clever book—it is almost a book of genius, original, perspicacious, sympathetic, written, not so much with ink as with local colour—with the warm browns of the Umbrian and Tuscan furrows—the purples of the Roman Campagna—the dewy greens of English pastures. It passes in review the chief agricultural writers of the world, from the remote days of Homer and Hesiod in the morning land, down

*Wet Days at Edgewood with Old Farmers, Old Gardeners, and Old Pastorals." By the author of "My Farm at Edgewood." London, Sampson Low & Co., 1884, pp. xii, 324, 8vo.

to our own, and it does not contain a page that may not be read and re-read with advantage and delight.

Brother anglers, will you share this book's delightsomeness with us? If so, please you be seated under this wide-spreading ash-tree—

"A thrush makes gladness musical,
Upon the other side"—

and let me read to you

A BRACE OF PASTORALS.

"Poetic feeling was more lacking in the country life than in the illustrative literature of the period. To say nothing of Milton's brilliant little poems, "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Pensero*," which flash all over with the dews, there are the charming "characters" of Sir Thomas Overbury, and the graceful discourse of Sir William Temple. The poet Drummond wrought a music out of the woods and waters which lingers alluringly even now around the delightful cliffs and valleys of Hawthornden. John Dryden, though a thorough wit, and a man who would have preferred his arm-chair at Wills' Coffee House to Chatsworth and the fee of all its lands, has yet touched most tenderly the "daisies white" and the spring, in his adaptation of "*The Flower and the Leaf*."

But we skip a score of the poets, and bring our wet day to a close with the naming of two kindred pastorals. The first, in sober prose, is nothing more nor less than Walton's "*Angler*." Its homeliness, its calm, sweet pictures of fields and brooks, its dainty perfume of flowers, its delicate shadowing-forth of the Christian sentiment which lived by old English firesides, its simple, artless songs (not always of the highest style, but of a hearty naturalness that is infinitely better)—these make the "*Angler*" a book that stands among the thumb-worn. There is good marrowy English in it; I know very few fine writers of our times who could make a better book on such a subject to-day, with all the added information, and all the practise of the newspaper columns. What Walton wants to say he says. You can make no mistake about his meaning; all is as lucid as the water of a spring. He does not play upon your wonderment with tropes. There is no chicanery of the

pen; he has some pleasant matters to tell of, and he tells of them—straight.

Another great charm about Walton is his childlike truthfulness. I think he is almost the only earnest trout-fisher I ever knew (unless Sir Humphrey Davy be excepted) whose report could be relied upon for the weight of a trout. I have many excellent friends—capital fishermen—whose word is good upon most concerns of life, but in this one thing they cannot be confided in. I excuse it; I take off twenty per cent. from their estimates without either hesitation, anger, or reluctance.

I do not think I should have trusted in such a matter Charles Cotton, although he was agricultural as well as piscatory, having published a "*Planter's Manual*." I think he could, and did, draw a long bow. I suspect innocent milkmaids were not in the habit of singing Kit Marlowe's songs to the worshipful Mr. Cotton.

The second pastoral was published at the very opening of the year 1600, and spent its fine forest aroma thenceforward all down the century—I mean Shakspeare's play of "*As You Like It*."

From beginning to end the grand old forest of Arden is astir overhead; from beginning to end the brooks bawl in your ear; from beginning to end you smell the bruised ferns and the delicate-scented wood-flowers. It is Theocritus again, with the civilization of the added centuries contributing its spangles of season, philosophy, and grace. Who among all the short-kirtled damsels of all the eclogues will match us this fair, lithe, witty, capricious, mirthful, buxom Rosalind? Nowhere in books have we met with her like—but only in long gone picnics in the woods, where we worshipped "blushing sixteen" in dainty boots and white muslin. There, too, we met a match for sighing Orlando, mirrored in the water; there, too, some diluted Jaques may have "moralized" the excursion for next day's "*Courier*," and some lout of a Touchstone (there are always such in picnics) passed the ices, made poor puns, and won more than his share of the smiles.

Walton is English all over; but "*As You Like It*" is as broad as the sky, or love, or folly, or hope."

All too short a chapter that, is it not? And leaving an appetizing flavour on your palates that makes you eager for more. If I were to drop the reins on the shoulders of our guide—(Mr. Mitchell has something of Pegasus in his strain)—he would take us far a-field—bring us into contact, for instance, with that mighty Captain, Xenophon, and his discourses on “Economics,” field-labour and fallowing,—yoke us to Virgil’s plough in the Mantuan marshes—give us learned talk with those four famous farmers, Cato, Columella, Varro and Palladius—make us listen to the “pretty prate” of Horace, about Soracte and the Sabine hills, or launch us into the fable and fiction of the Geoponika Geoponikorum, wherein, brother anglers—those of you, at least, that have rose-bud sisters or sweethearts, might cull, for their delectation, legends such as these on the origin of roses and lilies:

“Red roses came of nectar spilled from heaven. Love, who bore the celestial vintage, tripped a wing, and overset the vase; and the nectar, spilling on the valleys of the earth, bubbled up in roses.”

And for the lilies—“Jupiter wished to make his boy, Hercules (born of a mortal), one of the gods: so he snatches him from the bosom of his earthly mother, Alcmena, and bears him to the breast of the godlike Juno. The milk is spilled from the full-mouthed boy, as he traverses the sky, (making the Milky Way), and what drops below stars and clouds and touches earth, stains the ground with—lilies.”

There is poetry as well as superstition in the Geoponika Geoponikorum, but whether Casianus Bassus or the Emperor Porphyrogenitus has the merit of it, it is probable the world will never know.

But we must break away from these ancients—even from the ancients with English faces—Fitzherbert, Tusser, Sir Hugh Plat, Gervase Markham, and many more—tempted as we are by a final passage on an old and revered friend of ours, of whom we have ventured to speak in these pages, and whom the world is growing to honour more and more. We allude to our English Montaigne,

CHARLES LAMB.

“Charles Lamb never wrote anything that could be called strictly pastoral; he was a creature of streets and crowding houses; no man could have been more ignorant of the every-day offices of rural life. Yet, in spite of all this, what a book those Essays of his make, to lie down with under trees! It is the honest, loveable simplicity of his nature that makes the keeping good. He is the Izaak Walton of London streets,—of print-shops, of pastry-shops, of mouldy book-stalls; the chime of Bow-bells strikes upon his ear like the chorus of a milk-maid’s song at Ware.

There is not a bit of rhodomontade in him about the charms of the country from beginning to end; if there were, we should despise him. He can find nothing to say of Skiddaw but that he is “a great creature,” and to his friend Manning he writes, “I cannot romance—about *Nature*. The earth and sea and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to live in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation,—if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend’s purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print, over the mantlepiece, of old Nobbs the carrier. Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world,—eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, lamps lit at night, pastry-cooks’ and silversmiths’ shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk,—if you happen to wake at midnight cries of ‘Fire!’ and ‘Stop thief!’—inns of court with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges,—old book-stalls, ‘Jeremy Taylors,’ ‘Burtons on Melancholy,’ and ‘Religio Medicis,’ on every stall. These are thy pleasures O London-with-the-many-sins!—for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!”

Does any weak-limbed country-liver resent this honesty of speech? Surely not, if he be earnest in his loves and faith; but, the rather, by such token of unbounded naturalness, he recognizes, under the waistcoat of this dear old charming cockney, the traces of close cousinship to the Waltons, and binds him, and all the simplicity of his talk, to his heart, for aye.

There is never a hill-side under whose oaks or chestnuts I lounge upon a smoky afternoon of August, but a pocket Elia is as coveted and as cousinly a companion as a pocket Walton, or a White of Selborne. And upon wet days, in my library, I conjure up the image of the thin, bent old man, Charles Lamb, to sit over against me, and I watch his kindly, beaming eye, as he recites, with poor stuttering voice,—between the whiffs of his pipe,—over and over, those always new stories of “Christ’s Hospital,” and the cherished “Blakesmoor,” and “Mackery End.” (‘No, you need not put the book back, my boy; ’tis always in place.’)

Always in place—Amen.

And now, brother anglers, let us shake Mr. Mitchell’s hand cordially all round and wish him a serene and happy age, with sunny, as well as “wet days” in Edgewood.

T. WESTWOOD.

LE MAL QU’ON A DIT.



SCARCE little volume of facetious and satirical verse may be laid under contribution for “a song against fishing.” This is the “Men Miracles” of Martin Llewellyn, who, as we learn from the *Athenæ Oxoniensis* (Ed. 1820, Vol. IV., pp. 42-3), was a Londoner, born in 1616, and probably near Smithfield, as he was baptised in the church of S. Bartholomew the Less. Educated at Westminster, and elected scholar of Christ Church in 1636, he took the degrees in arts, and became M.A. in 1643. At that time he was in arms for the King, and held the rank of captain. His “New Miracles” was issued in 1646, and the bitter sketches of promi-

nent Parliamentarians which it contains, naturally resulted in the writer’s ejection from the University by the Visitors in 1648. Returning to London, Llewellyn studied physick, and was admitted a member of the College of Physicians in 1653, and subsequently a fellow. The King’s return restored him to Oxford, where he was made principal of the Hall of S. Mary the Virgin, and one of the Commissioners for regulating the University, but four years later, (in 1664), he removed his wife and family to High Wycombe, in Bucks, where he practised physick, was made a J.P., and served in 1671 the office of Mayor, in which position, as might be expected from his writings, he is stated to have “behaved himself severely against the fanatics.” Dying in 1681, he was buried in the north aisle of High Wycombe church, where the stone upon his grave is still in good preservation.

The full title of the book quoted is “Men Miracles, with other poems. By M. Ll., St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Printed in the year 1646.” The name of the publisher is not given, but men were bolder in 1656, when the book was re-issued with a new title page, by “Will. Shears Junior at the Blue Bible in Bedford Street in Covent Garden.” Some copies (our own among them) bear the name of “Peter Parker, at the Leg and Star in Cornhil.” A new edition was published in 1679; but we know of it by report only.

SONG.

“You that fish for *Dace* and *Roches*

Carpes or *Tenches*, *Bonius* *noches*.

Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,

Where the *Friday* *signe* was *Fishes*.

Anglers yeares are made and spent,

All in *Ember* weekes and *Lent*.

Breake thy Rod about thy Noddle,

Through thy wormes and flies by the Pottle,

Keepe thy Corke to stoppe thy Bottle,

Make straight thy hook, and be not afeard,

To shave his Beard,

That in case of started stitches,

Hooke and Line may mend thy Breeches.

He that searches *Pooles* and *Dikes*,
Halters *Jacks*, and strangles *Pikes*,

Let him know, though he thinke he wise is,
Tis not a *sport* but an *Assizes*.
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,
Are not *tooke*, but *executed*.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

You whose *Pastes* fox *Rivers* throat,
And make *Isis* pay her groat,
That from *May* to parcht *October*,
Scarce a *Minew* can sleepe sober.
Be your *Fish* in *Oven* thrust,
And your owne *Red-Paste* the crust.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

Hookes and *Lines* of larger sizes,
Such as the *Tyrant* that *troules* devises,
Fishes nere, beleive his *Fable*,
What he calls a *Line* is a *Cable*.
That's a Knave of endlesse Rancor,
Who for a *Hooke* doth cast an *Anchor*.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

But of all men he is the Cheater,
Who with small fish takes up the *Greater*,
He makes *Carpes* without all duden
Make a *Jonas* of a *Gudgen*.
Cruell man that slayes on Gravell
Fish that Great with *Fish* doth *Travell*.

Breake thy Rod, &c."

A quiet tone of gentle contempt takes the place of the older writer's boisterous mirth, but there is not one whit more sympathy with the contemplative man's recreation, in the two delightful vignettes which follow, from the skilful hand of Mr. R. Louis Stevenson. They are taken from that gentleman's pleasant little book, entitled "An Inland Voyage."

ON THE WILLEBROEK CANAL.

"It was a fine, green, fat landscape; or rather a mere green water-lane, going on from village to village. Things had a settled look, as in places long lived in. Crop-headed children spat upon us from the bridges as we went below, with a true conservative feeling. But even more conservative were the fishermen, intent upon their floats, who let us go by without one glance. They perched upon sterlings and butresses and along the slope of the embankment,

gently occupied. They were indifferent like pieces of dead nature. They did not move any more than if they had been fishing in an old Dutch print. The leaves fluttered, the water lapped, but they continued in one stay like so many churches established by law. You might have trepanned every one of their innocent heads, and found no more than so much coiled fishing line below their skulls. I do not care for your stalwart fellows in india-rubber stockings breasting up mountain torrents with a salmon rod; but I do dearly love the class of man who plies his unfruitful art, for ever and a day, by still and depopulated waters." (Pp. 17-8)

"ON THE SAMBRE CANALISED."

"Besides the cattle we saw no living things except a few birds and a great many fishermen. They sat along the edges of the meadows, sometimes with one rod, sometimes with as many as half a score. They seemed stupefied with contentment; and when we induced them to exchange a few words with us about the weather, their voices sounded quiet and far away. There was a strange diversity of opinion among them as to the kind of fish for which they set their lures; although they were all agreed in this, that the river was abundantly supplied. Where it was plain that no two of them had ever caught the same kind of fish, we could not help suspecting that perhaps not any one of them had ever caught a fish at all. I hope, since the afternoon was so lovely, that they were one and all rewarded; and that a silver booty went home in every basket for the pot. Some of my friends would cry shame on me for this; but I prefer a man, were he only an angler, to the bravest pair of gills in all God's waters. I do not affect fishes unless when cooked in sauce; whereas an angler is an important piece of river scenery, and hence deserves some recognition among canoeists. He can always tell you where you are after a mild fashion; and his quiet presence serves to accentuate the solitude and stillness, and remind you of the glittering citizens below your boat." (Pp. 44-5.)

PRIVATELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS :

IZAAK WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER."

THE practice of inserting extra illustrations in books is one which is just now finding especial favour amongst American bibliophiles, and no work is more acceptable for this purpose than that which we anglers delight in, by Izaak Walton. The English editions of the work which have appeared, if I may except the large paper Majors and that published by Pickering, (1833-6), are quite unsuited for extra illustrations. With books in small octavo and under, it is next to impossible to attempt anything of the kind unless we inlay the whole book, I need hardly add a very tedious process. Would it not pay some publisher to issue a Walton in royal octavo (say in half-crown monthly parts), on hand-made paper and with etchings of some scene or portraits of persons mentioned in the work? I commend this suggestion to some enterprising publisher. To return to the matter of extra illustrations. I fancy I hear some of my readers denounce it as a stupid "fad." That it is so when carried to excess must be admitted, but that there is no pleasure in it, or enhancement of the volume, in proper hands, I most emphatically deny. Given a volume of the "Compleat Angler" what is pleasanter on taking it up than to find a good engraving of some well-known fishing stream or one of nature's-child's delights, a nice landscape—then there are the grand old cathedrals of Salisbury and Winchester; Geo. Herbert's parsonage and church at Bemerton—and if success attend the efforts of our illustrator he may pick up the extra illustrations to Walton, published by Thos. Gosden in 1823. Then there is dear old Thomas Ken and Gerhard the herbalist, views of the Dove and nearer home the Lea, Waltham Cross and such a host of others that consideration for your space will not admit of my mentioning them. Possibly some day I will give a list of extra illustrations suitable for Walton's "Compleat Angler," with size and engraver's

name. But as a busy man I must not promise. There is one thing I should like to caution book illustrators against, and that is over doing it. The Compleat Angler in two or three volumes is recognized and retains its character, but when you come, as our American friends have extended him, to fourteen volumes, it is enough to make the dear old man turn in his grave. Who, may I ask of my brother anglers and bibliophiles would recognize dear old Izaak in fourteen volumes quarto? No! it is this that makes private illustration both ridiculous and disparages it in the eyes of many who might otherwise take it up, to their own enjoyment and the enhancement of the volume dealt with. Before I conclude let me beg of those likely to begin to illustrate, not to mount prints but to inlay them: this latter process is very simple and of course need only take place where the print is too small to be inserted as it stands. To explain what I mean I will just say how it is done.

Laying your print on the paper, in the position it is intended to occupy, you then with a pin prick the paper at each of the four corners just outside the print; then remove your print and draw about one-eighth of an inch within the pinholes, your cutting line. Having done that pass your penknife round the cutting line, remove the square of paper and your mount is ready. You do not, as with ordinary mounts, place it over the print, but put the print on the mount and attach it to the small margin left inside the opening made in the paper. I hope I have made myself clear and that in the coming winter a source of enjoyment to many a brother angler may consist in his endeavour to illustrate Izaak Walton's "Compleat angler."

H. T. JENKINS.

[We thank Mr. Jenkins for the above judicious suggestions. Besides the Large Paper Majors (1823 & 1824) there are the royal octavo Bagsters of 1808 & 1815. There is even a quarto Bagster of 1808, but it is a rarity.

Not to overdo an illustration is a maxim that cannot be too broadly underlined. The embellishment should never abolish the text, which, of course, would be virtually the case in a

"Compleat Angler" of 14 volumes. Neither should the illustrator be run away with by his hobby in another direction—we mean by admitting whatever comes to hand. Inferior and worn plates should be rigorously excluded.

In an ideal illustration the extra plates should be of the same period as the book itself and should not clash with it in style and colour.

Book-illustration is a charming amusement, but we are constrained to admit that it is a semi-barbarous one, from the multitude of volumes rendered worthless to enhance the merit of a single copy. Having this sin on our own conscience—one or two such sins—we may speak of it. Thus, we possess a Pickering's Walton (1833-6) which includes the entire previous series of Waltonian prints. It has not run beyond four volumes, but—what a massacre of the innocents, to complete it !]

CAN Y PYSGOTWR.



SEND you what may be regarded as a literary curiosity. It is a translation into Welsh of those verses in Walton's "Compleat Angler"

which begin :

"Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of *Trent* or *Avon* have a dwelling place."

Imperfect as the translation may be, I have no hesitation in stating that they are the first verses on *Angling* which have ever appeared in the Welsh language.

Cyfieithiad allan o waith a elwir "The Secrets of Angling," gan J. D., yr hwn a gyfansodddwyd oddeutu y flwyddyn 1613.

Rhyw fwthyn bach rhowch i'm, nid plâs na thwr,

Ar ochor *Trent* neu *Avon* lle aml awr

Cawn wel'd y pysgon awchus yn y dwr

Yn gwneyd i'm bach pysgota suddo i lawr.

Hawdd gallwn yno fel crefyddol wr

Dro i'm gwyneb at y doeth Greawdwr mawr ;

Nid bod fel rhai a brofant ddyddiau blin—

Mewn pechod o bob math, neu feddwod gwin.

Pleserau llawer ddygant friw i'r fron,

Ac ambell boen i'r cnawd, ac ambell gwyn,

Ond sawl a ganlyn y ddifyrwch hon

Fwynha'n ei fynwes hoff deimladau mwyn,
Gan rodio'r meusydd iach trwy'r blodau llon—

Y crinllys glas, briallu'r dydd, a'r brwyn ;

Hosanau'r gôg, a'r lili wen a hardd,

A'r mil aroglau blodau maes a gardd.

Anwyl i mi yw'r wybren hardd uwch ben,

Yn ei phrydferthwch a'i heangder maith :

Yr haul yn rhodio trwy bellderau'r nen

Fel byd o aur sydd beunydd ar ei daith :

Cwmwl fel Angel yn ei gerbyd wen ;

Eraill o ryfedd flurf a lliw, trwy'r laith ;

Y wawr mewn gwrid fel merch yn nghanol
braw,

Yn tori'n hwylus ar y gorwel draw.

Y bryniau serth uwch ben gwastadoedd syfn—

Gwastadoedd syfn yn lledu hyd y tir ;

Y tir drachefn yn llawn gwythenod tyfn,—

Gwythenod tyfn yn dal afonydd ir ;

Afonydd ir yn rhuthro'n rhwydd a llyfn

I fronau'r moroedd mawr fel plantos gwir ;

A'r mor berwedig geidw isel fan,

I dderbyn firwd afonydd croew'r lan.

Y prenau uchel yn y goedwig lân,

A'u grymus freichiau maith, a'u gwisgoedd
gwyrd,

Yn nghysgod wiw ba rai yr adar mân

A ganant glod i'r haf mewn amryw ffyrdd ;

Y meusydd teg ; y blodau ar wahan,

A'r glaswellt chwyfiant ddwyllaw wrth eu
myrdd ;

Y pysgod cen-arianaidd, mawr eu rhi,

A ddistaw nofiant trwy y dysglair li.

Y rhai'n, a rhagor o weithredoedd doeth

Creawdwr byd,—Cynalydd pob peth byw,—

Achosant wir ddedwyddwch—cariad coeth

Yn mynwes y pysgotwr at ei Dduw.

Anghofir pethau drwg, a chwantau poeth,

A pechod cas, a chamwedd o bob rhyw,

Tra gloddest llygaid ar wrthddrychau cu

Y meddwl ffô i'r nef serenog fry.

JAMES JONES.

Llundain, 9fed Awst, 1884.

[We understand that this may be taken as a

specimen of a translation of Walton into Welsh upon which our correspondent is now engaged and which he may possibly print, at some very distant day. The verses have been first attacked because they present the greatest difficulties.]

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE
CITY OF LONDON. II.

Kidels in the Thames, near Wolwiche, to the destruction of the small fish and salmon, ordered to be burnt.

13 Ed. II., A.D. 1320. Letter-Book E., fol. xciv. (Latin).—Be it remembered, that on Saturday the Octave of the Purification of St. Mary [2 Feb.] in the 13th year of King Edward, son of King Edward, Laurence Albyn, William Trigge, Master John le Fisshmongere, Thomas Sprott, and five others, produced at the Guildhall, before the Mayor and Aldermen, sixteen nets called “kidels,” taken in the Thames, while under the charge of John de Pelham, fishmonger, of Wolwiche, and John Godgsom, *drynker**, of Plomstede.

Who said that the same kidels belonged to certain men of Plumstede, Lesnes, Berkyng, and Erhethe, who were there named : and that the said kidels were placed in the water aforesaid to the destruction of the small fish and salmon, &c. It was therefore adjudged by the said Mayor and Aldermen, that the kidels should be burnt, and that the said fishmongers, on the peril which awaits them, should not commit the like offence again. (p. 135).

Inquisition as to the use of unlawful Nets.

17 Ed. III., A.D. 1343. Letter-Book F., fol. lxxi. (Latin).

At a congregation of the Mayor and Aldermen, on the Wednesday next after the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary [15 August], in the 17th year of the reign of King Edward, after the Conquest the third, William de Clopham, Richard de Kent, John

Bordeaux, Richard de Kay, Thomas de Grene, and Laurence de Lambethe, fishermen of London, brought to the Guildhall eight nets, by them found in the water of Thames, on the West side of London Bridge, upon the men whose names are underwritten ; namely, on Alan atte Were of Chesewyke one net, on William atte Stile two nets, on John atte Stronde one net, on John Dodyng of Chesewyke one net, on John Morice of Petersham one net, on John Poleyn of Fulhame one net, and on William Mede of Chesewyke one net ; alleging the same nets to be false, to the destruction of the advantages of the water of Thames, as regards the fish of the same water, and to the loss of all people, as well those of the same city, as others dwelling far and near ; seeing that the *masks* [or meshes] of the same nets, according to the custom of the City, ought to be 2 inches wide at least, whereas small fishes, of the size and thickness of one inch, could not pass through the meshes of the nets so taken.

And the said fishermen asked that, after inspecting the Memoranda in the Chamber of the Guildhall of London, as to of what size the meshes of the nets now taken ought to be, there should be done with the same whatever, according to the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen, ought to be done. And the Memoranda in the Chamber of the said Guildhall, namely folio xci. of the Lesser Black Book, having been examined, as to the size which the meshes of the nets so taken ought to be, it was found by the same, that the nets now taken ought to be in the mesh 2 inches in width. Therefore precept was given to the serjeant of the Chamber, to summon hither on the Saturday following the more discreet fishmongers of the City, who had knowledge as to nets ; and after they had viewed the same nets, and the size of the meshes thereof, if any should be found good, the same were to be delivered to their owners, and if any should be bad and false, and wanting in the dimension of 2 inches, they should, according to the custom of the City, be burnt.

Upon which Saturday, there came Adam de Kyngestone, Richard atte Gate, and six other fishmongers ; and being sworn to survey,

* Probably the same as a “trinker” or “trinker-man” ; a class of fishermen who used “trinks,” nets attached to posts or anchors, for taking fish.

examine, and measure, the meshes of the nets aforesaid, they say upon their oath, that the meshes of the same ought to be measured across from one knot to the next knot as here set forth —* ; and that the net of the aforesaid Adam atte Were is false, one net of William atte Stile is good, and his other net is false, one net of John atte Stronde, and one net of John Moriz of Petersham are false, one net of John Dodynge, one net of John Poleyn, and one net of William Mede, are good.

Therefore it was adjudged that the four good nets should be given back to their owners, and the said four false nets should be burnt. (Pp. 214-5).

Inspectors of Nets appointed; and unlawful nets condemned.

18 Ed. III., A.D. 1344. Letter-book F., fol. xci. (Latin).

Be it remembered, that on the Friday next after the Feast of St. Michael [29 Sept.], in the 18th year of the reign of King Edward the Third, etc., Thomas Pratt and William de Chopham, fishmongers of Bridge Street, and Nicholas Madefrey and William Trig, fishmongers of Old Fish Street, were sworn before John Hamond, Mayor, and the Aldermen, to make scrutiny as to false nets placed in the water of Thames, from the place called "Yenlete,"† on the East, as far as the bridge of Stanes, on the West, for taking the small fish, to the destruction of the fish of such water; and to bring such nets to the Guildhall, when found.

Afterwards, on the Monday next after the Feast of St. Hilary [13 Jan.] in the year aforesaid, William Bright, vadlet to our Lord the King, was admitted to the freedom of the City, and sworn to make the like scrutiny.

On Wednesday, a fortnight after St. Michael, in the 18th year aforesaid, the fishmongers so sworn brought eleven nets to the Guildhall of London, which had been found upon the men

below-mentioned;—namely, one net upon John Pyndore of Erehithe, one upon Richard Wychard of the same place, two upon Edmund Dodde, and John his brother, of , one upon Adam Bryan of Erehethe, one upon Richard Hastevillyne, one upon Walter Noreys, one upon John Gardenere, one upon John Bright, all of the same place, and one upon Alan Waryn of Berkyng. And after examination had been made of the same nets, the nets of the aforesaid Adam, John Richard, Walter, John, John, and Alan, were found to be good and sufficient; therefore they were restored to them, and they were sworn that they would not fish with false nets in that water in future. And the nets of aforesaid John Pyndore, Richard Wychard, Edmund Dodde, and John Dodde, were found to be false. Therefore it was awarded that the same should be burnt. (Pp. 219-20).

Unlawful nets condemned to be burnt.

18 Ed. III. A.D. 1344. Letter-book F., fol. xcii. (Latin).

On Wednesday, the Eve of the Apostles Simon and Jude [28 Oct.], in the 18th year of the reign of King Edward the Third, etc., three nets, found in the water of Thames, were brought to the Guildhall of London, before John Hamond, Mayor, and the Aldermen; of which one net, called a "*draynet*," belonged to the Abbot of Stratford; the second net, called a "*codnet*,"* belonged to Robert Perok of Plumstede; and the third net, called a "*Kydel*," was claimed by no one.

And after examination had been duly made upon oath, by six fishmongers, the said nets were found to be false. Therefore, by award of the Mayor and Aldermen they were burnt near the Stone Cross, in the high street of Chepe. (P. 220).

False nets ordered to be burnt.

23 Ed. III., A.D. 1349. Letter-book F., fol. clxv. (Latin).

On Saturday next after the Feast of the

* A rough sketch of the Mesh and the Knots is here given in the original.

†Yantlet in Kent, near the confluence of the Thames and Medway.

* A net with a cod or pouch still known by that name.

decollation of St. John the Baptist [20 Aug.], in the 23rd year of the reign of King Edward the Third, etc., Robert de Rameseye, John de Burdeur, William de Braynford, Richard Kayhs, John Horn, and William Fourneux, fishmongers, brought to the Guildhall of London five false nets, that had been found upon John de Goldstone of Berkyng, John de Clayhurst of Grenewyche, and Walter Sprot of the same place, in the water of Thames, on the East side of London Bridge, with three bushels of small fish in the same; which fish, by reason of their smallness, could be of no use to any one. And the said John de Goldstone, John de Clayhurst, and Walter Sprot, being questioned as to the matters aforesaid, acknowledged that they had taken the said fish with such false nets in the water of Thames. And because that John Lovekyn, the Mayor, and the Aldermen, wished more fully to consider as to the judgement to be delivered thereon, a day was given to the aforesaid John, John, and Walter, the Monday following, namely: and they were to be committed to prison in the meantime.

Upon which day, being the Monday next before the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary [8 Sept.], in the 23rd year, the said John, John, and Walter appeared, and the Mayor and Aldermen having held conference upon the enormous offence before-mentioned, it was ordered that the said five false nets should be burnt. And the said John, John, and Walter were sworn that for the future they would not use false nets; and they found sureties for the same, namely;—William Vyke-man, *ismongere*,* John atte Naysshe of Grenewyche, mariner, Nicholas Clerk of Berkyng, Henry Basset, of the same place, John de Lyndeseye of London, and William de Maydestane, sailor. (Pp. 244-5).

Proclamation as to the Sale of fish.

24 Edward III., A.D. 1351. Letter-book F. fol. cviii. (Norman French).

It is agreed and ordered by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, of the City of London, that no one who from henceforth shall come to

the said city with fish, fresh or salted, to sell, shall be so daring as to stand elsewhere than in Bruggestrete, the stalls near to Wollechurchchawe, or Eldefisshestrete, in London, with such fish to sell, either by night or by day; on pain of forfeiting such fish the first time, and of losing his freedom the second time, if such person be a freeman or freewoman of the City; and on pain of imprisonment, if the person be a foreigner; and on pain of imprisonment the third time, whether he be a native or stranger, denizen or foreigner: those persons only excepted, who shall have herrings, white or dried, stock-fish, salt fish, salmon, and other manner of fish, in boats or in other vessels, for sale at the stairs of Billyngesgate. And it is not their intention but that those persons who heretofore used to carry fish through the City for sale to divers working-men, may carry them as before they were wont to do, for the sake of such working-men and other persons in the City; but they are not to stand in any certain place to sell such fish, as now of late they have begun to do. (Pp. 267-8).

Punishment of the Thewe for selling putrid soles.

46 Ed. III., A.D. 1372. Letter-Book G., fol. ccxcii. (Latin).

On Saturday next after the Feast of St. Giles the Abbot [1 September], in the 46th year of the reign of King Edward the Third, etc., Margery Howe, *fishwyfe*, was brought here before the Mayor and Aldermen, with certain fish called "Soles," stinking and rotten, and unwholesome for the use of man, which she had exposed for sale at the Stokkes on the day aforesaid, in deceit of the common people, and against the ordinance published thereon, and to the scandal of the City, etc.

Which Margaret being questioned thereupon, did not deny the same, etc. Therefore it was awarded that she should have the punishment of the pillory ordained for women, called the *thewe*, for her fraud and deceit aforesaid; and that the said should there be burnt, etc., and the cause of her punishment be there proclaimed. (P. 367).

* Ironmonger.

Dur Creel.

"PUT your hand within the creel,
Catch an adder or an eel ;"

so speaks the old Scotch proverb, and it may well serve as a motto for the miscellaneous character of our paragraphs. But as they are all made or less connected with fishing, they are topics which should naturally be found in the angler's *vade mecum*. As the end of trout-fishing draws near the unsatisfactory nature of the season's fishing should be named, and it demands precedence of all other subjects, for what can exceed the importance of a good fly-fishing season to the trout-fisher? What cares he for foreign foes and domestic faction so long as the grannam is well on the water, or trout abundant and eager to rise? This year the long drought has ruined fly-fishing all over the kingdom. Even in Scotland "mother of mists," the rivers have most of them resembled an Arabian wadi, and the burns been entirely deliterated though much of this summer. When archæologists begin to study lake-dwellings revealed by shrinking lochs as has been the case lately in Wigtownshire, the trout-fisher quakes. *Proximus ardet Ucalegon*, misery waits at his doors. Poachers have abounded; and all the smaller streams, which have not been carefully watched, will be deficient in trout for a couple of years to come.

The *Field* of Sept. 6 publishes statistics of the Loch Leven trout-fishing for the year. There is a steady increase in the fertility of this famous sheet of water. 15,734 trout were taken in it this year, weighing 13,532 lbs., as against 14,062 trout weighing 12,752 lbs. last year, and 9,082 in 1882 of the weight of 9,018 lbs. The combined effects of artificial stocking and a strict close season is here very apparent. The heaviest basket caught during this season by one boat was 60 trout of 42 lbs.

In the same paper Mr. F. Day writes that he hopes before the end of the year to settle the question at Lord Lauderdale's ponds, Howietown, whether salmon ever deposit ova in fresh water without having previously visited the sea. That this point has not yet been decided is a

singular proof of the little that is yet known respecting the *salmonyidæ*. Even their classification is yet in a confused state, as any one may see for himself if he attempts to find out by books and from practical anglers what the Bull Trout (*S. eriox*) really is. To which may be added the further question what is a sewin?

Two things have been very noticeable in Scotland this year, the splendour with which heather has blossomed and the pest which gnats and mosquitoes have been. In some parts of the Highlands these insect plagues rendered rest or even walking near a loch or under the shade of trees a misery to both anglers and natives. The guests were fairly driven from one hotel in Sutherlandshire by them, reminding us how *mali culices avertunt somnos* when Horace journeyed to Appii Forum. Most visitors to Sutherlandshire take care to see the countless numbers of sea foal which breed on the Isle of Handa. The *Saturday Review* of Aug. 16 gives a curious account of the Nyker or Bird Mountains "which are among the most remarkable features of the Liffoden and Vesterholm Islands. Those secure retreats of the sea-birds are so many pyramidal mountains, shooting straight up out of the ocean, without any stepping-stones of encircling rocks. They are often covered with thick vegetable mould, which in turn is covered with herbage. The superficial soil is mined with passages, in which the birds make their nests. 'The *Nyker*, the inhabitants of which are to be reckoned by millions, are at the moment when the birds quit their nests so surrounded by countless swarms, that at a distance they appear enveloped in clouds or in a crape-veil. There is heard afar off a humming sound, as from a swarm of bees, and when the midst of the birds is reached, the noise is altered to a roar, like that of a violent storm or tempest.'

With regard to flies for trout in the Scotch lochs, a claret-bodied fly with grouse wings and the fly known as the Zulu, black body with a red tag wrapped throughout with silver list, will prove fatal everywhere. If a third be required the heckham peckham, or a yellow-bodied fly with partridge wings will be found useful. The

so-called worm-fly seems to us unsportsmanlike. It is probably taken by the fish for a kind of minnow. The author of "Scotch Loch Fishing," (Blackwood, 1883) gives valuable advice, albeit most prejudicial to tackle-sellers, when he recommends the purchase of a few new flies for each angling trip, and utterly discourages the usual practice of accumulating a quantity of them in a pocket-book. No one who has ever carried a few casts ready made up with the flies in season in a round tin box, will ever return to the use of the huge and plethoric pocket-book which was so dear to our fathers.

A curious fate befell a friend just returned from a fortnight's fishing in Sutherlandshire. Almost all the time he was there the trout refused to rise as they were feeding on the sub-aqueous form of the cinnamon fly. Just as he left, the fly rose to the surface and then good sport was obtained. Ronalds dresses this fly with a body of fawn-coloured floss silk, wings from a yellow-brown hen's wing and ginger-hackle legs. In one bag of trout our friend obtained was an adder, caught by him in his landing net as it was swimming in Loch Shin.

Two recent articles in the *Times* (Sept. 5 & 8) deal pleasantly with the Ballyshannon and Ballina salmon fisheries. At the former place 800 salmon have been netted in one day towards the end of June. Last year a celebrated fisherman caught 114 salmon weighing 1,100 lbs. in five weeks. The average size of a fish taken with the rod is 9 lbs.; the biggest ever taken in the nets was a huge fish of 52 lbs. Ballyshannon is also famed for its eel fisheries. The average weight of the eels is 2 lbs., though they are taken up to 9 lbs. On some of the dark stormy nights on which by preference the eels make their descent to the sea, 200 boxfuls of 120 lbs. each, are taken. These are sent by rail and steamer to London. The new drainage works are likely to work no good to the fisheries at Ballyshannon. The average value of the Ballina salmon fisheries may be set down at £4,000 per annum. Rod-fishing is free to all comers, but the fish taken must be given up. This year the sport has been indifferent. The most fortunate fisherman only killed six fish in

one day, while fifteen were taken in one day in 1883.

Here is a new entry for the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, to match the ballad of the "*Shepherd's Daughter*" there admitted: "*Matrimonial Angling*. The Mother's Manual, or Illustrations of Matrimonial Economy, 20 plates, 8vo, 1838." It is priced in a catalogue at 5s. and said to contain the history of Lady Hook and her six fatherless daughters, in humorous metre. We were lately shewn by a bookseller a copy of the *Vox Piscis* or *Book Fish*, 1626, (see Chambers' *Book of Days*). The three treatises found in the belly of the Fish were not bound up in this little volume, which was, however, sufficiently interesting from its quaint wood-cuts and Introduction. He only asked £1 2s. 6d. for this treasure, but said that he supposed it would go over the Atlantic as there were few angling bibliophiles in England. Well may Mr. Westwood ask, where are the scholarly anglers?

One more dip into the creel. The cruel and insensate practice of shooting the gulls, which at this time of the year abound on the cliffs of Flamborough, is again on the increase. The Sea Bird Bill scotched it for a time, but the Sheffield 'rough' dies hard. Excursionists from the black towns are now hard at work shooting and maiming the pretty innocent creatures on the Yorkshire cliffs. Fortunately no ladies will now wear sea-gull's feathers, so any pretence of shooting the birds for commercial purposes is ridiculous. Mr. Cordeaux, well known for his efforts to protect birds, and a Member of the British Association's Committee to trace migration, writes to the *Times* recommending an extension of the close season in the case of Yorkshire. While the cliffs are at the mercy of unfeeling gunners from the big towns, this would be an excellent mode of stopping the cruelty which now goes on. A better one would be to give the roughs a taste of the sufferings they so needlessly inflict on the birds. Could Arry, Jack and half a dozen more of their crew, be raked fore and aft several times as they ran away with dust shot, their tender sympathies would know what it was to bleed for the woes of the sea-birds.

M. G. WATKINS.

ANGLING IN ARDEN.

"**W**ILD DRAKE" in the last number of the *Note-Book*, writing of fishing in Belgium, says that certain streams are at their best in the earlier part of the year; my experience goes no further than the months of July and August, and is confined to the Meuse, Lesse, Amblève, Ourthe, and several of the small streams that tumble into them in so many places.

Flies as a rule, I found to be nearly useless at that time of the year; and the only fly that proved at all successful was the black spider—chiefly so in the Amblève, between Remouchamps and Coö. The flies sold by the local artists are worthy of examination, being for the most part "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Coarse fish abound in these rivers: barbel in great quantities, and a species known locally as "Schwen"; these, though ravenous, afford poor sport, and are equally poor eating, being nearly all bone and scales. I have seen them running up to 4 lbs., but have never taken any above a pound and a half.

In the Ourthe the best method of procedure is without any doubt, spinning with the minnow; you get by far the largest fish, and nearly always a greater number in this way than in any other; *nearly* always: some days you may walk along the bank for miles without "rising a fin"; a black spider or a black midge, being tried for a change, may secure you a few small trout, but I have generally found that if the minnow fails, it is useless trying anything else.

As regards number—the largest baskets I have always made in the small streams I have already mentioned, daping with the natural fly, or else using that deadliest of all wiles in hot, dry weather—the brandling. It is most pleasant strolling up the little stream, bordered with trees, through fields covered with the meadow saffron (*Colchicum Autumnale*), and meadow-sweet (here known as "reine des prés") by plantations carpeted with ferns and delicate harebells, or past huge granite boulders, over

which green and gold lizards are darting—looking for all the world like so many very small harlequins in a pantomime: sometimes coming to a spot the "shady sadness" of which might half lead you to expect a vision of

"Grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone."

The trees and bushes in some places are so close together that it requires considerable adroitness to get the rod and line through some open space without finding the latter hopelessly entangled in the branches: but there is a favourite pool on the other side of the leafy screen, and you persevere. At last the fly—or brandling—drops lightly on the water, and almost immediately is seized by a trout which has darted out from beneath the roots of the beech that here overhangs the stream. You strike—and have him fast: the difficulty now is to keep him from rushing too far up or down—in either of which cases his escape would be certain; you hold him there in spite of his plunges until gradually his strength fails him, and you begin very slowly to reel up, an operation which is interrupted from time to time by a fresh plunge on the part of the victim. When so much of the line as is possible to wind up is called in, the question is—how to land your fish? Too often a kick at the last moment is the means of freeing him from the hook, and the baffled angler stands on the bank, rod in hand, hook probably in the bushes high over head, gazing down through the leaves with feelings more easily imagined than described. The luck, however, is not always against Piscator, and he is pretty sure to have a heavy basket when warned by the light that it is time to "put up." When he can no longer discern the line against the dark background of the water he reluctantly takes down his rod, gives another complacent glance at the spoils of the day, and sets his face towards home. The shades of night fall suddenly in these mountain valleys, and a blessed calm settles down over the woods:

"Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
"Or where the beetle winds
"His small but sullen horn,

"As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
 "Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:"

an owl flaps heavily past, a delicious fragrance rises from stream, wood, and meadow, the moon rises over the brow of the hill behind,

"And still they are the same bright, patient stars."

In such a scene as this the most soured and crabbed angler—if such a curious being exists—should confess that, after all, this world is not such a bad place to live in.

And now a sudden turn of the road brings him in sight of his village, with the fine old castle—of course built by William de la Marck, the terrible and ubiquitous "Sanglier"—rising in the midst, black and frowning, and many twinkling lights at its foot: which lights help to remind him that dinner took place a long time ago.

The supper is not one for the Gods, no doubt: but after the day's work in the mountain air no fisherman could disdain the fresh eggs, roast fowl (spare to be sure, but tasty), salad, and coffee, (the most hungry and enthusiastic angler could not conscientiously recommend what the natives are pleased to call "jambon des Ardennes,") which are the never-failing supper in these parts.

And so we leave our Piscator for the present, trusting that for many successive days the weather may be such as to encourage him to make many like strolls in those "flowery meads."

AODH.

OLD ANGLING TERMS AND PROVERBS.



ALL students of the fifteenth and sixteenth century know and value the 'Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues. Compiled by Randle Cotgrave, London. Printed by Adam Islip, Anno 1611.' Of Cotgrave himself very little seems to be known, but if he compiled his Dictionary single-handed, he must have been a man of most extensive knowledge. The book

is excellent simply as a French Dictionary but its chief value lies in the immense number of old words and phrases with which it is stored. It is especially rich in all technical words; in old law terms and customs; in professional words such as relate to the army, navy, medicine, architecture, painting, &c.; in scientific words; in words relating to out of door life, as agriculture, sporting, and gardening (it is full of plant-names) and nothing seems beneath his notice, for he gives us abundance of slang terms, some of which would be inadmissible in modern dictionaries. It is really a most pleasant book to dip into, for almost every page has some quaint allusion, or some proverb that throws light on the manners and customs of his day. He delights in proverbs, and they form a very valuable part of the book, and they are often told with much humour, and tell us something of his own opinions. His own view of a dictionary comes in where we should least expect it. We find it s.v. '*Asne*—an *asse*—*Pont aux asnes*—Any shift, evasion, helps at a pinch for the ignorant; any ease, or direction unto dull, or unlearned people, for the resolution of difficulties which otherwise they cannot conceive; as, a *Dictionarie*.'

I think it may interest the readers of the *Note-Book* to see some of his Angling terms and Proverbs which I have extracted. I omit the simple names of the fishes, which are abundant, and only mention some in which he gives something beyond the bare names.

Among fishing implements I will only mention the wheel, which is interesting because though the thing exists the name seems to be extinct. It was once very common. Tusser says:—

Watch ponds, go looke
 to weeles and hooke.

(Februarys abstract. See Hertage's note); and in Mascall's *Booke of Fishing* (p. 27. Ed. Satchell) are figures of 'weles.' Cotgrave mentions them thus:

Mannequin. A little wide-mouthed and narrow-bottomed maund, flasket, or pannier; also, a little basket, leape-head, or weele, made of bulrushes, and used by fishermen.

Nasse. A (wicker) Leape, or Weele for fish.

Nassierre. A Leape, Weele, or Weare to catch fish in.

On methods of fishing he has these :

A Marche-pied. A fashion of fishing, wherein one goes stamping in the water, and carries before him (or another for him) a halfe bow-net.

Pescher. To fish ; to catch fish.

Pescher en eau trouble. To fish in troubled waters.

Pescher des estourgeons en l'air. To attempt impossible, or vain matters.

Pescher au plat. To cut and carve at pleasure ; to take what, and where one likes.

Il fait beau pescher en eau large. There is no fishing in the sea.

Tousiours pesche qui en prend un. And yet he fishes who catches one, or, he that takes one may well be said to fish.

Pescheur. A fisher, or fisherman.

Tour de pescheur. Great hazarding for great matters ; whence,

Il fit un tour de Pescheur. He exposed himself unto much danger to obtaine a thing of much worth.

Fish in general give him many proverbs :

Poisson. A fish.

Il se retira avec cela qu'il avoit de poisson prins. He got him away with the shame he had gotten, or with a flea in his eare.

La sauce ne vaut pas mieux que poisson. The Sawce is no better than the fish.

Poisson, gorret, et cochin, vie en l'eau, and mort en vin. We say, fish must ever swim twice.

Les gros poissons mangent les petits. Justly applied to the unjust world, wherein the rich drowne the poore, the strong the weake, the mightie the meane.

En petite riviere ne se prend gros poisson. In poore families, or pettie Townes, great preferment will not be had, much profit cannot be made.

Il faut hasarder un petit poisson pour prendre un grand. Hazard a little to gain much.

Il ne faut apprendre aux poissons a nager. We must not teach a fish to swimme ; a scholler to read, a maister to worke, etc.

L'hôte et le poisson passé trois jours puent. A guest and fish at three dayes end grow mustie.

Qui envoie chetif à la mer n'en rapporte ne poisson ne sel. He that sends a knave to sea is sure to loose his venture.

From his numerous notices of fish I select the following :—

Anguille. An Eele.

Escorcher les anguilles par la queue. To doe a thing cleane kamme, out of order, the wrong way.

Il y a bien de l'anguille sous roche. There is some mysterie, some hidden matter in it ; some pad in that straw ; or, more than all the world can discern.

Rompre l'anguille au genouil. To attempt an impossible matter ; or, to labour in vaine.

Anguilles de Melun (qui crient avant qu'on les escorche). Cowardly apprehensions of a mischiefe before it happens ; such as yeeld before the danger, or crie before their paine approach them.

Par trop presser l'anguille on la perd. Wee often loose things by too much looking to them ; or, the faster you meane to hold a slipperie thing, the sooner it overslips you.

Carpe. A carpe (fish).

Saut de la carpe. A turning top over tayle,

Cassade. A gudgeon, frumpe, mocke, flout, gull, cousening part, cheating pranke, deceitfull trick ; whence,

Avoir la cassade. To be gulled, or to swallow a gudgeon.

Chanée. A little twelve-footed water-worm, much hunted after by Trowtes, and therefore used by fishers as a bayt for them.

Corde. Corded ; twisted as a cord ; bound with cords ; also, out of season ; (a metaphor for Lampreyes, which being out of season have a hard string in their backs).

Elope. A kind of sea-fish whose finnes are turned towards her head ; shee lives in the

deep 'Pamphilian sea; when she is taken (which is but seldome) the fishers crowne themselves with garlands, and bring her to shore with joyfull applauses, and sound of pipes, hoping they shall have good lucke for a long time after.

Gardon. A certain fresh-water fish that resembles the chevin; only his head is lesse, and bodie broader; some hold it to be the fresh-water Mullet; others (and more probably, though Gesner says otherwise) the Roche, or a kind thereof. *Plus sain qu'on gardon.* More livelie and healthful than a *Gardon* (then which, there is not any fish more healthfull, nor more livelie.) *Ils jettent les gardons pour tirer des brochets.* They forgoe an egge to gain an oxe; or, small for great, matters. (*Brochet.* A pike (fish).)

Harenc. A Herring.

Essimé comme un harenc solet. As lean as a rake; As lanke as a shotten herring.

La caque (ou la poche) sent tousiours l'harenc. The poke still of the herring smells; Our nature will, doe what we can, subsist.

Muge; (The sea fish called) a Mullet.

Amour de munge. Faithfull and most affectionate love of a wife; (the female Mullet chusing rather to be caught by fishers then to abandon her mate).

Veron. The little fish called a mennow.

Il faut perdre un Veron pour pescher un Saulmon. A man must loose a feather to win a Goose; a smale, to come by a great, matter.

My paper has grown to greater length than I intended, but I am sure that those who are not already acquainted with Cotgrave will be glad to be introduced to him, while those to whom he is already known, will be glad to shake him by the hand again.

HENRY N. ELLACOMBE.

THE BLANKENBERGHE FISHERMEN.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH.



THE Blankenberghe fishermen are an interesting race, a peculiar people. As a body corporate they are endowed with an organisation and government of their own, to which they are as much devoted as monks to their monastic vows. The practice of their craft is, so to speak, hereditary, the cases in which sons of fishermen make choice of any other occupation, being of the extremest rarity. The sea, which takes possession of them from their earliest childhood, protects them from this infidelity.

Neptune, like the Ancient Mariner,

"Holds them with his glittering eye,"

"There was a ship....." quoth he." And the spell is on them, sudden, invincible, how merry soever be the wedding music, or tempting the wedding feast.

Of the land they know nothing, beyond the mediæval-looking huts they inhabit; fields, forests, cities, have no hold on them—but the sea is their playmate, their friend, their companion; the pulse of the sea is the pulse of their life.

The scripture that tells of a heaven where "There shall be no more sea," would be a dismal gospel to these fisher souls.

In the intervals of their labour, they may be seen sitting, in groups, along the shore, wild-looking, weather-beaten men, silent and self-contained, with the smell of the sea in their raiment and the glitter of the sea in their keen, cold eyes.

Silent they are as a rule, but an exception may be found, now and then—one, more loquacious than the rest, who will talk to you of the hardships of his life, but not complainingly, and describe some of the grander sea-aspects and incidents. Such, for instance, as sailing homeward, under a moonless sky, over phosphorescent seas, every wave capped with a lambent, ghastly flame—an ocean of fire round about them, from horizon to horizon—quite a Dantesque picture, in short, with but one element

wanting—the souls of the damned, surging up, with lurid, pale faces from the abyss, as *Doré* has limned them in his *Inferno*.

No men exercise a more complete restraint over their feelings, or make less exhibition of them than these *Blankenberghe* fishermen. I have seen them come to shore, after a night of storm and struggle when poignant anxiety has prevailed, and some, even, were missing in the muster. The wives were on the beach, but as boat after boat slipped through the shoal-water and settled on the sand, not a word of welcome was uttered on either hand—not a ripple of emotion was visible in the rugged impassable faces of women or men. The wife shouldered her basket of fish and went her way; the husband collected his traps and followed in the rear. That was all. But if you peep through their cabin window in the early morning, you may chance to see, as I did once, the fisherman and his wife, on their knees in prayer, by their bed-side, and if you are a good man and true, you will say ‘God bless them,’ as you pursue your way. A blessing is well bestowed on these stoical, strong-hearted men, on these devoted, enduring women—and you may add, if you please, *Kingsley’s* refrain—

“For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,
So good-bye to the bar and its moaning.”

T. WESTWOOD.

Blankenberghe.

PORTRAITS OF ANGLERS. II.

DR. BETHUNE.



AN interesting addition to the gallery of angling portraits, which the Rev. Canon *Ellacombe* has opened in our pages, has been very kindly placed in my hands by my good friend Mr. *Snow*, of Boston. This is a wood engraving of the Rev. Dr. *Bethune*, the celebrated American divine and Editor of *Walton*.—He also is a divine who, in Mr. *Ellacombe’s* words, “by his published writings and his portrait, has declared

himself an angler.” The portrait is contained in a “*Memoir of the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D.* by Rev. A. P. Van Nest, D.D., New York, 1867,” and represents, but it must be admitted is somewhat inartistic fashion, Dr. *Bethune* seated in easy garment among his books, with his pipe standing ready to his hand, and his creel and rod hanging from the wall. It is declared by his biographer to be an excellent likeness and shows us a man of portly habit, with character and heart in every feature—a countenance placid and genial, but somewhat tinged with melancholy. “There he sits in his habit as he lived,” writes Dr. Van Nest, “the learned-looking good spectacles, and easy morning gown, the ponderous authority he is in the act of citing on the table before him, ‘his orthodox pipe’, leans against the table, the implements of his beloved sport adorn the walls, and the man’s very look, at once humourous and serene, greets us as we turn towards it. We owe many a fervid page, and many a burst of eloquence, to that same creel and rod, for they kept his heart young and his body manageable.” (P. 212.)

The engraving was made from a photograph taken a few years before Dr. *Bethune’s* death in 1862, when he was arranging to start for one of his vacations, and full of joyful expectation of relief and pleasure, was in one of his happiest moods. Dr. *Francis Vinton* of New York has thus related the circumstances in a letter to Dr. Van Nest.

“One pleasant morning in the autumn of 1853 I was asked upstairs to Dr. *Bethune’s* Library Study. In response to my knock at the door, I heard his voice, rather bluffly, bidding the intruder to “come in.”

On opening the door, the scene, pictured in the photograph presented itself to my eyes.

I stood still, while the Doctor, with pen in hand, and surrounded with his folios, looked up, with an expression, first of annoyance, but melting into a sweet smile, wherewith he welcomed me.

‘A boon, a boon, my lord,’ said I, jocosely.

‘Come in, come in, take a chair; I am delighted to see you,’ he replied.

‘A boon,’ I repeated. ‘First grant my request.

'Granted, granted. What is it?'

'Let us have your photograph for the club ; just as I see you now.'

And then he broke out into his cheery laugh at the singular petition, a laugh that was so hearty, so contagious, that we both indulged in it.

After some coquetting with his reluctance to appear in his study costume, and the surroundings of books, and creel, and fishing rods, he fell back on his rash promise and consented ; *provided* that the artist should destroy the negative after printing enough of photographs to distribute among the club, and a few other intimates.

The photograph of 'Dr. Bethune in his Study,' had this origin ; and if the story shall enrich your memoirs, it will gratify me to be associated in its pages with that noble man. 'We shall ne'er look upon his like again.' Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS VINTON."

THOS. SATCHELL.

DEAN NOWEL.

We may add to the note on p. 21 that we possess a portrait of Dean Nowel, published by John Wicksteed, 18, Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, representing him standing before a table, a book on his right hand which may be intended for a Bible or which may be a tackle-book. A paper, under his hand, appears to contain hooks, and behind him, against the wall supported by two pegs, are the joints of a fishing rod. It is not likely that these are inventions of the artist, but the original picture may have been darkened with age, and Canon Ellacombe admits that it was dark when he examined it. Perhaps a second visit in a fuller light might remove the impression that these *insignia* had been painted out. Our engraving has no date, but belongs probably to the beginning of the present century.

W.

[John Wicksteed published angling books in 1830 and 1833, and there are illustrations to Walton bearing his name, which we believe to be in all cases identical with those issued by Gosden, whose publications include a portrait of Dean Nowel. We shall return to this subject in our next number. Ed.]

A MANCHESTER MAN :

FRANCIS MACERONI.



THE name of COLONEL FRANCIS MACERONI appears in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* as the author of a plan for salmonizing the river Rhone, which was submitted to the French Minister of the Interior, in the year 1828. We purpose reprinting this paper but shall first give some account of Maceroni, who seems to have been a highly gifted and cultivated man, much of an enthusiast, a versatile and prolific projector, a dabbler in all arts and sciences, in truth an "Admirable Crichton"—according to his own account, and we are disposed to credit him. His autobiography bears this title: "Memoirs of the life and adventures of Colonel Maceroni, late Aide-de-camp to Joachim Murat, King of Naples, Knight of the Legion of Honour and of St. George of the "Two Sicilies—Ex-General of Brigade in the service of the Republic of Columbia, &c. With a portrait. In two volumes. London: John Macrone, 1838." In glancing through this book we shall avoid war and politics, and even pass unnoticed those curious incidents in the Colonel's career: his employment by the "Commission of Government" during the "Hundred days," as an envoy to the Duke of Wellington, and his mission on behalf of the Allied Powers to the unfortunate Murat just before that brave but vacillating soldier was "butchered" in the prison yard of Pizzo by the Neapolitan Bourbon.

The son of an Italian father settled in England as a merchant, and of an English mother—the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Wildsmith of Sheffield—Francis Maceroni was born in the suburbs of Manchester in 1788. His father, then in opulent circumstances, sent him at an early age, with no very defined purpose, to Italy, where he appears to have led a life of pleasure and ease. Such ease that is, as a sanguine temperament permits to a man whose brain is teeming with new projects and new ideas. Few subjects were left untouched at this time and afterwards. We find him experimenting

with balloons; deriding "blinkers" and "bearing reins;" constructing a novel powder magazine; training falcons; demonstrating the advantage of horizontal firing with hollow shot and shell; transplanting hair; advocating free trade and the ballot; instructing the Italians how to convey carp long distances in wet grass instead of tanks of water; projecting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama by way of Lake Nicaragua and actually forming a company for that purpose; giving "Hints to Paviours" as to the construction of roads on a solid substratum of small stones, and also of making tar pavements; writing against the corn laws and death punishments; urging the establishment of Government Insurance Offices on the English Chancellor of Exchequer; denouncing enclosure acts and demanding the abolition of those "relics of barbarous ignorant times"—the law of primogeniture and that "irresponsible body of hereditary legislators, called the House of Peers."

A man who died forty years ago and was fully abreast of the most advanced ideas of today! Neither have we half exhausted the list of his inventions, his discoveries and his projects. He devised spiral bullets and cannon shot for smooth-barrelled pieces, rifle and shot cartridges, a shot-proof ship of war, a new paddle-wheel, spiral and cylindrical percussion shells for horizontal projection, a new naval rocket, a double range rocket, and a torpedo projectile to enter the bottom of ships at two thousand yards; he suggested foot lancers combining the use of lance and carbine, experimented successfully with steam locomotives and tubular boilers, and even speculated on the "germ theory" of disease. He did not discover a "Cholera microbe," it is true, but he stoutly maintains its existence.

In truth a man of extraordinary insight and ingenuity! And this was the end of it. In the second volume of his memoirs he writes: "I am now obliged to cut short my narrative for want of means to buy paper to continue it. So strange is truth. What is fiction to this? Come forth ye novelists . . . and try if ye can string together so many incredible instances of persevering useful labour going unrewarded to the last dying gasp of the labourer." "Penny-

less, in rags, and consequently without a friend in the world," he says in another place, the cost of advertising for a *servant's* place is beyond his means. He tells his readers that he will give instruction in chemistry, fortification, languages, geology, cosmogony, even 'angling, the construction of fishing-rods and all sorts of tackle,' for "one shilling a lesson,"—"if you will help me," he pitifully exclaims, "to buy bread for my children," who, are shoeless and starving. This was written in 1838. Macaroni was then 50. Whether he lingered longer on the stage in abject poverty; whether there came a 'rift of blue' in the leaden sky which encompassed him—is unknown to me. It is perhaps pleasanter to hope that a rift came, than to inquire whether it did or did not.

I now give the text of his proposal for introducing salmon into the Rhone, and purpose on another occasion returning to the "Memoirs," for some particulars respecting fishes and fishing in Italy, and other matters of interest.

"Translation of a letter addressed to Count Martignac, Minister of the Interior of the King of France, dated 24th of March, 1828, and duplicate sent 20th of January, 1829.

Excellence,—I have often contemplated with satisfaction, the great advantages which would result to that part of France situated at the mouth and along the course of the Rhone, if salmon were introduced into that beautiful river, which possesses advantages above any other in Europe for the propagation and supply of that valuable fish.

Salmon do not frequent the seas and rivers of warm latitudes; they delight in a rather cold climate. In Europe, the most southern limit of their visits are the rivers of the north of Spain, in the 44th degree of latitude. No salmon are found in the Mediterranean, because, as they do not exist in the Black Sea, they can only come from the Atlantic Ocean; and in order to get admittance by the only inlet on that side, they would have to descend southward to the Strait of Gibraltar, which, being in latitude 36°, is beyond the limits of their southern migrations. The mouth of the Rhone is in

the same degree of latitude as the river of St. Andre, where I have found salmon abound, that is, in 44°; and the waters the Lake of Geneva, and of the little rivers that flow into it, which may be called, as regards the salmon, the terminus of the Rhone, are pretty nearly of a similar temperature with the Scotch and Irish rivers, which they so much frequent.

Several of the salmon fisheries established on the Tweed, the Tyne, the Shannon, and the Eden, produce an annual revenue of £5,000, £10,000 and £12,000 a year to the proprietors. Near the mouth of the river Eden, as many as 882,000 large salmon have been taken in seventy-two days.

The propagation of fresh-water fish, which is somewhat attended to in districts remote from the sea, can never become an object of national importance, or extensive sustenance, because such fish, as trout, pike, perch, and eels, being fish of prey, can never be produced in a lake or pond, or river, beyond the number that can be supported by the small fish on which they live, that are furnished by the same confined waters, for their sustenance. Carp and tench may be fed on grain, etc., but salmon are fed gratis on the vast stores of the extensive ocean. After the salmon has gained a rapid growth—through the inexhaustible store of food, which he knows where to find in the sea—he returns to our shores, ascends the rivers, penetrates into the interior of nations; mounts up to the very sources of the streams on the highest table lands and gives himself up, well fattened at the expense of the ocean, to people who, perhaps, know little of the sea, but from the rich tribute which it thus annually sends them. I do not here propose to address to your Excellency a regular treatise on the habits and natural history of the salmon; but it is necessary to remind you of the fact that this fish returns periodically, with entire constancy during the whole of its life, to the river which gave it birth, and that whenever any number of salmon were let free, in an appropriate river during the season which precedes their spawning, that there would not be one of them that would not hasten to mount against the stream until it had found a fitting

place to stop and deposit its eggs.

Salmon begin to enter the rivers of Scotland and Ireland, more or less, about the month of April; it is, however, in June and July that the greatest quantity arrive. It is immediately after its arrival from the sea, in which it has *been long* living on abundant and nourishing food, that the salmon is in perfection. Its flesh is then of a bright, deep red colour; but in proportion to its sojourn in the fresh waters of the rivers, in which it, comparatively, eats nothing, and as the time of its spawning approaches—it deteriorates in quality from day to day, its beautiful colour fades by little and little into a dirty yellow, its delicious flavour is lost and becomes flat and disgusting, its firm and solid flesh becomes flaccid and almost gelatinous, and an hitherto wholesome and nourishing article of food has become pernicious and disagreeable.

The *ovarie* of a female salmon, of the age of four or five years, contains generally rather more than 600,000 eggs. It appears that, at variance with the habits of many other fishes, one male only is attached to one female. About the month of December, the former aids the latter in digging with the nose a furrowed bed in the gravel, in which the female deposits her eggs. The male then completes the work, and covers the eggs over with gravel, as a gardener would a drill of spinach. According to the season, but generally about the beginning of March, the eggs begin to hatch; the first appearance of which most closely resembles a bed of onions just beginning to grow. The shells of the eggs and the heads of the fry being still engaged in the gravel, the tails are seen standing up erect several days before the detachment occurs.

I beg to assure your Excellency, that on this subject I can speak from some experience, I am much addicted to angling, have caught many salmon with the hook and line, and have had many opportunities of personally observing their habits. To another point also, I have paid much attention, and that is, to the best method of keeping fish alive, and transporting them to a distance. I furnished a curious instance of of this knowledge, on behalf of the late King of Naples, when I had the honour to be one of the

"Captains of the Chase." With the particulars of this procedure, which was much noticed by men of science at Naples, I will not trouble your Excellency; but I will only state, that I can point out a sure and cheap method by which fifty male and fifty female salmon may be conveyed, either from a Scotch or French salmon fishery, and turned out alive, safe and sound, into the Rhone, somewhere about Avignon. As sure as that a stone thrown up into the air will fall again to the earth, so surely will the salmon so turned out, immediately betake themselves to ascend the stream, and in due time deposit their eggs in the Lake of Geneva, and its innumerable ingressing rivulets, localities possessing advantages and capacity for that purpose greater than all the rivers of Scotland and Ireland put together.

At the rate of only a hundred thousand fry, produced yearly by each female salmon introduced, we should have five millions of fry, without reckoning that the original fish would return (barring accidents) to the same river to lay their eggs the next year, and so on in succession to the end of their lives.

The young salmon hatched in March, go down to the sea in September. They return next March, to stay only to July, when they weigh from two to four pounds; next Spring, they return again of the weight of from six to ten pounds; and the third year they weigh from fifteen to twenty-five pounds.

Thus, at the expiration of three years, the produce of the first spawning, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, would begin to breed at the rate of five hundred thousand each; and then a commencement might be allowed to the fishery, which in such a river, and conducted under proper regulations, would in all probability yield not less than one million francs, (forty thousand pounds) annually.

The British salmon fisheries would undoubtedly produce more than ten times what they do, were the laws which are intended to protect the propagation of the salmon better digested, and, above all, better enforced. There are numerous Acts of Parliament on the subject, all pulling one against the other. A penalty is enforced

against the taking of salmon, but none against the public exposure for sale during the prohibited periods. The sale of hares, partridges, etc., is punished; but a matter of national interest is neglected, as beneath the notice of our bird-killing legislators! One river has one law; a second has another; and so has a third!

It is unlawful to take salmon at the mouth of some rivers with what are called stake nets (which, by-the-bye, under due restrictions, is the best plan) and in others it is the only way pursued! In fine, there is no well-digested law in England on the subject. In some districts remote from the sea, almost every female salmon is speared by the peasantry when in the act of spawning; and no punishment is awarded to the wholesale destroyer, who obtains nothing but poisonous food for his pains. Should your Excellency do me the honour to reply to this communication, and require my suggestions, I shall be able to lay before you a well-reasoned and clear statement of the laws and regulations which ought to be enacted on the subject of salmon fisheries; and also on other fisheries in general, not forgetting that of oysters, which is sadly mismanaged, both in England and France.

There is no doubt but that when once salmon shall become indigenous in the Rhone, the 'surplus population' of these colonists will spread far and wide, and by degrees, populate or salmonate all the rivers that fall into the Gulf of Lyons, and of the Mediterranean in general. It has been said most justly, that eternal honour would be due of him who should cause two blades of grass to grow where only one had thriven before. Not only posterity, but the present generation, will have cause to bless the name of your Excellency, if, by your instrumentality and patronage, a vast, gratuitous, and unlooked-for supply of delicious human food is wrested from the bosom of the ocean for the daily benefit of thousands of your countrymen.

The expense of carrying into effect the useful introduction I have suggested to your Excellency, would not exceed 40,000 or 50,000 francs. Should it be undertaken by an individual or by a company, it would be well worth while for the government, on the ground of

national utility, to grant a special privilege of the fishery within a certain distance from the mouth of the river, of ten or fifteen years from the third year after the introduction of the salmon.

I have the honour to be, Your Excellency's humble and obedient servant,

F. MACERONI,


Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.

London, March 28, 1828."

THOS. SATCHELL.

FISH CAKE.

A SUGGESTION.

"AN cannot sensibly diminish the fish in the sea by all his efforts to catch them." Such, in effect, were Professor Huxley's words at South Kensington last year, and they are for the writer, the sole outcome of the Fisheries Exhibition. It is enough. With net and hook then we may gather the harvest of the sea without fear of diminishing it, but gather as fast as we may, we cannot under present conditions, add very much to the food supply of the people. The fishing grounds are distant. Fresh fish travels badly. It comes more than half water and offal. The cooking of it is an art beyond the reach of the poor. Plain boiled, even work-house paupers, by overwhelming vote, reject. Fish can only be rendered palatable by cook or condiment. Burgess and Perry are as far from the working classes as *garum* and *alec* from the modern Tamisius. The fried fish of the shops is held an appetising viand, but as food, is a luxury, an indulgence. Fish dried, smoked, salted, tinned, hardly escapes the same category. The humble bloaters stands alone. It abounds in nutriment and makes with bread a palatable and nourishing meal. Tinned salmon perhaps stands next. The rest are nowhere. Have we exhausted every means of making fish, not simply a shoeing-horn of food, but in itself a cheap article of ordinary diet? Scarcely. Let the

ancients furnish a hint as to the *modus*. An old author tells us that a people of Syria dried and ground their fish into meal, made this meal into bread, and thereon fed, themselves and their cattle. In various forms the practice has continued to the present. The Spaniards and Portuguese use meal made of the conger, sometimes in the shape of porridge; sometimes to thicken their soups. Cornwall was once the chief source of the supply. With our modern appliances something much better might be effected. Can we not have a fish cake or bread—prepared where our fish are landed from the sea? The flesh of fish, cooked, dried, pounded, mixed with a few simple condiments and compressed in biscuit form. Such cakes would travel cheaply. They could be retailed without waste or trouble. With bread they could be eaten at once like cheese by the labourer; soaked and softened by his wife or child. This would really be food—with bread a complete diet—wholesome and nourishing. The blending of the different kinds of fish, tending to increase the digestibility and nutritiveness and flavour of the cakes, and the addition, may be, of farinaceous substances, are matters to be determined by experiment. Who, possessing adequate appliances, will make the experiment?

BAGDAD.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE CITY OF LONDON. III.

Regulations as to the sale of fish in the City; and as to the use of Nets in the Thames.

12 Rich. II., A.D. 1388. Letter-Book H., fol. ccxxxvii. (Norman French.)

"It is ordered that no *birlester* who carries oysters, mussels, salt fish, and other victuals, in the City to sell, shall stand in any street or lane of the said city, nor yet in his shop, to retail them; but such person shall be always moving about in the said city from street to street, and from lane to lane, to retail the same; on pain of forfeiting all the victuals found on sale as against this Ordinance.

"Also,—that every man who brings Thames fish for sale, taken to the East of London Bridge,

shall stand in Cornhulle to sell the same, and nowhere else, on pain of forfeiture of the fish. And those who bring Thames fish, taken to the West of the said Bridge, shall stand in the Chepe, near to the Conduit there; and shall there sell the same, and nowhere else, under the same penalty.

"Also,—that no person shall fish in the Thames with any net called a *"*pursnet*," on pain of forfeiture of such net, and of paying half a mark to the Chamber, *etc.*, And if any one can duly inform the Mayor and the Chamberlain of the said city, as to persons setting nets to the contrary hereof, he shall have one half such forfeiture for his trouble.

"Also,—that no man shall fish in the Thames with any nets but those of the assize ordained at the Guildhall; and that, only at the proper seasons, on the pain aforesaid. And that no one shall fish near to the Wharves in London between the Temple Bridge† and the Tower within a distance of twenty fathoms,‡ on the same pain.

Regulations for the sales of fresh fish.

3 Rich. II., A.D. 1379. Letter-Book H., fol. cxvi, (Norman French.)

Be it remembered, that on Monday, the Eve of All Hallows [1 Nov.], in the third year. *etc.*, in Common Council assembled, as well as of the Trades as of other the most sufficient persons of the said city, by advice of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty aforesaid, the points under-written were ordained and assented to. . .

That no one shall buy Thames fish to sell again, on pain of forfeiture, and of being fined, at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen but those who take them are to sell them themselves, or by their wives, their children, or their servants; and this, wholly before eleven of the clock, on the pain aforesaid, and at the places after-named;—the Conduit, beneath the wall of the Church of St. Margaret in Briggstret, and beneath the wall of the Church of St. Mary Magdeleyne in Old Fish Street; and nowhere else, on the pain aforesaid. (Pp. 435-6.)

*The same as the "*codnet*" still known on the Thames; which has a cod, or purse, containing a stone, for sinking the net. †A pier or jetty for landing. ‡*Vadame*.

Proclamation as to the sale of herrings.

5 Rich. II., A.D., 1382. Letter-Book H., fol. cxxxix. (Norman French).

Be it proclaimed, that no herrings from Scone or from Jernemouthe shall be taken out of the City of London for sale by retail, on pain of forfeiture thereof. But let every lord and other person buy what he needs, for his own store.

Also,—that no one shall sell any herrings from Scone or from Jernemouthe at a dearer rate than six a penny.

Also,—that no one shall sell any herrings from Holyland, or from Sounde, to any person in the City for sale by retail, on pain of forfeiture thereof; for such are not so profitable as the herrings from Scone. (P. 458).

Dur Creel.



HIS Autumn angling for salmon has been very disappointing; and as October (save in the case of the Tweed), is the last month for rod-fishing in the Scotch rivers, there is not now much hope of amendment. The chief cause has been the same as with trout-streams, the extreme lowness of the rivers, which prevented fish from running up.

Among the captures lately made was that of a splendid salmon weighing 44 lb. 9 oz., which was landed by Mr. Henry Hodges on the Doo-nass water on the Shannon. Some other salmon of 40 lb. and upwards have been taken on the Shannon by anglers this year. Mr. H. Knight Bruce on New Garden Fishery landed one of 41½ lb., Mr. Cartwright on the same water one of 40 lb., while in the Killaloe district Mr. Higgin landed one of 42 lb. Angling on the Tweed has been very poor. The river has run extremely low, and until a heavy flood comes down improved sport cannot be expected.

The *Times* articles on the West Coast of Ireland have been continued and abound with interest. Dipping into two or three relating to salmon, we find that the well-known salmon fisheries of Ballina are held in shares, of which "the Misses Little own five-sevenths. The

returns vary considerably from year to year, but the average value may be set down at £4,000. The rod-fishing is free to all comers, but the anglers give up the fish they kill. The best of the season is from the third week of June to the end of July; and this year the sport has been indifferent. The most fortunate of the fishers only killed six fish in one day, while in 1883 the largest number was 15."

At Tarbert on the estuary of the Shannon the chief industry seems to be salmon fishing; "and the salmon almost drop into the fishermen's mouths. You drive the stake nets and the fish entangle themselves; you cast the drag nets to drift with the tide, and the fish are taken out to be knocked on the head with the smallest possible trouble. So many as 70 salmon are sometimes taken out of the stake nets at a single tide, and I was told by my intelligent car-driver of a haul last year which sounds miraculous if not fabulous. I only repeat the story as it was told me. *Last year the owner of one of the stake nets opposite Tarbert landed in a couple of nights £1,000 worth of fish.* By an odd coincidence it was on the nights of Saturday and Sunday, when the stake nets, according to law, should be left open. Threatened with prosecution, the fortunate gentleman quietly replied that if the case was proved against him, having realized his £1,000, he should have great pleasure in paying his fines. The case was never proved, and he pocketed the undiminished profits. According to the same authority, even gentlemen who retain their fishings in their own hands are exceedingly lax in their observance of the Act. The watch kept up cannot be very strict, since there is but a single boatful of water bailiffs, with their headquarters at Tarbert, to look after eight miles of estuary. When these bailiffs find a net shut that should be open they are supposed to cut it and then proceed to lodge information. Besides that, they are charged with overhauling the boats casting the drift nets to see that each crew is duly provided with a licence. *The Shannon fish are steadily increasing in size, and the largest taken this year weighed 72lb.*"

Two good stories come from Killarney, of which the second reminds us of St. Thomas of

Canterbury cursing the nightingales, which would sing too loud during his devotions and which ever after in that neighbourhood have been dumb. There is an eyrie on the Eagle Mountain, "in the face of the cliffs, in a situation so inaccessible that it had never been attempted till one fine day, when an adventurous youth of 18 was lowered by his comrades over the precipice. Dangling at the end of the long plumb line, he was still many yards away from the eaglets which he could see sitting on the ledge by a well-stocked larder, so he renounced the enterprise, and gave the signal to be drawn up. The friction of the rope detached a stone—the stone struck him on the head, one temple was stove in, his nose was smashed, and half his teeth were knocked down his throat. Nevertheless the lad lived, recovered his senses, and survived to the good old age of 80. There was a companion legend of a salmon which is undoubtedly true, since all the people about are ready to swear to it. Pointing away beyond the left shoulder of the Reeks, the driver indicated a natural punch-bowl in a hollow half filled with water. The salmon used to run up and swarm there 300 years ago, coming from the Blackwater of Kerry. The priest of a great parish lying below had frequent occasion to cross a ford on the Blackwater in the discharge of his parochial duties. One night the splash of a salmon startled his horse, and the priest was pitched over the animal's head into the river. Extricating himself and regaining breath he solemnly cursed the salmon, forbidding them to pass the ford in all time coming. Since then, by virtue of the curse, no salmon has been seen in the loch, although an angler casting from the ford could catch the trout above and the salmon below it. This year, for the first time for three centuries, a salmon has made his way up into the punch-bowl, and Heaven only knows what the omen may forebode—possibly the decay of priestly ascendancy in these sceptical and ill-conditioned days."

The same sad tale of decrease in the salmon supplies comes from the Rhine, but the cause there is different. Evidently protection is urgently required if salmon-hatching operations

are to be of any use to their projectors. *Land and Water* says—

“This year's salmon fishery in the Upper Rhine, between the falls of Schaffhausen and Strasburg will prove the most insignificant known for a long number of years. The yield from last season was bad enough, the catches having been considerably below the average of many preceding years, but this season, in consequence of the pernicious method of salmon catching at the lower part of the Rhine, and the wholesale taking of salmon ready for spawning, the catches have proved the smallest and most indifferent ever effected. From the beginning of January to the end of May only some fifteen salmon had been caught between Bâle and Schaffhausen, as it found useless to carry on any regular operations; whilst from June to the present date the total of the catches have been considerably below the average number of previous seasons, and extraordinarily small, considering the millions of salmon fry deposited by the Governments of Switzerland, Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and the Grand Duchy of Baden at various parts of the Upper Rhine, and all in spite of the exceptionally favourable state of the water. No fishing or netting of salmon was attempted at the otherwise favourably-situated salmon fishery stations near Rheinfelden and Lauffenburg, in Switzerland. On the other hand, it is stated, that the Dutch fishermen have caught as many as 12,000 salmon in one week, making 2,000 fish taken daily, or as much as the 120 salmon fishermen stationed at Bâle and Schaffhausen had been taking during the entire extent of the season. It seems, therefore, quite clear that all the young salmon deposited into the Upper Rhine are caught up upon their return journey from the sea by the Dutch salmon fishermen; a few specimens, perhaps, manage to evade their big salmon nets, and escape to their place of birth.”

J. P. W., whose initials will be gratefully remembered by the readers of the first series of the *Note-Book*, forwards a curious anecdote of salmon-fishing, which may well conclude these notices of the “fish” *par excellence*, as the salmon is always called in Scotland.

“Two of our party were one day fishing the river Erne, which was at the time very full of water. One of them had hooked a salmon of some 16 lbs. In due time he was nearly in reach of the gaff, when as a final effort he dashed across the stream—here both wide and swift—and got round a rock in such a manner that the line had no longer power upon him. He hung there quite helpless but his captor could in no wise bring him back from behind the rock. But as good luck would have it, the other angler now appeared higher up on the opposite bank. Seeing that something was wrong, he came to render what assistance he might. But the rushing of the stream was so strong that neither could make the other hear.

It was apparent, however, that the thing for Angler Number Two to do was to cast his fly over the line of Angler Number One, and so getting a pull on the contrary side bring the half-killed salmon from behind the rock.

But by some strange chance the fly slipped down the line which held the salmon and got a grip on his snout.

Thus was he landed by the angler who had not killed him and by him was carried home to the hotel; while the angler who had killed him—or at all events had borne the burden and heat of the day—or fray—never saw his prize until his return in the evening. Such an experience as this may not be unexampled—but it is certainly rare. Had those two salmon fishers not been fast friends before hand, it is likely enough that a friendship might have originated through the introduction brought about by the unfortunate salmon.”

As we were wandering disconsolate on almost the last day of the season by a trout-stream holding a mere thread of water, and that all but smothered in huge beds of weeds, a friend gave us a trout-fly which he greatly vaunted. He had just had it tied from a similar pattern used for sea-trout. On the last day of the fly-fisher's year, under very adverse circumstances, we caught three trout with it in a very short time, I have no doubt whatever that in a windy day at the beginning of next season it will prove a fatal lure. If the reader can fancy a large

"March brown" fly, the upper half of its body being the orthodox dressing (or better still peacock herl), and the lower half a continuous wrapping of gold foil, he has the fly. The large amount of glitter about it is very attractive. It will be quite worth while having a few tied next year.

Some critics have been able to persuade themselves that Francis Bacon, my Lord Verulam, wrote Shakespeare. Perhaps they would see reason to change their opinion if they condescended to look into some of the Psalms which he translated. Take for instance the following lines, and compare them with Shakespeare's verses on Queen Mab or the Soliloquy of Jacques. Then, like the old clerk in Bishop Blomfield's story, some of us will still continue to believe that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet.

"The fishes there far voyages do make,
To divers shores their journey they do take
There hast thou set the great Leviathan,
That makes the seas to seeth like boiling pan."

From—"A MILLION OF FACTS," by Sir Richard Phillips. (1832). P. 899.

From America comes a lecture by Mr. J. A. Ryder read before the American Fish Culture Association. After pointing out that a great disparity exists between the number of germs produced by the females of different kinds of fish; as for instance, some kinds of fish only produce five or six such germs, whereas others produce as many as 10,000,000, he deduces the following law. That just in proportion as the individuals of a species are prolific in respect to the number of their germs, just in that proportion do the chances of survival of the individual germs seem to be diminished and *vice versa*, and that this natural fecundity, or the want of it, is dependent upon the amount of protection received by the eggs in the course of development. Another American after carrying home some carp for anatomical purposes, finding them all but dead "placed in the mouth of each one drop of brandy diluted with an equal quantity of water." Six hours afterwards he repeated the dose, replacing the fish in a glass bowl. The next day, thirteen hours after the first administration of the brandy, he found the carp

fully restored and swimming actively about. Fish, however, have never been famed for temperance, and "to drink like a fish" is only the modern rendering of the last century's proverb "as drunk as a lord."

After the success which attended the exertions of Mr. J. A. Youl, Frank Buckland, and others, in stocking the New Zealand waters with British trout, it is dispiriting to find that the progress of acclimatization is somewhat halting at present. Poaching, pollutions, and over-fishing, are said to be injuring waters which were recently fairly stocked. Stringent regulations about a close season would prevent over-fishing, and surely a young and vigorous colony may be trusted to forbid and annihilate both poaching and pollutions. No vested rights and red tape claims ought there, as with us, to be able to set at nought legislation.

Once more returning to the Old World all bait fishers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. R. Marston for his Sliced Hooks. These are simply ordinary hooks with a barb projecting upwards from the shanks, so that the annoyance of the bait constantly slipping down is effectually stopped. They hold a fish much firmer too than ordinary hooks. The invention is so simple that it is marvellous it was not hit upon before.

Vienna has followed the example set by Berlin and London. On Sept. 29th an International Fisheries Exhibition was opened in that city under the patronage of the Crown Prince Rudolph.

Commendable progress in all that relates to her fisheries is being now shewn by Norway. There "the population and the authorities work together to effect the greatest possible extension of the export of fish and fish produce. Improving the fishery of Norway is improving the condition of the country and its population. Bergen and Aalesund, at which ports the export trade had first been initiated, have up to the present time been the foremost localities in Norway for exporting fish packed in ice. This year's export has again surpassed that of last year and any previous years. From Aalesund alone more than 120,000 kilogrammes of salmon and turbot have been transmitted to England,

while the export from Bergen of salmon reached a surprisingly large total. Stock fish and dried cod have been exported from Norway during the last season to the extent of over fifty millions of kilogrammes, also some 619,000 barrels of spring herring. Only recently the Norwegian Government has granted large subsidies for the purchase of steamers, nets, and other implements necessary for the execution of the herring fishery by steam trawlers. The various associations established for the improvement of the Norwegian fisheries have done everything possible for the amelioration of the fishing community, especially by assisting the purchase of improved fishing implements, instructing of fishermen, granting loans, erecting of telegraph stations, purchase of steamers for the transport and quick disposal of fish, and by the erection of fish-curing establishments. The latest movement has been the establishment of meteorological stations by these societies. A large number of thermometers and barometers have been acquired and put up at the meteorological stations in the North Sea, five of them at the off-side of the Nord Cap, thirteen at the Loffoden Islands, nine in the district of Christiania, and eight in the districts south of Bergen."

Turning to Sweden the productiveness of our own Fens in old days with regard to eels seems rivalled by the enormous numbers now taken in the Baltic. "The eel fishery in the Kalmar Sound has kept improving without any perceptible interruption for some considerable period. At the present date it has attained such dimensions as has seldom been the case for a great number of past seasons. At Valloe, a small fishing port of Sweden, the arrival of eels, caught within a few miles distance of the village, amounts to more than four times the average quantity of preceding years, the whole of the captures being bought up by the German fish merchants, of whom a great many are always found waiting for live eels at the entrance to the village port. Some of these dealers have only quite recently entered into contracts with the Swedish fishermen for a period of seven years for the delivery of all the eels caught by them to the German fish-dealers, at the price of

seven Swedish crowns for ten kilogrammes weight. Similar contracts have also been made by some German fish merchants with fishermen of Kocrsor, Kjertenminde, Nyborg, Lynes, and at many other Scandinavian fishing stations. Enormously large shoals of young eels have been observed for some days past in the fiords and inlets along the western coast of the Baltic in close neighbourhood to the Cattegat. A wooden slide, erected for the purpose of carrying timber required for ship-building from the tops of the crests bordering the fiords, to the water's edge, was a few days ago covered with a mass of young eels trying to get to the rivers and water districts higher up, so that for a long time it was found quite useless to attempt moving any timber down the slide on account of its slipperiness."

Land and Water supplies these details.

What a depth of meaning and pity is there in the Scotch proverb: "Its an unlucky fish that takes bad bait!" The business-like character of the nation as well as its cautiousness, are reflected in it. Would any fish in Scotch waters so far forget its extraction as to be thus duped? English crabs, at all events, will not look at bait that is in the least degree tainted.

Milton probably never handled a fishing-rod in his life, but his lines on the creation of fish are full of beauties.

"Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea; part single, or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through
groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun their way'd coats dropt with gold,
Or, in their pearly shells at ease attend
Moist nutriment; or under rocks, their food
In jointed armour watch."—(P.L. vii., 399.)

'Sculls' are of course the Italian 'scuole,' although off the Devon coasts to the present day in the soft tongue of the west 'shouls' are still "schules" of fish. With this "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," as *Piscator* rightly speaks, we close our Creel.

M. G. WATKINS.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. III.

- Davies, C. G. Swan and her crew, [1876, 1877, 1877, 1878]
 — Wild cat tower, [1877]
 — Rivers and Broad's of Norfolk, [1882], [1884]
 Davis. Skeleton angler, n.d.
 Davy, H. Salmonia, 1828, 1829, 1832, 1832, 1840, 1851, 1870
 — J. Angler and his friend, 1855
 — Angler in Lake district, 1857
 Dawes. *Holbeach fish ponds, 1761
 Dawson, G. Pleasures of angling, 1876, 1879
 — T. W. Trout fisher's guide, 1850
 Dax. Souvenirs de mes pêches, 1858
 Day. Fishes of Great Britain, 1880, &c.
 Deacon. †Innkeepers album, 1823
 Dee. Adventures of a salmon in the Dee, 1853 (bis).
 De la Verte-Pilière. La pêche, 1877
 Dempster. Walk from London to Edinburgh, 1873
 Denison. Earliest book on fishing, 1872
 Derbyshire. Six views in D., 1833
 Deslandes. †Traitez de physique, Paris, 1736; Bruxelles, 1736
 Desormeaux. †Amusemens de la campagne, 1826
 D'Ewes. †Sporting in both hemispheres, 1858
 Deyeux. Le vieux pêcheur, 1837
 Dialogus creaturarum moralizatus†, 1480
 Dialogues of creatures moralysed, [1520?]
 Dick. Flies and fly-fishing, 1873
 Dickens. †Dictionary of Thames, 1880, &c.
 Dictionarium rusticum†, 1704, 1717, 1726
 Dictionary. †New and complete D., 1763
 Dictionnaire. D. de la pêche, 1829
 — D. ... de pêche, 1769
 — † D. universel, 1757
 — † D., 1861
 Dionysius Cassius. See Geoponica.
 Dipple. Angler's manual, n.d.
 Dissertation sur la pêche, 1787, n.d.
 Dougall. Salmon and trout angling, 1841, 1843
 — Scottish field sports, 1861
 Dove Dale. Amateur angler's days in Dove Dale, 1884
 Drake. †The grotto, 1733
 Dralet. Considerations...sur la pêche, 1821
 Drayton. †Works, 1613, 1748, &c.
 Dryden. Hints to anglers, 1862
 Du Bartas. †Works, 1598, 1605, 1608, 1611, 1613, 1621, 1633, 1641
 Dubravius. *De piscinis, 1552, 1559, 1657, 1671
 — *A new book of good husbandry, 1599
 Ducie. Fishing in Ballinskellig's bay, [1872]
 Duhamel Dumonceau and De La Marre. Traité des pêches, 1769–82; *German*, 1773
 — Dictionnaire de pêches, 1775; *as* Encyclopédie methodique, [1796]
 Dunker's Fischerei-Kalender auf 1880, 1880
 Duval de la Lissandriere. †Traité...des pesches, 1699
 Dyhrn. *Teichwirthschaft, 1783
 Dyson. Boy's book of angling, n.d.
 E., E. M. Random casts, 1878
 Ecole. L'école du chasseur, 1822, 1825
 Edinburgh. Songs of E. angling club, 1851, 1879
 Ehler. Die Lustfischerei, 1806, n.d., 1814
 — Fischergeheimnisse, 1818–23
 Ehrenkreutz. Angelfischerei, 1846, 1847, 1852, 1858, 1865, 1873; *Dutch*, 1865
 — Kalendar für...Fischer, 1859
 — Journal der Fischerei, 1855–9
 Ellacombe. Shakespeare as an angler, 1882.
 Elliott, A. †Out of doors, 1872
 — H. Complete angler, [1856?]
 — W. Carolina sports, 1846, 1859, 1867
 Encyclopædia Britannica†, 1853–60, 1875, &c.
 — Metropolitana, † 1845
 England. †Old sports of E. 1835
 English. Complete E. vermin-killer, n.d.
 Ephemeræ. Handbook of angling, 1847, 1848, 1853, 1865
 — Book of the salmon, 1850
 Epicure. The Innocent Epicure, 1697, 1713; *as* Angling : a poem, 1741
 Epitome. Epitome of...art of angling, 1806
 Essay on angling, [George], 1840
 — See Thames
 Esterno. †Comment le roi s'amuse, 1869
 Estienne. *L'agriculture, 1564, Paris, 1565, Lyon, 1565, 1570, 1578, 1583, 1586, &c., 1702; *Italian*, 1581, 1623; *German*, 1598, 1662
 — Maison rustique, or the countrie farm, 1600, 1606, 1616
 Ettingsall. The green bank, 1850
 — The angling philosopher, n.d.
 Evans. Art of angling, 1820, n.d.
 Every. Art of netting, 1845
 Experiments. New and excellent E., 1677
 F., Greville. Rail and rod. Parst i to iii, 1867; iv, 1869; v & vi, 1871
 Facts and useful hints. 1866, 1867, 1874
 Fairfax. Complete sportsman, 1760?, 1762, 1764, 1766, 1774, 1793, 1795
 Family. A family jewel, 1704
 — Complete family piece, 1736, 1737, 1741, 1749; Dublin, 1749
 Farlow. The jolly angler, n.d.
 Farrar. Guide to Rangely...lakes, 1877

- Moosehead lake, 1880
 —— Camp life in wilderness, 1880
 —— Eastward, Ho! 1886
 Fayle. A day's fishing in the Almond, [1860]
 Feith. Brief van Prior Petrus, 1559
 Fennell. Book of the roach, 1870
 Ffennell. Salmon fisheries of Ireland, 1863
 Ferriere. †Le ménage universal, n.d.
 Field. The Field, 1853, &c. P.P.
 —— The field book, 1833
 —— Foreign field sports, 1814
 Figuier. Les poissons, 1866
 Fischbühlein. n.d., 1852
 —— See Buechlin
 Fischer, C. *Fleisziges Herren Ange, 1690
 ——, F. M. Diss. de jure piscandi [1719]
 ——, V. F. S. Der neue deutsche Angelfischer [1813]
 Fischers, S. von A. *Oeconomische Schatzkammer, 1716
 Fischfang. Der Fischfang, 1821
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 —— Angling, 1877
 —— Hot pot, 1880
 —— and Cooper. Sporting sketches, 1878
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 [The titles vary. The earlier editions attribute the work to one of the Constantines (Pogonatus or Porphyrogenitus), while in one edition (1543, rep. 1553) it is given to Dionysius Cassius. The later editions name the real compiler, Cassianus Bassus.]

THE ANGLER'S SURE GUIDE.

BY R. H. 1706.



IN this old and somewhat scarce angling manual there are a few passages which have an interest apart from the instruction which they convey.

The author, whose name is believed to have been Robert Howlett, in addition to treating of fish and fishing, devotes a good deal of space to fish cookery, and gives a number of "prognosticks of the weather." He professes in his preface to have based his work chiefly on "The Secrets of Angling," 1613, which he assigns to Dr. Donne. He must also have been well acquainted with "Chetham's Angler's Vade Mecum," to which "The Sure Guide" bears in many places a close resemblance; but it also contains much which is not to be found in either of these works, and I am surprised that such a comprehensive and practical manual found so little favour with the anglers of its day that a second edition of it was never published. The only contemporary recognition of it with which I am acquainted is in the paragraph on pastes in "The Young Sportman's Instructor," by G[ervase] M[arkham] (n.d.). It runs, referring to the list of materials for fly-making, "Read some of these in a Curious Book lately printed, called, *The Angler's Sure Guide*. Sold at the Ring in Little Britain." From this I conclude that this edition of *The Young Sportsman's Instructor* was not printed till 1706, or later, though in Pearson's reprint of it in "*The Angler's Garland*" for 1871, the date of 1597 is conjecturally assigned to it. In the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 1883, it takes precedence of the edition of 1652.

Mr. Manley, in his "Literature of Sea and River Fishing," 1883, (p. 83) claims for the author of "*The Gentleman Angler*," 1726, the distinction of being the first writer on angling who recommends the use of rings on the rod for the line to run through, but I find that R. H. writing twenty years before him, describes them fully, and with him, therefore, this distinction, such as it is, must rest, till he is deprived of it

by the discovery of a similar passage in some earlier work. After telling us what sort of rod he considers the best suited for salmon fishing, and stating that a "Wheel or Tumbrel with Winder" is essential, he goes on to say (p. 67) "About Four Inches above your Tumbrel strike into your Stock a Loop made of stiff Iron-wire, up to the Head, for the Line to run through, having first made Two little Holes in your Stock with a very small Awl, to let in the sharp Ends of the Loop, lest you flat the Head of the Loop by driving it in: After the same manner drive in such Loops all the way up your Stock, about a Foot and half, or Two Foot, one Loop from another; and be sure to place the Loops so, that they may stand in a direct Line one against another, that your Silk-Line may run smooth through them all.

When you have thus looped the Stock of your Rod, loop also the top after this manner: Take small Brass-Wire, Neal it very well, and therewith make Loops of the same Fashion as the other, but somewhat longer, and bind them on your Top length-ways, with a strong well waxed Silk, so far only as to leave the Eye of the Loop unbound, to be turned up, for your Silk-Line to run through, as those on your Stock; place them about half a Yard one from another, and right against one another, as you were directed to do on the Stock, till you come to the small end of the Top: so that when the Splices both of Top and Stock are bound together (when you come to use your Rod) the Loops on your Top may range with the Loops on your Stock in a strait Line; and at the very point End of your Top, bind on one of your Loops, that the Head or Ring part of the Loop may just over-reach the Top-point, and not turned up as the rest are to be, but lie strait out, through all which Loops draw your Silk-Line when you come to fish; but be sure all your Loops both on Stock and Top, when put together, be exactly and directly even against one another, otherwise your Silk-Line will not run clear."

R. H. gives a number of curious receipts for "alluring ointments" which were to be applied to the bait and the portion of line immediately adjoining it with the view of attracting fish, but

he does not vouch for their efficacy from his own experience. These ointments were compounded of such strange ingredients as "Oyl of a dead Man's Skull," Mummy Powder, Cats' fat, &c. mixed with strong smelling drugs, for example, Asafetida, Camphor, Oil of Lavender and Civet. Towards the close of his chapter on this subject R. H. offers a solution of what he terms "the Mystical if not Hyperbolic Receipt" which is given at the end of "The Secrets of Angling," 1613. He has omitted a portion of the riddle, and has not followed the old spelling of the original, but I give it as it stands in his book.

"To Bliss thy Bait and make the Fish to bite,
Lo, here's a means ! if thou canst hit it right.
Take Gum of Life, fine beat, and laid to soak
In Oyl, well drawn from that which kills the Oak :
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
Where twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill."

Lector ! if this be not, *aut Gummi Arboris vitæ, Gummi Ligni vitæ, scil. Ligni Aloes, Gummi Animæ, Mumia Arabum, vel Gummi Hederæ, et Oleum Baccarum Hederæ Chym. mista ;* Then, what it should be, *tu tibi (Edipus esto :* Yet grieve not thy self as *Homer* did, because he could not untie the Knot of a Fisherman's Riddle."

When treating of foot-lines R. H. says "if you cannot get Indian-Grass, make use of the smallest and soundest Bowel or Lute strings you can procure." The employment of this substitute for hair is also mentioned in Pepys' Diary. On the 18th March, 1667, he says "This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his of angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily."

The use of a minikin—the term applied to the treble string of a lute or fiddle—cannot, I think, have been at all a common practice with anglers, for neither Walton, Cotton, nor Chetham, who wrote between Pepys and R. H., makes any mention of it. Probably it was not only an expensive substitute for hair but difficult to procure sufficiently fine for foot-lines.

The "Sure Guide" contains the following very sound advice on the subject of worm fishing for trout in clear water. "Cast your Bait

before you at length, as the Artificial Flie, but always up the Stream, and draw it gently down towards you, keeping your Hand in a continual Motion : and if you can endure it, wade up to middle-Leg or Knee, by which Means you will kill the more Fish : strike as soon as you perceive a fish bite."

Had R. H. directed the young angler to gently raise the point of his rod as soon as the worm touched the water, and to allow the bait to be carried down by the stream in a natural way, instead of telling him to draw it towards him, his advice would have been unexceptionable. He has, however, no claim to originality on this score, for his instructions are practically identical with those given by Cotton. Had trout fishers recognised the wisdom of the advice given by Cotton they would have had little to learn from Stewart, so far as worm fishing for trout in clear water is concerned.

A novel feature in the "Sure Guide" is the collection of weather warnings which is given in the appendix. The "general prognosticks" are of no value as they are mainly based on the changes of the moon, which meteorologists are now agreed have no influence on the weather. Of the fifty signs of rain which R. H. enumerates many are, I think, fanciful, but some of the phenomena he notes being due to the presence of a large amount of moisture in the atmosphere, must frequently have been followed by wet weather. The signs of rain are followed by those of fair weather, of wind, and of tempestuous weather. Some of these have been found by modern observers to be fairly reliable, but others, I believe to be of no value whatever. The prognostics are succeeded by some curious rhymes designed to fix in the memory various astronomical occurrences. The subject of weather forecasts has not received much attention from writers on angling, but any one who is interested in meteorology will find a good deal of space devoted to it in Best's "Art of Angling." Young anglers will do well, however, not to think too much about the weather, but rather to act on the advice of Francis Francis, "Always carry your mackintosh, be patient and persevering, and leave the weather to take care of itself."

ALEX. D. CAMPBELL.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.



HIS Club has recently celebrated its fifth annual dinner and the *menu* is lying before us. One side bears a humorous graphic representation of "Our annual fish circus," wherein the five principal members of the Club, or it may be office bearers (and the terms are probably synonymous): Barnet Phillips, John Foord, Fred Mather, G. M. Miller, and E. G. Blackford, are displaying various "feats of the arena," while a guest, meantime executing Waterton's well-known feat, is evidently prepared, in good child fashion, with shut eyes and open mouth, to accept what his kind hosts "will send him," of "things that crawl, or swim, or squirm," "mud puppies, turtles and water snakes," or what not. The other side holds Mr. Fred Mather's clever verses, written on the occasion of the first banquet, and the *menu* itself. We gladly find a place for them in the *Note-Book*.

T. S.

WHEN THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINES

BY FRED MATHER.

When the Ichthyophagous dines

There'll be many a curious dish

Of things ne'er caught with lines,

And not at all like fish—

Steaks of porpoise and ribs of whales,

Salmi of muskrat and beaver tails,

Aspic of Jelly fish, octopus stew,

Stark-fin soup and gurry-gur-roo,

When the Ichthyophagous dines.

For the Ichthyophagous eats

All things that live in the sea—

Slimy crawlers instead of meats,

Unusual to you and me.

Menobranchus from out the lakes,
Mud puppies, turtles and water snakes,
Deviled hell-bender with sauce helgramite,
Garfish older than tribolite,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

There will come to this ichthyic feast,
Things that crawl, or swim, or squirm,
The fish, the scaphiopous beast,
And the arenarious worm.

The garrulous frog and the frisky skate,
The batrachian toad-fish with flattened pate,
The flying-fish with hyaline wing,
Will come with sea nettles, which prick and sting,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

The eel and the sturgeon will come,
And the lamprey with his nine eyes,
The swordfish and croaking drum,
And sculpin with look of surprise.

The gurnard will walk arm-in-arm with the dab,
The horsefoot will waltz with the great spider crab,
The sullen-eyed angler will ogle the sprat,
And the devil fish twine the shrimps round his hat,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

The fiddler crabs will fiddle
To the crowd so strange and weird,
And the prawns dance down the middle
While the mussel strokes his beard.

The oysters will swim in cuttlefish ink,
The starfish will tip the soft clam a wink;
Periwinkles served in skilly-go-lee,
A sight worthy footing it miles to see,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

When the Ichthyophagous dines,
There'll be queer prog to eat;
The usual thing in the way of wines
And a single course of meat.

The lobster will come in his coat of mail;
Weak stomachs will shrink from eating the snail,
But the brave ones will sample every dish,
Whether water-snake, muskrat, snail or fish,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER.

ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

Menu.

BLUE POINTS.

Latour Blanche

Elixir of Razor Clams

Essence of Devil-fish

Petites Surprises of Octopus

Amontillado Sherry

Cannelons of Anchovies

Wolf-fish à la Cape Cod

Cobia larded à la Sam Ward

Cucumbers

Potatoes Hollandaise

Niersteiner

Turban of Sea-robin à l'Epicure

Suprême of shark sauté à la Helgramite

Soufflé of Ray, sauce Normande

Croquettes of Limulus à la Montauk

Chateau Lafite

Fillet of Beef à la financière

French Peas Cauliflower

Baked Carp à la Baird

ICHTHYOPHAGOUS PUNCH

Broiled English Snipe on toast

Lettuce

Crab Salad

Lobster Salad

Cordon Rouge

Ice Cream

Pitit fours

Fruit

Cheese

Cafe

Liqueurs

Murray Hill Hotel

October 17th, 1884

PRIVATELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS:

IZAAK WALTON'S 'COMPLEAT ANGLER.'



S I have been, for some time, pleasantly occupied in "the seductive art of privately illustrating" a Walton's *Compleat Angler*, and *Lives*: I read Mr. Jenkins' note on the subject (p. 58), with no ordinary interest.

I should like, with your permission, to supplement his useful hints, by some from a book by an American enthusiast, Mr. D. M. Tredwell. The process of inlaying the text and prints may be briefly described, as follows: first is the selection of paper of the proper quality, and the size to which our book is to be extended. The leaves of the book being of uniform size, the enlaying of it (that is, the text) is, of course, a simple repetition of the operation as many times as there are leaves in the volume. Not so, however with the prints; no two are probably of the same size or shape—square, oblong, round, oval, and some irregular—thus every print requires its especial treatment. After the prints have been neatly cut down to their required shapes, then the outer edges are bevelled, the bevel extending about one quarter of an inch upon the margin of the print. This is performed with a knife made for the purpose. "An opening is then cut into the sheet of the size and shape of the print, making an allowance for a quarter of an inch lap on the inside, which is also bevelled to conform with the print. These outer edges are then fastened together with paste, made of rice flour. Rice paste is considered more desirable, for the reason that it retains its whiteness when dry. They are then placed under gentle pressure until required for use. The splitting process [*i.e.* splitting the sheets of newspapers or magazines, and taking the print (text), or engravings, from the back]: is performed by pasting the sheet to be split between two pieces of stuff, and in separating the stuffs, one half adheres to each side." *A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books, &c.* Brooklyn, 1882, p. 20.

Mr Jenkins refers to the passion of American collectors for "Illustrating": their prime favour-

ites being Walton's Angler, and Boswell's Johnson—"two books of noble moral repute, which take to illustrations more naturally than any other two books in the English language."*

To show the extent the American "Grangerites" have carried their hobbies with regard to Walton, I will quote some of their achievements from Mr. Tredwell's book :

<i>Name of Grangerite.</i>	<i>Edition of Angler.</i>	<i>Volumes extended to, or number of extra illustrations.</i>
Mr. John Allan, New York	Pickering's, 1836	Over 300 insertions
" E. G. Asay, Chicago	Idem (large paper)	To six volumes
" Irving Brown, of Troy	Not named	400 insertions
" T. J. McKee, New York	Pickering's, 1836	To six volumes
" Hamilton Cole, New York	Idem	To seven volumes, royal 4to. (2,000 insertions)
" H. T. Cox, New York	Bagster's 1st 4to.	Over 1,000 insertions
" S. Higgs, New York	Idem	300 insertions
" W. T. Horn, New York	Boston edition (large paper)	700 insertions
" " " "	Bagster's, 1808 (large paper)	Over 200 insertions
" " " "	Pickering's, 1836	To five volumes, (over 750 ins.)
" " " "	Major's, 1824 & 1844	Each with about 200 insertions
" " " "	Bethune's, 1852	Not given
" Robt. Hoe, Junr., New York	Pickering's, 1836	To ten vols. (over 1,300 ins.)
" " " " "The King of Waltonians" †		
" " " "	Bethune's, 1852	Not given
" " " "	Bagster's, 1815 (large paper)	To four volumes
" " " "	Idem (small paper)	160 insertions
" " " "	Major's, 1844 (large paper)	Over 200 insertions
" " " "	Bagster's, 1808 (large paper)	Not given
" " " "	Idem (small paper)	Not given
" " " "	Hawkins', 1760	To two volumes

Mr. Tredwell gives the names of about thirty of the most celebrated Americans (including Mr. Westwood!) "who have attested their appreciation of the linen draper of Fleet St., and have given him the honored seat in their hearts and libraries."

Mr. Horn, of New York (who is scarcely behind Mr. Hoe) has also extended Westwood's *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler* (1864) with 134 prints and the Westwood Catalogue bound in.

C. ELKIN MATHEWS.

GOSDEN'S WALTON ILLUSTRATIONS.

A list of the piscatorial illustrations published by Thomas Gosden of the "Sportsman's

* I note as a curious coincidence of dates—the elapse of exactly 101 years (to within a day or two) between the deaths of these famous men. Izaak Walton obiit 15 Dec. 1683; Samuel Johnson obiit 13 Dec., 1784. † Mr. Hoe's collection of illustrated Waltons, numbers thirty volumes.

Repository, 18, Bedford-street, Covent Garden," will be acceptable to collectors.

Most of the plates appear to have subsequently passed (between 1828 and 1830) into the hands of John Wicksteed, of 31, Old Compton-street, Soho-square, who, after getting them "worked over," issued a series of prints which are described in his advertisements as :

"Twenty-six illustrations to Walton and Cotton's Compleat Angler, engraved in the first style from original drawings, 8vo. £1. 1s. The same on quarto paper, India proofs, £2. 2s.

An emblematic print, "The angler weeping over the tomb of Walton," engraved in the first style, 8vo. 1/6. The same on 4to paper, India proofs, 2/6."

Many collectors are under the impression that these illustrations, as well as the books which accompany them in the advertisements appended to Wicksteed's editions of Salter's three books,

are original illustrations. The books, however, are all "remainder" copies, and the prints, as we have just stated, are from Gosden's worn out plates.

The circumstance does not appear to be generally known, for we notice in the glowing catalogue descriptions of illustrated copies of Walton, that particular prominence is often given to "Wicksteed's extra illustrations," as if these were something rare and valuable.

The edition of the "Complete Angler" with "27 illustrations" also included among Wicksteed's books, is certainly Gosden's, but may possibly be the issue dated 1825, which we have not met with and therefore excluded from the *Bibl. Piscatoria*.

The list of Gosden's plates is compiled from "engravings and books published by T. Gosden," appended to the "Social Pipe," 1826. The first fifteen plates appear in Gosden's edition of Walton, published by Smith in 1822, and these with the four following plates are contained in Zouch's "Life of Walton," 1823. Some copies of the 1826 edition of this book appear to have been issued with additional plates. Plates 21 and 22 were used in Gosden's edition of Venables, 1823.

	Proof.	Print.	Colours.
1 Portrait of Izaak Walton	2/6	2/-	7/-
2 Portrait of Charles Cotton	2/6	2/-	7/-
3 St. Alban's Abbey	2/6	2/-	7/-
4 Madely Manor, the seat of John Offley	2/6	2/-	7/-
5 Izaak Walton's tombstone	2/6	2/-	7/-
6 Prior Silksteed's Chapel, where Walton lies buried	2/6	2/-	
7 Fly-fishing for trout	2/6	2/-	5/-
8 Fly-fishing for salmon	2/6	2/-	5/-
9 Daping for trout	2/6	2/-	5/-
10 Dabbling for chub	2/6	2/-	5/-
11 Barbel fishing	2/6	2/-	5/-
12 Perch fishing	2/6	2/-	5/-
13 Group of fish, trout, &c.	4/-	3/-	
14 Walton and Cotton's facsimile, hand-writings	2/6	2/-	
15 Facsimile, title-page to Walton, 1st edition	2/6	2/-	
16 Walton's house in Fleet Street	2/6	2/-	5/-
17 Beresford Hall, the seat of Charles Cotton	2/6	2/-	5/-
18 Hawkins' tombstone and his wife[s]	2/6	2/-	
19 Mrs. Walton's tombstone	2/6	2/-	

	Proof.	Print.	Colours.
20 Cotton's fishing house	2/6	2/-	5/-
21 Facsimile title-page to Venables' Angler	2/6	2/-	
22 Eighteen fish, various, for headpieces	2/6	2/-	
23 Walton's Son's tombstone	2/6	2/-	
24 Tottenham Cross	2/6	2/-	
25 Bleak Hall	2/6	2/-	5/-
26 Distant view of Beresford Hall, engraved by Kernot, from a picture by Stanfield	2/6	2/-	5/-
27 Dove Dale	2/6	2/-	5/-
28 Minnow fishing	2/6	2/-	5/-
29 The troller	2/6	2/-	5/-
30 Morley, Bishop of Winchester	2/6	2/-	7/-
31 Bishop Sanderson	2/6	2/-	7/-
32 Alexander Nowel	2/6	2/-	7/-
33 Sir Henry Watton	2/6	2/-	7/-
34 Nicholas Lanieri	2/6	2/-	7/-
35 Aldrovandus			7/-
36-7 Engraved title-page for Walton's and Cotton's angler illustrated, each	2/6	2/-	7/-
38 Trout Hall, or the Jolly Anglers	7/6	5/-	10/-

There are also "Miniature illustrations of various fish, suitable for Pickering's edition of Walton's Angler. Price on India paper. 5s," and "Ditto, for Tegg's edition, 2 vols. 5s." These may be the Venables fish again. The list includes also an "Angler's snuff box. Angler leaning on a monument erected to the memory of Walton, by the side of a trout stream, 10/6, which corresponds in subject with the "emblematic print" of Wicksteed's advertisement. A facsimile of the angler in the Book of St. Albans, and a portrait of himself, engraved by Scott, entitled "The Sportsman," were also published by Gosden.

THOS. SATCHELL.

THE CAPRICE OF SALMON.



O such anglers, and it must include all, as have with the greatest caution and perseverance fished vainly for some indifferent salmon, which, after his first languid rise has disdained all attempts to capture him, the following incident may be interesting, as showing the other side of the picture. That salmon are capricious

creatures everybody at all familiar with them knows, but their caprice generally takes the form of leaving a man, instead of sticking to him contrary to all expectations and under the most unfavourable conditions.

The season of 1883 in the Restigouche River was a very good one and the salmon were perfectly willing to be taken in high or low water without much regard to the direction of the wind or the skill of the angler. On Saturday June 30th of that year a very cold bright day with a strong north west wind blowing a friend of mine was fishing the Miwat's rock pool with a good sized Butcher fly. A fish rose and missed, after resting five minutes my friend cast over him again, again he rose and missed, the fly went on carried by the current, about five yards when another fish rose at it and missed. M. L. then changed his fly to a silver gray, and waiting three minutes began again, and when the fly reached a spot about midway between the holds of the two fish both came at it simultaneously but failed. After another rest of three minutes salmon number 2 rose again and missed, three minutes respite and the first cast brought up again both salmon. The fly was then changed again and the original Butcher put on, as soon as this was done and no. 2 saw it he once more rose in vain; after a half minute's idleness as M. L. was getting impatient, the fly was put over salmon no. 1 when he took it and after a vigorous fight of ten minutes broke away. M. L. then returned to the same spot and on the second cast rose and hooked salmon no. 2; this fish he killed, weight 25½ lb. Salmon no. 1 was a considerably larger fish as we judged from seeing him jump out of the water twice while on the hook. I came down the river while the engagement was in progress and witnessed the latter portions of it. The facts which it may be necessary to say are exactly as stated but perhaps none the more entertaining on that account, were written down within half an hour of the occurrence. It will be observed that one of these salmon rose five times and the other six times before hooking, so bent on destruction were they. I have never known but one other instance of two salmon rising at the same time to one fly and then they

were both so alarmed at their performance that no amount of coaxing could bring them near the surface again.

D. S.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE
CITY OF LONDON. IV.

Punishment of the Pillory, for selling putrid Conger.

5 Ric. II., A.D. 1382. Black-Letter H., fol. cxlv.
(Latin.)

On the 8th day of May, in the 5th year, etc., after dinner, Thomas Boxhulle, John Taverner, John Wayfer, Richard Merymouthe, and John Furner, of the County of Somerset, came here, before the Mayor, Sheriffs, and certain of the Aldermen, and shewed to them two pieces of cooked fish, commonly called "*congre*," rotten and stinking, and unwholesome for man, which they had bought of John Welburgham, a cook in Bredstret, at noon the same day; and which the said cook warranted unto them to be good and wholesome for man, and not putrid.

And hereupon, the said John Welburgham was immediately sent for, and, being questioned thereon, he said that he did sell to the said complainants the said fish so cooked, and that he warranted it unto them as being good and wholesome, and still did warrant it; and this he demanded to be proved in such manner as the Court should think proper, etc. Whereupon, the said Mayor caused to be summoned the reputable men whose names are below written, neighbours of the said cook, John Jordon, John Bere, John Pursere, William Trumpyngtone, and eight others. Who said upon their oath, that the said pieces of fish were rotten, stinking, and unwholesome for man. Wherefore it was awarded, that the said John Welburgham should repay to the said complainants six pence, which he acknowledged he had received for the fish aforesaid; and that he should also have the punishment of the pillory for one hour of the

day, and the said fish should there be burnt beneath him. (P. 464.)

A fishmonger compelled by the authorities to reduce the price of his herrings.

6 Ric. II., A.D. 1382. Letter-Book H., fol. cliv. (Norman French.)

Whereas Thomas Welford, fishmonger, had a vessel of his lying at Quenehuthie, in London, on Saturday the Eve of St. Laurence [10 August], in the 6th year, etc., laden with salted herrings, which he sold to the *hukkestere*s at the rate of 5 only for the penny, and no more, to serve out to the commons in the City, so that the said *hukkestere*s could only sell to the said commons 4 herrings to the penny; as this rate seemed to the Mayor and Aldermen to be too high, they accordingly, with great trouble and diligence, expostulated with the said Thomas; so far that, with much difficulty, he agreed to let the said *hukkestere*s have 6 herrings for a penny, that so, they might retail them at the rate of 5 for the penny.

And whereas the said Thomas asserted that he could in no way sell at a lower price, without doing too great an injury to himself thereby, yet he, the said Thomas, on the Monday following sold to one William Botild, a strange man, to carry out of the City for sale, six hundred herrings, at 120 to the hundred, and at the rate of 10 herrings for a penny, as by acknowledgement of this same stranger was distinctly ascertained.

Whereupon, the said Mayor and Aldermen seeing that the said Thomas and others, who had herrings at this time arrived, could sell at a lower rate than he had done, inasmuch as of his own free will he had sold to a stranger 10 herrings for a penny, as before stated; and as he and all other freemen were bound of right to sell to their neighbours at as low a rate as to strangers, or even cheaper; by common assent of the said Mayor and Aldermen, on the Tuesday following, it was agreed that the said Thomas and all others who had such herrings at that time for sale within the franchise of the said City, must sell them at the rate of 9 herrings for a penny; and so it was done. (Pp. 467-8).

Unlawful nets ordered to be burnt.

8 Rich. II., A.D. 1385. Letter-Book H., fol. clxxxvi (Latin.)

On the 10th day of January, in the 8th year, etc., John Chipstede, bailiff of Queen Hythe, brought here, before Nicholas Brembre, Knight, the Mayor, and the Aldermen, eight nets called "*smeltnet*," taken, as being used for fishing in the water of Thames, between London Bridge and Westminster, which belonged to the following men;—one net to John Fynch of Batricheseye,* one to John Bukke of the same, one to Richard Fynch of the same, one to John Newerk of the same, one to Stephen Clement of the same, one to Robert Bantelle of the same, one to John Edriche of Hamersmyth, and one to John Broun of the same; asserting that the same nets were false, for that their meshes were too narrow; to the destruction of small fish, and against the custom and ordinance of the City of London, whereby the meshes of these nets, and of all other nets for fishing in the same water and in Medeweys, were to be at least two inches wide between the knots; whereas here, the meshes of the same nets were only an inch and a half at most in width between the knots; to the damage of all the people, and against the Ordinance and custom aforesaid.

Which nets having been viewed and examined, according to custom, by fishmongers having knowledge as to the same, namely, John Trigge, Clement Lavender, Elias Braibrok, and John Queldrik, of Olde fischstret, Richard Stile, John Ridere, Nicholas Rameseye, and John Ledrede of Briggestrete, it was found on their oath, that the said nets were false, their meshes being too narrow, as before stated. Therefore it was ordered that the same nets should be burnt. (Pp. 483-4.)

Unlawful nets, called "Burrokes," ordered to be burnt.

9 Rich. II., A.D. 1386. Letter-Book H., fol. cxviii. (Latin.)


Be it remembered, that John Salesbury, serjeant supervisor of the water of Thames, brought here on the 2nd day of March, in the

* Battersea.

9th year, *etc.*, 22 **burrokes* that had been placed in the same water, on the East side of London Bridge, and in which divers *fry* of roach, flounders, dace, lamperns, and other fish of no value, had been taken; and through which, distress of the small fish in the said water is caused, against the Ordinance of the City. Of which *burrokes* two belonged to one John Godessone, and the others to divers men whose names were to him unknown.

On which day, the said *fry* was viewed, as well by the Mayor and Aldermen of London, as by certain fishmongers, and was found to be of no value, and to have been taken with the same *burrokes*, in distress of the small fish of the water aforesaid. It was therefore ordered that the said *burrokes* should be burnt, *etc.* And precept was given to the Sheriffs of London, to do execution of the judgement aforesaid. (P. 486-7)

Our Creel.

 HE feature of this last month has been, until the last week in November, the unprecedented mildness of the season. An observer wrote as follows from Hastings on November 11. In addition to the apple trees, pears, plums, *et hoc genus omne*, being in blossom, many in full blossom, I have to note in some districts pears as large as walnuts, apples as large as nuts, besides other evidences of a genial and not unhealthy autumn. The hedgerows hereabouts, especially in the pretty village of Westfield, are covered with spring flowers, and ripe strawberries on a sunny aspect are common. It would be encroaching on your space to mention the names of those trees and flowers in blossom in our beautiful Alexandra-park, but the following will give your readers some idea—viz., sweet peas,

*Some peculiar kind of unlawful net.

passion flowers, stocks, castor oil plants, maze-reon, laburnum, barberries (the Darwinian variety being especially luxuriant), forget-me-nots, snapdragons, and many other tender annuals. The fauna also join in the general cheerfulness. Swallows are gyrating about with all the agility of early spring, robins are busy building their nests; last week two sparrows' nests were pulled down from water pipes, one containing three and the other two eggs; and a near neighbour has now on the shoulder of a water-pipe under the eaves of his house a sparrow's nest of eggs upon which the dam has been sitting about a week.

The consequence of this open weather has been a delightful season for grayling-fishers. The grayling is at its best in November, and is a welcome fish to fly-fishers after the expiration of their sport with the trout. It is easy to recognise the pen of a well-known literary angler in an agreeable paper on the grayling which appeared in the *Field* on Oct. 25. He rightly recommends fishing down stream for this fish. For flies he names the ordinary standard flies and especially commends the red tag, but suggests trying such unlikely flies as a 'March brown' and 'Black gnat.' Our own idea is that a grayling always likes a little colour, especially yellow or red.

Among interesting items we find that a bull-trout, 13lbs. in weight, and 3 feet in length, was captured by a lady, with a fly in the Coquet at Harbottle this October. On the 22nd of the same month the T. A. P. S. transported upwards of 7,000 flounders from the tidal portion of the river off Putney to the water above Teddington. Others were placed above the Kingston weir and near Hampton Court.

Mr. O. T. Olsen has published a curious little book giving the names of the different fishing grounds in the North Sea, as known to the fishermen but unknown to the charts. Many of these names might afford much reflection to etymologists. Compare, for instance, "Brusey's Garden, California Ground, The Cemetery, "Coal Pit, Fanoe Ground, Inner Gabbard, Long "Forties, Wangeroog Ground, West Capella Ground."

Grimsby is the port to which most of the fish taken on the above grounds are conveyed. Mr. R. D. Darbyshire communicates to the *Naturalist* (Oct. 2, 1884) a singular list of fish taken by the fisherman Grym, the eponymus of the town. It is contained in "The Lay of Havelok the Dane" (Early English Text Soc.). The writer of this (about 1300) must be taken to enumerate the fish which he saw in the markets of his day rather than those which Grym may have caught in 600 A.D. The following are all which are named—

line 749 "Grim was a fisher swithe* god,
And mikel couthe† on the flod ;
Manie god fishe thereinne he tok,
Bothe with nett and with hok.
He took the sturgiun and the qual‡,
And the turbot and lax§ withal.
He tok the sele and the whel|| ;
Keling¶ he tok and tumberel*,
Hering and the makerel,
The butte, the schulle†, the thornbacke.

771 When he "tok the great lamprei" he sold it in Lincoln.

895 On the bridge at Lincoln the Earl's "cok" bought and then procured young Havelok (at that time an unknown porter's lad) to carry up for him—

"a carte lode
Of segges‡, laxes, of playces brode ;
Of grete lampris and of eles."

Mr. Oldham Chambers, the Secretary of the National Fish Culture Association, made the notable suggestion during the dull period that much profit might be made by turning waste or poor lands into ponds and breeding carp. The farmers sneered at it as savouring of the Premier's admonitions to them to make jam, but it is a suggestion that will, nevertheless, bear fruit. Unluckily the public has yet to be educated to like carp. If any one, however, cares to adopt the hint, Mr. Chambers recommends "two species of the German carp in par-

ticular—viz., the *Cyprinus carpio specularis* or mirror carp, and the *Cyprinus carpio coriaceus sive nudus* or leather carp. The former possesses a few rows of large scales along the lateral line, the rest of the body being bare, and the latter shows a singular voidance of scales which renders the fish invaluable for transport. It is also free from danger caused by accidental bruises which, on being occasioned are soon covered with epithelium and become healed, but with scaley fish in the event of injury a coniferaceous growth sets in and the fish expires. These two species of fish, I maintain, could be cultivated in this country most advantageously, not only on account of their great hardihood, tenacity of life, prolificness, and adaptness to all waters, but because of their vast superiority over other members of the Cyprinidæ family."

This proposal draws forth a capital letter in the *Times* from Mr. Lyon Playfair, of which the following is well worth reprinting in a permanent form.

"In regard to the special subject of carp, much progress has been made in the United States by the introduction of the two German varieties. It is curious that they should have done so before the old mother country, for the remains of old fish stews are spread over England, and are almost always near the old monasteries. Tens of thousands of old carp ponds once existed in England, but as the carp were no longer cultured, they reverted to their feral state and became valueless. In China and Germany the culture of carp is still an important industry. The United States in introducing the culture wisely selected the German species. In 1882, the carp bred in the commission ponds at Washington were distributed in lots of 20 to 10,000 applicants in every State and Territory. The average distance to which they were sent was 900 miles, and the total mileage of shipments was nine millions of miles; while the actual distance traversed by the transportation railway cars was 34,000 miles. Already German carp have been introduced into 30,000 separate waters. But I do not wish to limit my letter to carp. Aquaculture has become an important affair of the State among our Transatlantic

*Exceedingly. †knew of, could do. ‡Whale or grampus. §Salmon. ||Whale or grampus. ¶Cod.
*Porpoise. †Sole? ‡Cuttle fish, seches.

brethren. The separate States prosecute it and in 1882 spent £24,000 in its promotion. The Imperial Government spent nearly £30,000 on the same object. The scale on which this is done may be indicated by the fact that the Government at Washington have provided the Fishery Commission with two steamers, commanded by the officers of the Navy, and specially designed for scientific research and for fish propagation. The Albatross of 1,300 tons is a model of what a ship should be for the first purpose; the Fish Hawk of 850 tons is not good in heavy seas, but is well fitted for the latter purpose. There are 17 hatching stations, of which the head is at Wood's Holl, in Massachusetts. Having paid a short visit to Professor Baird there this year, I am tempted to enlarge upon it; but I will only say that there is an excellent house for the staff, containing 30 beds, laboratories for research, and hatching ponds for two millions of young cod. Much of the work is done by volunteer agency. The various universities send their naturalists, and the Smithsonian Institution devotes money for special researches and publications.

There is an essential difference between the mode of proceeding of the Government of the United States and that of our own country in relation to fisheries. We have had Commissions without end, on some of which I have served. Vast bodies of contradictory evidence have been obtained from fishermen, who, I agree with Huxley, know less about fish than the community. Our Commissions have led to little useful result. The American Commissioners act in a different way. They put questions directly to nature and not to fishermen. They pursue scientific methods, and not those of rule of thumb. They make scientific investigations into the habits, food, geographical distribution of fishes, and into the temperature of the seas and rivers in which they live or spawn. Practical aims and experiments are always kept in view. As an experiment, they tried to introduce shad to the Pacific coast and succeeded; they tried to introduce Californian salmon to the Atlantic slope and failed. As an instance of a practical aim, they have restocked the Sacra-

mento and its tributaries so effectually, that the annual increase each year, for the last few years, has been 5,000,000lb.

The object of my letter is to show that, while the private propagator may cultivate young fish by thousands, aquaculture can only be undertaken by a Government, for its statistical results must be counted up by hundreds of millions. In the United States, all the departments of the Government cordially co-operate in fish culture; the railways assist, and provincial bodies are active. In Scotland we have a Fishery Commission, willing and able to make experiments, but the Admiralty cannot find a vessel to make dredging experiments, and the Treasury cannot find £1,000 to carry out important researches only half complete. Biological stations in England and Scotland are being slowly formed on account of deficient public support."

The Tay and Forth closed as salmon-fishing rivers before much rain had fallen, consequently the season has been somewhat disappointing. Two of the heaviest fish of the year, as far as the former river is concerned, have fallen to the rods respectively of Mr. Pitkeathly and Mr. J. E. Millais. The former gentleman landed the other day on the Bows water, near Kinfauns, a magnificent salmon of 45lb., while Mr. Millais, on the Murthly water, took some time ago a splendid salmon of 44lb. the largest salmon which has been taken on that section of the river for 25 years.

The Tweed was in very good ply during November and as usual many fish were taken. On Sprouston Dub Mr. Bidder one day landed 12 salmon weighing in the aggregate 247lb. Splendid fishing has been obtained during the season at Grimersta in the Lewis. Mr. C. W. Mackillop and friend landed in twelve consecutive days 165 salmon. Through the early part of the season fish did not take the fly very freely; notwithstanding their bag for the season has been considerably over 600 salmon, besides a great many sea trout. The best day for one rod was nineteen salmon.

From salmon to otter is a natural transition. "I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle," says Piscator, "and therefore an enemy to the otter;"

and the friends after debating whether the otter be beast or fish "leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians" although the Huntsman adds "most agree that her tail is fish." We, on the contrary, like otters in the abstract, always provided they do not infest our own fishing streams. Poor Frank Buckland once shewed us his tame otter, which was so bright-eyed and friendly that ever after it conciliated us to the whole race. It is not with unmixed feelings of pleasure therefore that we read in the *Field* that Mr. Collier's celebrated Devon otterhounds have killed 20 full-grown otters during the past season. At all events the paragraph reminds us of the "pack of otter-hounds of noble Mr. Sadler's, upon Amwell Hill."

The same paper, which is generally sober enough, contains two most amusing advertisements. "A married couple of position, wishing for an occasional change to a country house, would be happy to visit people of status for a few weeks, who would accept remuneration for the same. Address ——." The advertisers are not exactly the people we should care to meet in a Scotch shooting lodge. How deliciously Irish too is the following! "A gentleman in Ireland wants another to join him to buy, school, and sell young horses, hunt a subscription pack of harriers, and work some rabbit warrens; about £2,000 required, for which a good income is certain; any amount of sport, peaceful locality and nice home." What a charming story might be written on the adventures of a confiding man with £2,000 who thus invested it! And what visions are suggested of the locality which is "peaceful," every landlord banished or shot, all hunting put down save the pack of harriers and a dynamite explosion in the district every now and then, to furnish a little excitement when grouse was wild or could not be found. It were a positively idyllic existence.

It is not often that anglers have the opportunity of seeing a kingfisher at work. A correspondent of *Land and Water* furnishes a graphic account of the process, and as the bird itself is dear to all fishermen we are tempted to reproduce it.

"As I stood still at the end of a cast, preparing to make a careful forward step upon the treacherous rocky bottom of the stream, a kingfisher skimmed rapidly up the stream, without seeing me, and seated himself upon a piece of dead stick, which the last flood had left lying across the top of a large boulder not fifteen yards from me, and perhaps four yards from the edge of the water. The stream in front of his coign of advantage swept round in a shallow foam-flecked backwater, in most places not more than one or two feet deep, with an irregular bottom of rocky stones. Here, as he well knew, the shoals of tiny fry delight to wander unceasingly round in search of any tiny food fragments brought round by the curling eddy, every now and again dotting all the surface with tiny rings as they rose to feed, or in sportive imitation of their elders. These were the watchful kingfisher's opportunities, and as the shoals came round he rose quickly into the air until he hung suspended upon fluttering wings five feet above the water, tail downwards, but with his beak laid down along his coloured breast and his eyes fixed upon his prey below. Thus he would hang for a few moments, then suddenly inverting himself, with true diver's motion he darted down with incredible swiftness, parting the water with a resounding plop, although making little or no splash. Knowing the shallowness of the water, and the nature of the bottom, it seemed wonderful how he could dive with such force without injuring himself against the rocks; but I remember in diving contests in the good old days at Winchester the competitors for the cup for the neatest "purling" dive would, after a quick run off the board, strike the water so neatly that, making scarcely any splash, their heads emerged almost before their heels were covered. This little bird would certainly have won the silver cup, for he was up on his stick again, merry and wet, in a moment, smacking the tiny silvery fish which he invariably caught, until it was dead enough to eat, when he swallowed it whole, head first. Then he would shake himself, hunch up his shoulders, stitch up a regular frill of feathers round his neck, laugh at his success, and pretend to dry himself, as if he had had

enough, and did not know very well that he was going in again in a minute. So he went on making occasional and always successful dives, until, looking about him in one of his self-satisfied frolics, he espied the glint of my rod in the sun, and was gone like a flash of the sun itself, leaving me to continue my fishing for the mighty salmon, which was not as successful as his for the tiny fry."

The Austrian Association for the Protection of Game, the Ornithological Society, and the Austrian Fishery Association have resolved to hold in the Rotunda, from May to September, 1886, an International Exhibition of Hunting, Fisheries, and Birds. They will ask the Crown Prince to become patron of the undertaking.

Many who have fished Loch Earn will remember Willie Mackay the veteran boatman at St. Fillan's. He died on November 7th in his 79th year. He was a firm believer in the killing powers of live bait, and his contempt for the artificial was hearty. Like many of his class he possessed a pawkie humour and a considerable fund of anecdote.

In a review of Lady Brassey's new book "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties," the *Times* extracts several curious modes of fishing as for example, one of the methods of fishing off Venezuela, which seems to show more audacious ingenuity of invention than the employment of cormorants in the well-known Chinese fashion. "The primitive fishermen of the South American Republic have enlisted the voracity of the sucking fish in their service. The sucking fish is attached to a long line, duly buoyed. The emissary dashes down upon another fish, strikes and attaches itself; the buoy is seen to bob, when the line is hauled in, with the prey at the end of it. Even more extraordinary is the manner of capturing the jew-fish, a delicately flavoured monster of those seas, which ought to be familiar to readers of "Tom Cringle," as greatly in favour with Creole gourmands. The jew-fish, which is ferocious and carnivorous and runs to an immense size, is, in the habit of hibernating through the winter. The fisherman, through the medium of a "sponge glass," detects it at the bottom of the

translucent water, dives, drives a hook into his victim, and subsequently proceeds to draw it up, through sometimes the fish will turn on the enemy, snapping off a hand before it can be withdrawn."

A well-known sportsman in the *Field* recently relates two singular incidents which happened to him in one day on the Ewenny river. He saw a fish, (we presume a trout), resting under what seemed a stone, but which turned out to be an old biscuit tin. Wading in he put his landing net carefully over it and then lifted tin and fish together to the bank. The latter weighed nearly four pounds. Soon afterwards he lost his cast and two flies. Two hours later, while fishing the same water up again, his line was run out the reel and he found that the tail fly of his new cast had hooked the drop-fly of the cast he had lost. This was still attached to the fish which had broken it. Unluckily, as the fisherman attempted once more to play this fish, it again escaped, leaving, however, the old cast on the fly which he duly secured.

Land and Water provides us with several interesting paragraphs. "Large numbers of eel fry have been observed ascending the Rhine between Rheinfelden and the Falls of Schaffhausen. The young eels are caught up below the Falls, and deposited again into the stream at half a mile above it, in order to enable them to continue their upward journey into Lake Constance. Not any young eels of such a size as those which are now arriving daily near the falls of the Rhine have been known for many years past as having reached in such enormous numbers so far up the Rhine. The size of the young eels has astonished everybody: instead of the ordinary length of eel *montée* of from 2in. to 4in., these measure from 10in. to 14in. in length and about 1in. round the body. There is, however, a long distance from the outlets of the Rhine into the sea to the Falls of Schaffhausen; the eels have, therefore, plenty of time to grow during their journey from the sea to the Upper Rhine. In many places above the Falls of Schaffhausen the eels are caught up, wherever there are any impediments to their forward movements, and

deposited again into the stream above such obstructions."

"The interesting experiments in reference to the artificial hatching of herrings, which are being carried on under Professor Ewart for the Scotch Board of Fisheries, will, we trust, eventually result in success. The special object in view is to resuscitate the herring fisheries of the Moray Firth, the spawning beds of which it is said have been deserted for twelve or fourteen years past. A cutter has been placed at the disposal of Professor Ewart. The spawning herrings are obtained from the fishermen, and the ova and melt are placed on glass plates. These plates are put in hatching boxes, the ends being covered over with gauze work. The boxes are then let down in about 100 fathoms of water, and in about ten days the young herrings are hatched out. For six weeks the boxes are allowed to remain, and then the boxes are brought inshore to the spawning beds of the Firth and the fish are allowed to escape. The experiments are most interesting, and we look with much interest to the result."

"One of the most marked features in the fish fauna of the Australian seas is the almost entire absence of the cod tribe, Gadidæ, a family among which the cod fish itself, the ling, the haddock, the English whiting, the hake, etc., supply such immense quantities of valuable food, and afford so much employment to thousands of human beings in the Old and New World. This want is, however, amply supplied by members of other families, such as the Mugilidæ, Sciaenidæ, and Carangidæ, which visit the Australian shores in vast shoals. From among these fisheries might be formed which, if carried on under efficient management, experience, and skill, with a comparatively small expenditure, would in the future bid fair to rival the largest and most important in the world. Unfortunately there are at present no fish-curing or canning establishments in New South Wales, but were the industry to become introduced into the Colony it would prove one of a most remunerative character, as a good demand would become created in the country districts."

A "brigdee" is rather an uncanny creature to

produce from a creel, but it is so seldom seen that this must be our excuse for introducing it to our readers.

"Particulars of the appearance of a curious sea monster which has been seen at the island of Yell, one of the Shetland group, have just come to hand. In October last a foreman cooper named Henderson was standing, along with some others, on a pier at Burra Voe waiting for the arrival of the local steamer, when suddenly there appeared in the mouth of the voe two large dark-coloured objects some distance apart from each other. At first they were thought to be the sails of two small boats, but this surmise was dispelled as the object neared the shore, when sufficient was seen to show that it must be a fish of some sort. The creature gradually neared the shore, but momentarily made a swift dash forward when the immense fins which the two dark-coloured objects that had first been seen, proved to be, were depressed to one side just, as it was described, "like a boat under a heavy pressure of canvas." The monster appeared to be in pursuit of something, and in its course it came directly on for the pierhead, where the amazed spectators were standing, remaining in its vicinity for several minutes. The fore fin, which rose from the surface of the water to a height of between 3 and 4 feet, was shaped exactly like a boat's sail, and appeared to be of a dark slaty colour. It was about 30 feet distance from the after fin, which was of the same colour, but less in height by about one foot. Although it came so close to the pierhead that the spectators could easily have jumped on it, nothing of the body of the fish could be seen except a dark moving mass, which appeared to be of great length. Its shape, so far as could be seen, resembled somewhat that of a whale. It continued for some time to dart about in pursuit, apparently of fish, and made a long circular sweep, moving at such speed through the water, and causing such a violent disturbance, that the sea rushed over the tops of the fins, which were always depressed to one side when the animal was in motion. Shortly after the monster approached the pier Henderson started off for a rifle, but could only procure

an old double-barrelled gun, which he loaded with shot. The animal was still close to the pier when he returned, and he immediately discharged the contents of both barrels into the fore fin. The shot took effect, for it was seen that the fin was completely riddled. The animal no sooner received this shock than it sunk, and was never again seen. Its appearance was described to several old fisherman, all of whom concurred in the opinion that it was what is known amongst them as a "brigdee," believed by some to be a species of basking shark. What a "brigdee" is however, has never been accurately determined. It is generally described as being an animal with two immense fins stretching up like wings from a body of apparently vast dimensions, and is said to have on many occasions pursued and destroyed boats at sea."

Perhaps the following item may explain what a small "brigdee" most probably is. A fine specimen of the thresher or fox-shark (*Carcharias vulpus*) was thrown ashore in early November on the east side of the island of Papa Wistray, in Orkney. When cleared from the seaweed in which it was partially embedded the measurements (given by an intelligent observer) were as follows: Length of body, 5ft. 7in.; length of tail, 6ft. Girth round thickest part of body, 4ft. and at the commencement of the tail 1ft. 6in. The mouth small about 5in. across, with three rows of teeth, directed inwards. Gills resembling those of the common dog fish. The pectoral fins measured from tip to tip 4ft. 5in., each being 1ft. 8in. long and 10in. wide at the broadest part. The tail measured across its broadest part 1ft. 4in., and where the upper section branches off in its blade-like form it is 10in. broad by 2in. thick, gradually tapering to the extremity, where it is 1in. broad and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. The eyes were very close to the nose and about 3in. apart. The late severe storms with which we have been visited have, without doubt, caused the stranding of this distinguished stranger.

Speaking of sharks, the sea off the Norfolk coast has been very prolific in yielding various species of shark. In a paper lately read by Mr. T. Gunn, before the Norwich Angling Club, he

tells us that as many as eleven species of shark have been found off this part of the eastern coast, ranging in size from fifteen or sixteen feet in length to that of the smallest dog fish. Some three or four species of the latter are very common. Two of the larger sharks were not unfrequently met with, but the more ferocious monsters were of rather rare occurrence, and on this latter fact he congratulated those who loved a dip in the sea, as they would probably enjoy bathing for years before they had the luck to lose either an arm or leg or to be entirely bolted by some ferocious monster. Mr. Gunn then enumerated the various species of shark found on the coast, viz., the Porbeagle, the Basking, the Greenland, Hammer-headed, and Blue and Fox Sharks. The two latter species have been repeatedly met with, and, apparently, more frequently of recent years, being generally caught by being entangled in the mackerel and herring nets.

This year swallows remained very late owing to the mild weather. We saw them in North Lincolnshire on November 3, and one was seen (and alas! shot) at Swanage on November 13. In previous years we have noticed them much later in South Devon than elsewhere in the Kingdom.

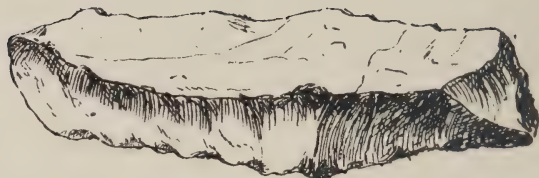
Mr. Andrews is continuing his piscicultural experiments at Guildford with much success. He finds that he gets his best yield of eggs from three-year-old fish.

He is a happy angler who possesses Mr. Stevenson's "The Twelve Moneths," (London, 1661). The Book is written in a quaint sententious style, directing the reader what flies to fish with, how to order bees, cattle, and even his own health, month by month. The woodcuts are very quaint. Under December he provides us with a suitable ending. "For your health keep your bodies warme, let your meat be good of quality, abstaine from physick, and let your Kitchin be your Apothecaries Shop, warme cloathing your Nurse, merry company your keeper, and good hospitallity your exercise, so God send you a Merry Christmasse!"

M. G. WATKINS.



Prehistoric Flint "Gorge".
Yorkshire. NS.



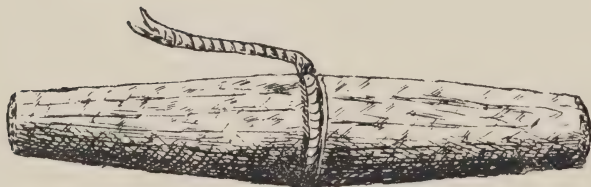
Prehistoric Flint "Gorge".
Eastbourne. NS.



Prehistoric Flint "Gorge".
Reculver. NS.



Prehistoric Flint "Gorge".
A cave, Jersey. NS.



Recent stone "Gorge" (squeezed neck).
Hudson's Bay Indians. NS.



Recent Bone "Gorge".
Alaska Indians. NS.



Ideal section of
Baited "Gorge".

FISH GORGES. (LOVETT COL.)

THE KNIGHTING OF IZAAK WALTON.

RAMBLERS by the banks of "fair Dove," and especially those who seek rest and refreshment after a journey to Dovedale, must have been rather surprised when, on asking the way to some friendly hostelry, they have received from one of the natives full and explicit directions for finding an inn described as "The Sir Izaak Walton." For, the father of all anglers is, thus, invariably knighted by the Dove Valley rustics. I have even heard well-to-do farmers speak of "Sir" Charles Cotton by the same style, and they express no little astonishment when told that Walton was a simple tradesman, and Cotton no knight but a needy 'squire! The mistake, so far as Walton is concerned, has however some share of antiquity on its side; to chronicle which is the object of the present "note". I was turning over *The General Evening Post* (dated from May 28th to May 31st, 1785) when the following advertisement arrested my attention:—

"*This Day was published,*

In One Volume, Octavo, Price 5/- in Boards, or 6/- bound,

Illustrated with Thirty-five Copper-plates, including a Head of Charles Cotton, Esq.; from a Painting, by Sir Peter Lely,

The FOURTH EDITION, with large ADDITIONS, of

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; or CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION, Being a Discourse on Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fishes, and Fishing. In Two Parts; the first written by Sir Isaac Walton, the second by Charles Cotton, Esq.; with the lives of the Authors, and Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory

By Sir JOHN HAWKINS, Knt.

Printed for J. F. and C. Rivington, No 62, St Paul's Church-yard. [1090,

This advertisement is given, *verb. et lit.* in order that another matter may be noticed. The fourth edition is dated 1784, but the above announcement implies that the actual publication did not take place until 1785, and well into the

middle of that year too. Again, "thirty-five copper-plates" is a far more liberal allowance than we are accustomed to, or than Messrs. Westwood and Satchell account for in the *Bib. Piscatoria*. The fourth edition it will be remembered, was the last which had the corrections of Sir John Hawkins. I believe the edition of 1791 was not issued until 1792, at which time the former title-page was cancelled and one bearing the later date substituted for it; the ground for this belief being my discovery of a copy with the 1791 title-page in the collection of Mr. E. Cooling of Derby. It is possible that the fourth edition may have been withheld for some months, although, in that case, the date was allowed to remain, and may be looked-on, therefore, as the date of printing rather than publication. This supposition is of course, based upon the headline of the above advertisement quoted from a newspaper bearing date May 31st, 1785.

ALFRED WALLIS.

[We believe the explanation to be, that owing to the slackness of the demand for these later editions by Sir. John Hawkins, the publishers had new title-pages printed for the first part of the fifth edition. Hence it follows that copies of the second part are dated 1791, although the first may bear 1792, on the title-page. The same thing occurs with the 1775 edition, a copy of which dated 1774, we have recently acquired. Ed.]

ZUR GESCHICHTE ANGELHAKENS.

BY R. CHRISTENSEN.



THE fact that prehistoric hooks are but seldom noticed in museums is not owing to their rare occurrence or rare discovery, but to their small size and to their appearance, which is not apt to strike the eye; possibly, also, because they closely resemble other implements and are therefore easily confounded with them. The number of undoubted fish-hooks, however, is large enough to show that angling is one of the most ancient occupations.

The oldest fishing implements, however, correspond very little to the newer idea which we connect with the word "fish-hook." As long as no metal was employed there was no material from which a real hook, answering to our ideas of the same, could have been made; there was moreover no type of such an implement. On the other hand, the idea was readily suggested that, if fish could be caught by means of a harpoon fastened to a line, without inflicting a mortal wound, the same object might be reached in a still more satisfactory manner if the fish could be caused to swallow a harpoon or arrow-head fastened to a line. Angling is therefore of more ancient origin than net fishing. The oldest hooks which have been found are shaped like an arrow-head, having one and sometimes two, three, or more smaller or larger well-pointed beards. The museum of the Antiquarian Society of Prussia, in Königsberg, possesses a number of such hooks. All of these hooks show very careful workmanship, and are of such slender form, so well adapted to the nature of the material (bone or horn) as to favor the supposition that this article has been in general use for some time, and has gradually undergone various improvements. These implements date from the Neolithic Age (second period of the Stone Age, and their enormous size will convey an idea of the size of fish caught in those times. A similar implement from the same period is preserved in the Royal Museum at Dresden, but its shape so closely resembles that of an arrow-head that it is impossible to distinguish it from this.

Hooks made of flint are very rare. Two which have been found in the Swedish province of Skane furnish ample proof that the Scandinavians were likewise acquainted with angling at a very early period. Frequently small flint splinters having a bent point are found, showing evidences of workmanship, which in some cases were evidently meant to be tied to a handle at their thick end, and which probably in this way have served as hooks. An implement made of horn and preserved in the Königsberg Museum, above referred to, also favors this explanation. It will not seem strange that implements of so

unassuming a character but rarely find their way into our museums. The fact, however, that angling has, till within a comparatively recent period, been the favorite mode of fishing, much more so than net-fishing, finds further proof in the circumstance that in the houses of the lake-dwellers at Schussenried numerous remnants of pike and of *Silurus glanis* have been found, but none of any other fish.

A second and entirely different form of hooks, shaped like a weaver's shuttle, was known in very ancient times; the central portion was connected with the line, and thereupon entirely enveloped in the bait, so the fish might swallow it whole. This method has still been preserved in some parts where eels are caught by means of a darning-needle fastened to the line and almost hid in the bait.

There has been a steady development from the arrow-head to the real bent hook, as is shown by an implement which is preserved in the museum of the Society for Pomeranian History and Antiquity, at Stettin. This rare piece was found imbedded 14 feet deep in marl near Reddies, district of Rummelsburg, in Pomerania. Its material is bone, and at its inner bend the marrow side of the bone is laid bare, showing that the bone was not sawed lengthwise but crosswise. This gave to the implement a much greater degree of durability, and produced the outlines of its form at the very beginning of the work.

Even the double hook was employed before metals came into use. Such a double hook was made from the antlers of a stag, and found in one of the habitations of the lake dwellers in Switzerland. At first sight it presents the appearance of grotesque clumsiness, but on closer observation it is seen that the hollows (especially the one on the right side) are a pretty facsimile of a modern hook. It will, therefore, not seem improbable that the eccentric position of the centre of gravity was not accidental but intentional. Only the right hook is pointed, its form being better adapted to its purpose, and having a tendency to turn upward; that is, it is better calculated for catching fish, while the left hook was probably intended for fastening the bait.

We have more hooks from the Bronze Age, which in Eastern Germany extended to the fourth and fifth centuries. Their material being more pliable, they assume lighter and more slender forms; they have as yet no beard; but artificial bait, though in its simplest form seems to have been employed at that early time. The Historical Museum at Lübeck possesses some hooks which are made of thin bronze leaves with very sharp points. They have probably served as small metal fish. I am in doubt, however, as to the use of the holes found in pairs in some of them. It seems all the more probable that these implements are artificial bait shaped like fish, as some of the South Sea Islanders were in the habit of employing artificial bait even before they knew the use of metal. In the collection above referred to there is an implement of this kind consisting of a long narrow piece of mother-of-pearl, to which a hook made of horn is tied firmly.

The oldest iron hooks known are those found in the rampart of Old Lübeck. As Old Lübeck was surprised and entirely destroyed by Røce, Prince of Rügen, in 1138, and as the new city was not built in the same place, the period from which these hooks date is well defined. The smaller of the two is evidently much older than the larger, and the properties of the metal have been so little utilized as to justify the supposition that this hook dates from the beginning of the Iron Age, while the larger is clearly of much more recent date. Here we find well-known forms reminding us of the hooks which we used in our boyhood's days. There is, of course, as yet, a great difference between these hooks and those found in the ramparts of Old Lübeck, for even the most inexperienced boy would hardly use such gigantic hooks, and even in those days so clumsy a beard would have been laughed at; but as to its general plan this hook does not differ much from the well-known hooks formerly used in Germany.

I will mention an old darre which was found near Alt-Bliesdorf, district of Ober-Barnim, and now in the collection of Mr. Walbaum in Sucow. It has the size and shape of a tablespoon without a handle, but is quite flat and made of cop-

per. At the broad end there is a hole for the line, while the pointed end is closed by a shuttle-shaped double copper cover (resembling a shell), from which protrudes a medium-sized iron hook of good shape. Spoon and hook are therefore firmly connected by this cover by means of three pegs. This implement very closely resembles the spoon-shaped darres which are still in common use.

The merit of having fashioned hooks from steel, according to rational principles, and answering manifold purposes, belongs undoubtedly to the English. Max von dem Borne has described these hooks in his well-known work "*Angelfischerei*" (Line fishing) in the most exhaustive manner. During the year 1880 many different forms of hooks have been brought to our notice through the Berlin Exposition. Some of these hooks have been developed in certain localities independent of other forms, while some are the artificial products of industry, and have been thrown into the market to await the verdict of the fishing public.

Among the hooks peculiar to certain localities I first mention the Japanese hooks. These have very small beards, and are made of thin wire, which is more pliable than elastic; this is all the more surprising, as the Japanese are unexcelled in the manufacture of steel. If, therefore, they give their hooks a certain degree of pliability, this is probably intentional, and may perhaps be explained by the circumstance that their entire fishing apparatus is exceedingly fine. In Berlin they exhibited rods measuring six meters in length, with a very thin point, and a line which throughout its entire length has only the thickness of a thin horsehair. At the first glance it will be seen that these hooks are entirely original, and considering the very high degree of development to which line-fishing has attained in Japan, it cannot be doubted that these various forms are carefully adapted to certain definite purposes. If we only knew these purposes we would undoubtedly learn much from the Japanese. Many of these forms have been adopted by English manufacturers.

The artificial fly also has gone through a course of development in Japan entirely peculiar

to that country. Those which were on exhibition in Berlin consisted of hooks of the smallest kind; the head is of brass, perfectly round, with a diameter half that of the width of the hook, the body is either red, black, or gold-colored, or has all three colors. From the head six or eight brown hairs run along the body, extending twice its length, and surrounding it on all sides; everything about it displays an elegance and accuracy of workmanship which need not fear comparison with the finest English flies.

In Switzerland, in the canton of Tessin, a peculiar form of hooks has been employed from time immemorial. They have no beard, and an exceedingly fine and long point, and are used for catching *Salmo thymallus*, trout, and "may-fish."

The Chinese produce clumsy imitations of English hooks, but their own hooks are peculiar, having exceptionally small beards, not on the back of the point, but on the side. This is of great importance, for the beard which is commonly used, and which is on the inner side or back of the point, has two disadvantages; in the first place, it is as unfavorably located as possible for the rapid entering of the hook, which therefore frequently does not catch; and in the second place, it is inclined to come out of itself, for when it enters, a hollow space is created between the beard and the lower bend of the hook, which is prevented from closing up by the portions of the hook which surround it on three sides. Whenever the person holding the line momentarily ceases to pull, the hook gets a chance to slip back, and the beard but too readily finds the necessary space to glide out of the wound without catching anywhere, especially when the parts where the hook has entered are lean and possess but little elasticity, as is the case with the pike. But if the beard is placed more or less on the side of the point, this offers the important advantage that the beard does not hinder the entering of the point; the hollow space referred to above will also be created, but it is not, as in the common hooks, between the beard and the bend of the hook, but on the side of the latter, and is consequently less in-

clined to close up immediately. The point of the bend, moreover, does not lie right over the centre of the hollow space, but close to its edge. Even if the hook should slip back, the beard will always keep close to the edge of the wound, and will, in most cases, fasten itself somewhere, thus preventing the hook from slipping out entirely. Placing the beard at the side of the point, therefore, offers two decided advantages, without having a single disadvantage; and it is really surprising that manufacturers have not given more attention to this matter.

Of new forms which have recently been brought into the market, the following deserve special mention:

1. Longshanks or hooks whose handle is twice as long as is commonly the case. This secures a steadier aim, the injurious angle is decreased, and makes a much longer extent of gut line possible. The place where the gut line touches the point of the shank is much less exposed to any motion, and the frequent breaking of the gut at this point is avoided. These hooks, however, are as a general rule only suited to such bait as will cover the entire shank.

It certainly speaks well for these hooks that they were almost simultaneously adopted both in England and America.

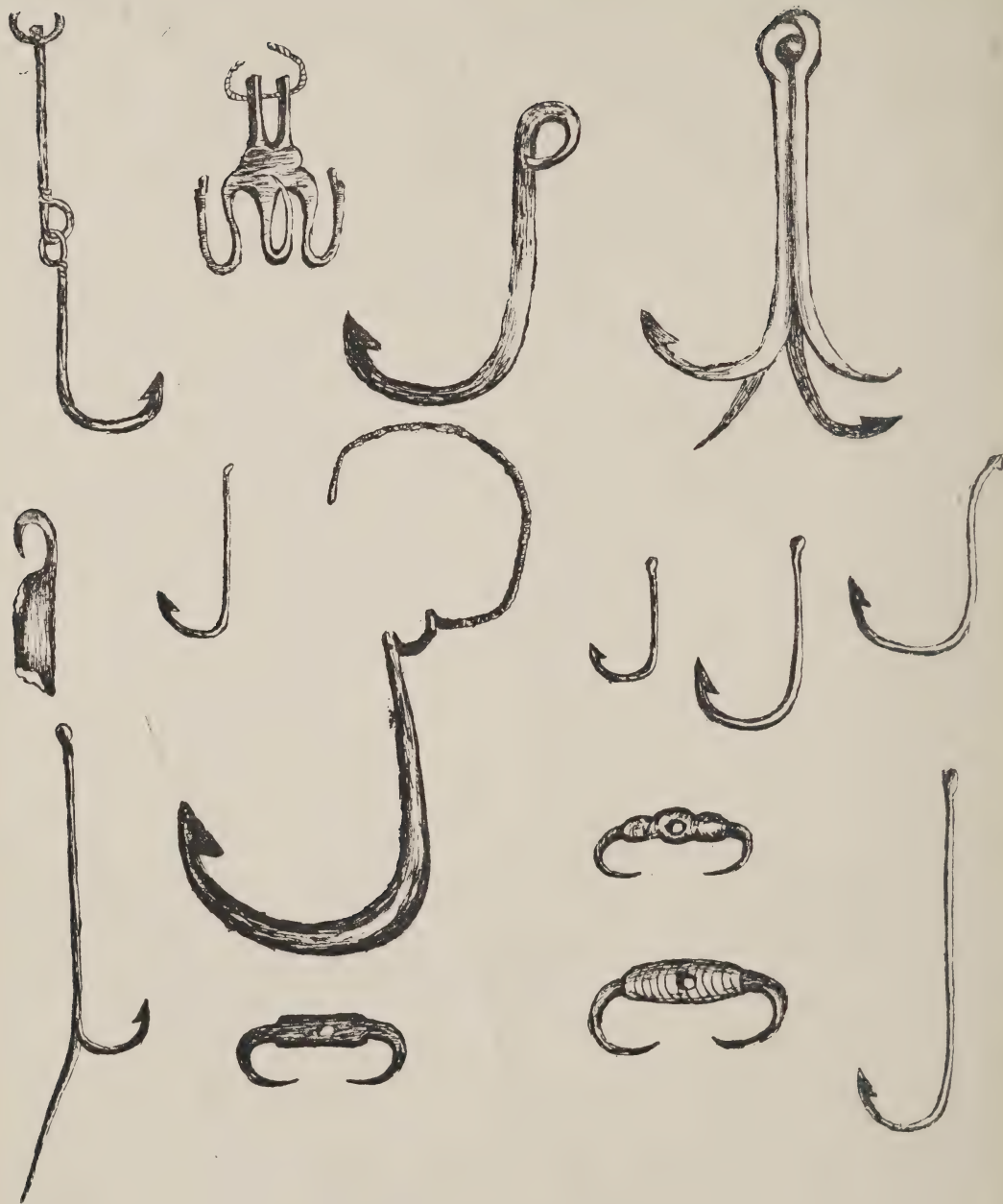
2. Warner's needle-eye hooks. The new catalogue of J. Warner & Sons, Redditch, shows whole series of differently constructed spring double hooks (eight in number). Other hooks of this kind have been known in Germany for some time; a hook of a particularly practical construction was exhibited at Berlin by the firm of Bradford & Anthony, of Boston, Mass.

The same firm has introduced a hook which substitutes an entirely new principle for the beard. As the tongue which takes the place of the beard acts like a spring, the mouth of the fish will, in biting, slip past the point of the tongue, almost without meeting with any resistance, and from that moment any loosening of the hook by accident becomes impossible. Unless something tears or breaks, the fish is hopelessly caught. The considerable angle of this hook will give no trouble, considering the ease with which the slender point enters; in



PREHISTORIC FLINT FISH HOOKS

Three restored to show mode of attaching. NS (LOVETT COLLECTION)



PRIMITIVE FISH HOOKS


(FROM THE LOVETT COLLECTION).

fact, it proves an advantage, because the catching capacity of the hook is thereby considerably increased. The principle underlying this hook is doubtless very ingenious, and unless unforeseen difficulties hinder its practical application, we probably stand at the threshold of a new epoch in the history of the fish-hook.

These interesting notes towards a history of fish-hooks appeared in the *Deutsche Fischerei-Zeitung*, (vol. iv, nos. 12 & 15), and we have here availed ourselves of the translation by Herman Jacobson, contained in a recent "Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission."

A MANCHESTER MAN :

FRANCIS MACERONI. II.

OLONEL MACERONI'S "Memoirs" break off abruptly, owing, the writer says, to his inability to purchase pens and paper to continue them, but more probably in consequence of the publisher's refusal to incur further expenditure. We return to them. The Colonel was an angler and fished with the same ardour and enthusiasm which he threw into every other pursuit of his life. Whatever he did, he did "with all his might." He fished with the fly for trout, but the rivers of Italy are not favourable to this sport, and bottom fishing in lakes and lagoons furnished his chief amusement. Once whilst eel fishing on the Lake of Nemi, his eyes or his imagination gave him a strange vision of the past. He tells us that he saw at the bottom of the lake the remains of

A FLOATING PALACE OF THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS.

"A very singular piece of antiquity exists in the Lake of Nemi, of it I have never seen mention made by travellers. On the North-East side of the lake, in about forty feet of water, lie the ruins of a large floating palace constructed by the Emperor Claudius or by Nero. The lakes of Albano and Nemi are the craters of extinct volcanoes. . . . The high, steep banks of these circular lakes, covered with most beautiful trees and villas, cause one side of the water below to be constantly sheltered from the wind.

Hence a floating habitation will give the choice of shade and shelter, or sunshine, as the season may require. The way in which I became acquainted with this sunken palace was quite accidental. Being one evening in my punt about to lay some eel lines, the fisherman whom I employed told me, that the best place in that vicinity was "about the old palace." I stared and looked about. What palace? said I. I see plenty of houses and cottages, and ruins, on the hills around, but they are not even quite at the water's edge. My man rejoined: "I mean about the wooden palace under water in which the Emperor Claudius used to live." Delighted and excited by this announcement more than I should have been by the capture of a thousand eels as big as the mast of a ship, I hastened to the spot, but the declining sun had sunk below the high crater wood-clothed margin of the lake, and looking down into the limpid waters, all seemed dark and blue, and nothing to be seen but the hills and trees, and my own anxious physiognomy reflected in the watery mirror. However, I laid my lines, the hooks being baited with thighs of frogs, and next morning I found fourteen eels, all about a pound a piece, and some of three pounds weight. Moreover, a brilliant sunshine enabled me to see the sunken palace, which appeared to be about one hundred feet square and fifteen to twenty feet high. How did I then regret not having the command of a diving-bell! What most curious and precious objects of antiquity might not be found in the interior of this construction? But this discovery I must leave to some future traveller, who may have the means of causing a diving-bell to be constructed at Rome, and knows how to us it, as for myself, I mentioned the discovery to General Miolis, the imperial locum tenens, or Governor of Rome, and also to the learned antiquary, Mr. Norvinse de Moubreton, but nothing was done. I still entertain the hope of achieving the investigation at some future period; but great political events so soon and rapidly succeeded, as to place the matter out of my power and thought." (Vol. ii., 19-20.)

Visiting the Bay of Baja, the neighbourhood of Lakes Avernus and Acheron, and the boiling subterranean stream Cocytus whence comes the steam for the "baths of Nero," through the bottom of which it runs twenty feet in breadth of boiling water, Maceroni noticed the artificial breeding of oysters in a lake at no great distance from the site of the ancient Lucrine Lake that supplied the Romans with the same delicacy. Lake Lucrine disappeared during a volcanic eruption in 1765 and a cone six hundred feet

high (Montenuovo) now occupies in part its former place. He thus describes

OYSTER BREEDING IN LAKE FUSARO.

"The promontory of Misenum, which forms one side of the Bay of Baja, has on the other side towards Procida and Ischia, a large lake communicating with the sea. The site of this lake, and all that extending to the hill on which stood the City of Misenum, was anciently called the "Elysian fields." The water of the lake now called *Fusaro* is clear but brackish, and is used as a nursery for very fine oysters, and an immense supply of bass and grey mullet. I mention this lake in consequence of the peculiar method by which the oysters are bred and gathered. In those parts where the water is only about six feet deep, stakes and strong reeds are driven upright into the sandy bottom. To these the oysters adhere so as entirely to cover them. I do not know how many years it requires for each stake or cane to be covered with full grown oysters; but when oysters are required, the men employed get into a punt, and pull up such stakes as furnish the quantity. Each of them contain at least a hundred full-sized oysters, besides a multitude of others of all sizes, which are left untouched and returned with their supporter, to its place in the water. The convenience of this method of breeding and gathering oysters must be obvious. I am only surprised that it has not been introduced into other countries." (Vol. i., 406-7.)

In another place he gives some account of

FISHING IN THE LAKE OF PATRIA.

"Should any of my readers have the good fortune to sojourn at Naples I particularly advise them if they are anglers to visit Patria, and take up their abode for a week or two in Pagliara. In the lake of Patria which is six miles round they will find plenty of "spinoli"; in England called bass, in natural history *Perca punctata*. These fish, to the taste, are very like trout, are very voracious, and take a bait like a large trout or pike. Many of them are of ten and fifteen pounds weight, but an average may be struck at five. The angler must be furnished with "spinning tackle"; the artificial baits sold at the tackle shops will catch them well, provided they be all white and silvery and about four inches long. The bass will also take a worm, but it is only accidentally that he will be caught in that way in which I never took more than two. Proceeding from the lake up the river of Patria, which I have already described, and near which the shooting Pagliari are located, the angler fond of float fishing will find a satiety of sport with large

tench and roach. In order to fish this water, which is about eight miles long and fifty yards wide, he must have a small punt of the country, there called a Londra. In fact, he must at first, have one of the people of the place to take him about the intricacies of the little canals and wilds of reeds, and forests of myrtles. The river has properly speaking no banks, there being twenty feet depth of water under the floating masses of reeds that form the apparent margin of the water. Here and there are solid masses on which a man or several may stand, and by a judicious application of the sickle, in removing the reeds before you, and making a clear space, the dense body of reeds around will form a comfortable shade during the greater portion of the day. It is well to fix upon and keep to a "post," as we used to call our fishing stands, a due regard being had to the depth of water, absence of weeds, etc. This spot being ground-baited with boiled grain, etc., every day, thousands of fish will congregate around it, and you will have no interruption to your sport. The best baits are "gentles" for the roach; for the tench I used either a large lob-worm, or a lump of paste properly worked up with cotton wool, of the size of a large cherry. Williams, Gill, and myself being each furnished with his canoe or "Londra," used to take our stations with the "Londra" beside us. I fished with three rods, one in hand for roach, which were usually caught three at a time as fast as you please. A long rod on each side of me for tench, of which we have each caught a hundred weight in a day. (Vol. i., 366-7.)

On an occasion of a visit to Rome Maceroni dilates on the "delicious eating," afforded by the cuttle fish, or "shuttle fish," as he thinks it ought to be called, "by reason of its internal and only bone exactly resembling a weaver's shuttle," speaks of the fish in the Roman markets, and describes the Roman method of

KEEPING FRESH CRAYFISH IN THE SHOPS.

"I must not forget to inform the lovers of delicate dishes, that they have at Rome a method, not to my knowledge practised elsewhere, of providing a supply of cray fish, in a state or condition which greatly enhances their edible excellency. There are shops at Rome, in which a multitude of shelves are placed from the ceiling to the floor; on these shelves are several thousand little earthen pots with water, in each of which is one solitary cray fish. I think it is in May the crayfish are placed in the pots and singly on account of their irritable pugnacious dispositions. Every day, they are fed upon bread or maize, and thus grow very fast.

The annual period soon arrives, at which they cast their shells, and such as are thus on'y covered with a thin skin, are selected for each day's sale. They are eaten either fried or boiled in salt and water, or in wine; or put into a pie of maccaroni, or rice, with eels, anchovies, oysters, or nightingales. But I think them best either fried or boiled, which does not disguise their very delicate flavour. Another inhabitant of the sea, of most delicious eating, is the cuttle or ink fish, in Italian, *Calamajo*, which in England are not regarded as fit for table. The large ones are stewed and cooked in various ways; but the little ones, not bigger than one's thumb, are really exquisite eating when well fried. I have often found the largest, that I have bought occasionally in London, to be most delicious either fried or gently stewed (being cut into pieces) with nothing but butter, pepper and salt. No animal food is more easy of digestion, or more powerfully nutritious. Another very good fish, abounding in the market at Rome, but which is despised in England, is the dog-fish, a small variety of the shark or squalus. It is of a dove colour, about three feet long, and eats very much like sturgeon, but more delicate and tender." (Vol. i., 51-2.)

T. S.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE
CITY OF LONDON. V.

*Sentence upon Adam Carlelle, late Alderman, for
reviling the Fishmongers non-freemen.*

6 Rich. II., A.D. 1382. Letter-Book H., fol. cliv.
(Latin and Norman French.)

*On Saturday, the morrow of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary [15 August], in the 6th year, etc., at a congregation of the Mayor, and Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, summoned and assembled in the Upper Chamber of the Guildhall of London, the Commoners of the said Common Council presented to the Mayor and Aldermen a certain petition, in these words—

† "To their most honourable sovereigns, the Mayor and Aldermen, pray the Commons, that whereas they have perceived, and in truth

known, that many enemies of the common weal from one day to another do compass how that they may undo the good and profitable ‡ Ordinances which have been made in the City as to the buying and selling of fish, and now of late by advice of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, publicly proclaimed, for the common profit of our Lord the King, and of all others, lords and commons, and of all repairing unto the same city; in great disobedience and contempt, as well of the commandments of the King, as of you, their sovereigns, and of the Common Council of the said City; among the which enemies there is one Adam Carlelle, who has often times heretofore opposed and contradicted the common profit of the city, as was well perceived in the § time when John Hadle was Mayor;—and whereas the said Adam ought by right, more than any other person, to cherish the honour and common profit of the City, and to the best of his power maintain the same, seeing that he himself has held ¶ high office; nevertheless, upon Friday the 8th day of August, in the 6th year of our Lord the King now reigning, the said Adam came to the ¶ Stokkes, where the strangers were selling the fish that they had brought there, according to the Ordinance thereon made; and there the said Adam, in a haughty and spiteful manner, cursed the said strangers, saying aloud, in the hearing of all, that he did not care who heard it or knew of it, but that it was a great mockery and badly ordained, that such ribalds as those should be selling their fish within the City; and for the greater disparagement of the said Ordinances, and also, in order to prevent, so far as in him lay, the resort of strangers to the City, and so contravene the common profit, he further said, that he would be much better pleased that a fishmonger, who was his neighbour in the City, should make 20 shillings by him, than such a ribald 20 pence. And also, Sires, he has said in your presence, that the said Ordinances are displeasing to him,

‡ Against the monopoly of the freemen Fishmongers. § 1379-80. ¶ *estat.* He had been an Alderman in the then yearly elections; and was a supporter of the freemen Fishmongers against the party of John de Norhampton, the Mayor.

¶ Stocks Market.

*In Latin. †In French.

and are not reasonable. Therefore it seemeth unto the Commons, that you, Sires, are thereby disgracefully insulted and so are all the Commons, who most do need the same provisions. But they hope that you, Sires, their sovereigns will not lightly allow this roguery and malignity so to pass, without due and prompt punishment for the same. Wherefore they pray, that it may please your Lordships to take into consideration for how long a time the said Adam has continued this malicious conduct, and without delay cause the said Adam to forswear all manner of offices and dignities in the City for all time to come, without reconcilment in any respect thereof; and to forbid that he shall from henceforth wear any vestment of a suit belonging to any office, such as that of Mayor, Alderman, or Sheriff, of the City, either old or new, or *cloke* particoloured, either furred with budge or lined with silk, on pain of losing his freedom; and to order that this judgement shall be publicly proclaimed throughout the City. And also, that he shall be imprisoned until he shall have made fine according to your wise discretion, as an example to other such compassers or plotters against, or gainsayers of, the common profit."

*Which petition being read and understood, because that the same Adam acknowledged that he had said all that was therein contained, and put himself on the favour of the Court as to the same; and because that such words were in express contempt of the commands of our Lord the King, and the Ordinance of the Common Council of the city aforesaid; it was pronounced, by assent of the said Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, that the said Adam should be removed and forejudged from all offices and dignities of the said city, without reconcilment in future as to any one of them. And that from thenceforth he should not wear any vestment of the suit of the Mayor, Aldermen, or Sheriffs, of the said city, old or new, namely, cloak particoloured, either furred with budge or lined with silk within the city aforesaid; on pain of losing his freedom of the same city, and of forfeiting all things which unto the city aforesaid in future he might lose or forfeit.† (Pp. 468-70).

*In Latin. †A pen has been run through the

Punishment of the Pillory for importing putrid fish respited, the offender being a servant of the King.

6 Rich. II., A.D. 1382. Letter-Book H., fol. cliv. (Latin.)

"Inquisition taken before John Norhamptone, Mayor, and the Aldermen of the City of London, on Saturday, the Eve of St. Bartholomew [24 August], in the 6th year, to enquire as to a certain lot of fish, namely, 7000 herrings and 800 mackerel, brought to the said city and exposed for sale, and to whom such fish belonged, and by what person or persons it was brought or sent to the same city; seeing that as well the herrings as the mackerel aforesaid seemed and appeared to be corrupt and unwholesome for man; and as to all the circumstances of the same *etc.*; upon the oath of John Lowe, Geoffrey Coleman, John Westerham, Reynald Coleman, and Robert Multone, cooks, John Filiol, fishmonger, and six other true and lawful men of the same city, having full knowledge of such kind of victuals. Who said upon their oath, that the whole of the fish aforesaid is putrid and corrupt, unwholesome as food for man, and an abomination. And they say, that one Reynald atte Chaumbre sent for the fish aforesaid, and maliciously had it brought in a certain vessel to the city; knowing that the whole thereof would be putrid and corrupt, and unwholesome for the common people, *etc.*"

Wherefore, the same Reynald was forthwith arrested bodily on the same day, and brought to the Guildhall, before the said Mayor and Aldermen, and questioned as to the matters aforesaid, how he would acquit himself thereof. Upon which, he could not deny the falsity and deceit aforesaid, but of his own accord acknowledged all that was imputed to him, and wholly submitted to, and threw himself upon, the favour of the Court as to the same. And therefore, by award of the Mayor and Aldermen, it was ad-

whole of this entry; and in fol. clxxvii we learn that in the 8th year of Rich. II., when Nicholas Brembre was Mayor, and his antagonist, John de Northampton, proscribed, Adam Carlelle, on his petition presented, caused the whole of this sentence to be declared null and void.

judged that the said Reynald should have the punishment of the pillory for six market-days, there to remain for one hour each day; and that the same herrings and mackerel should be burnt beneath him, by reason of his falsity and deceit aforesaid, as is the custom of the City in like cases.


But forasmuch as the said Reynald alleged that he was then holding a certain office under our Lord the King, therefore execution of the judgment passed upon him, so far as putting him on the pillory, was respited, until conference should have been held thereon with the Council of our said Lord the King. And the said Reynald was to be committed in the meantime to the prison of our Lord the King at Newgate. And the whole of the fish aforesaid was burnt forthwith. (Pp. 471-2).

Proclamation for the free sale of fish within the City.
7 Rich. II., A D. 1383. Letter-Book H., fol. clxxii.
(Old English.)

"For as moche as rumour and spekyngge is amonges some men of the Citee, that *vitaillers foreins, bringyngge fissh to the Citee of Londone to selle, shulde be restrained and fylet of hire comyngge to the Citee wyth hire forsaide fissh, to selle it †freliche; which thyng was neuer the the Maires wille, ne the Aldermens, ne hire entente, as semeth openliche in dede, but that all swiche vitaillers foreins that bryngeth fissh or other vitailles to the same citee to selle, §mowe come and selle hire forseid fische and vitailles to the comunes of the same citee, to lordes, and to alle other thedir repeyryng, freliche with oute destourbaunce or lettyng of eny man in priue|| or apiert. Wherefore, the Mair and Aldermen comandeth on the Kyngges half, and on hire owene half also, that noman, of what condicioun or degree that he be, prive ne straunge, with ynne the franchise of the cite ne with oute, ne destourbe, lette, ne ¶greue in dede or in word, ne in non other manere, no maner straunge vitailer bryngyngge fissh or eny other vitaille by land or by water to the citee to selle, wherby

eny swych vitailer straunger be destourbed that he ne mowe nought selle his fissh or other vitaille freliche to whom he mowe, up on payne of enprisonement at the Maires wille, and forfaiture of al that he may forfaite a yens the Kyng. And also, that no denzeins, ne non other, ne *bigge no manere fissh, ne other vitailles, for to selle a yen, †forto ten of the klokke be ‡smyte, up on payne forsaide. And yef eny man §fynt hym y greued in eny poynt forsaide, come and pleyne hym to the Mair and Aldermen, and he shal haue right and resoun. (Pp. 481-2).

GOSDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS to WALTON

"MPERIAL CESAR dead and turned to clay"—the sentiment, tho' Shakespearian, is methinks, somewhat musty. Yet, when I read Mr. Satchell's note upon Thomas Gosden and his Illustrations to various "Walton books," I was much minded thereof, in musing upon the mutations of fortune that attend upon engraved copper-plates, and wood-cuts also, not to be too particular. Everybody has heard of the wood-cut portrait of a great philanthropist which having served its turn was tossed aside amidst the waifs and strays of a newspaper office, until such time as urgent need arose for the counterfeited presentment of an atrocious criminal. Then the old block was routed out of its obscurity and with a few skilful touches entered upon its new duty to general admiration—"to such base uses may we come!" Not long ago, I detected the frontispiece to Charles Cotton's paraphrase of the *Horace* of P. Corneille doing duty in a similar situation for some *History of the Viziers*, translated by the younger Evelyn; the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii, being, of course, an excellent illustration of Turkish warfare. Coming to more modern times, I have a vivid remembrance of the old woodcuts, which having first served to point a moral and adorn a tale in Peter Parley's books, were handed over to Mrs. Sherwood, who skilfully "wrote up to

*buy. †until. ‡struck. §find himself aggrieved.

*Foreign victuallers; i.e. non-freemen. †Hindered in their coming. ‡freely. §may. ||privily or openly. ¶aggrieve.

them." In this case the latter state of these cuts was infinitely better than the first. But what has this to do with Thomas Gosden? Well, just this, I found one of his "illustrations" quite recently in very select society, as much in its proper place as a perch in a bird-cage, or a flounder on the ice. It was upon a paper bag full of "goodies," bought for some of my young acquaintances, that I recognised an old friend—"Daping for Trout," if my memory rightly serves—and you may be sure that questions were speedily put to the confectioner. Not being a rival in trade, I was told that the bags were made by a firm of Bristol manufacturers, Messrs. Robinsons & Co., and to them I accordingly applied by letter for information, which was accorded both courteously and promptly. Sheets of their pictures were forwarded and found to include four of the "Gosden illustrations"—those numbered 9 to 12 on Mr. Satchell's list. Some of the coppers, I was told, had the imprint of "Baldwin and Craddock, Paternoster Row, 1833. For the New Sporting Magazine;" whilst others were "Published by John Wicksteed, Lincolns Inn Fields," and bear no date. These imprints were cut out when the plates came into the hands of Messrs. Robinsons & Co. who substituted the name of their own firm. The woodcut of the angler leaning over Izaak Walton's tomb was some years ago in the service of Mr. Coleman (the vendor of out-of-date title-deeds and genealogical odds-and-ends) who printed it upon his catalogues.

Is there any proof extant (beyond the plates) that Gosden had anything to do with the edition of *The Complete Angler* published by James Smith in 1822? In this connection it is worthy of remark that the same engravings, published a year later (1823) in Dr. Zouch's *Life of Walton*, all bear Gosden's imprint; (and, in the large-paper copies, the word 'Proof') whereas in the earlier publication they have no indications of this kind. It is possible that Gosden having purchased the coppers after they had served their turn for Mr. Smith, may have put his own name and other particulars upon them, struck off a certain number of "proofs" for his large-paper edition, and utilised them, generally, in the way

which is familiar to collectors. He was not the sort of man to hide his light under a bushel, and *The Complete Angler* of 1822 does not bear even his initials, which are appended to the "advertisement" that ushers-in the *Life of Walton* in 1823.

ALFRED WALLIS.

Dur Creel.



CHRISTMAS has come and gone, and the only Pantomime to which we went shocked us as anglers. It represented "Red Riding Hood," and was full of fun for children of all ages. But Izaak Walton was introduced as—*horresco referens!*—an aged sea fisher, who in the intervals of using his nets danced double-shuffles, and, worse still, his more aged wife joined him, dancing if anything more vigorously and taking higher leaps. *Quel giorno non piu, &c.* It was a relief soon after this to come upon a kindly thought for the aged. The Rules of the Stockbridge and Eastburn Angling Club contain a provision: "The Committee have discretionary power to grant free tickets to aged persons, being anglers, and to grant tickets at reduced rates to whom they may think fit." This Angling Club is a true brotherhood to bethink itself of the poor and the aged in the midst of its own happiness. Let us hasten cordially to wish it good sport in the approaching season and to trust that all poachers, in the generous spirit of Robin Hood, will respect so considerate and kind-hearted a club's angling waters.

The moral, or perhaps one moral, of fly-fishing is thus neatly given by Drayton (*Quest of Cynthia*).

"Sometimes we'll angle at the brook

The freckled trout to take,

With silken worms, and bait the hook

Which him our prey shall make.

Of meddling with such subtle tools,

Such dangers that enclose,

The moral is that painted fools

Are caught with silken shews."

This may be matched with a verse from Walton's own song. (*Compleat Angler I.V.*)

"And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Can captivate a greedy mind ;
And when none bite I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise."

In Anderson's Poets (vol. 13, p. 207) may be found an epigram translated from lines ascribed to Sappho.

Meniscus mourning for his hapless son
The toil-experienced fisher Pelagon,
Has placed upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

"A Manchester Pythagorean" sends another version—

On Pelagon the fisher's grave his sire
Meniscus lays
A net and oar the symbols of his sad and
toilsome days.

The woodcock breeds in more parts of the kingdom than is often suspected. One was recently shot which weighed 17 oz. On this the Editor of *Land and Water* writes :

"Seventeen ounces is a very heavy weight for a woodcock ; 12oz. or 13oz. is about the average weight of woodcock in this country. The woodcocks killed in America are much smaller than our birds and scale about 8oz. or 9oz. each only. As a matter of fact, however, English woodcocks vary very much in size, and Mr. Daniel, one of the most critical of observers, draws attention to the fact in these words:—"That there are different sizes of woodcocks, it is presumed will be assented to by all sportsmen, those found in the first of the season are of the largest size, fly heavily, and their heads appear to be muffled, the most numerous tribe which arrive in November and December are rather smaller, their heads less, feathers smoother, and bills shorter. Woodcocks that come about Candlemas are also small, and differ in their manner of flying."

A year ago we had an opportunity of seeing specimens of the only fresh-water jelly fish at present known to science. They had grown apparently from no germs, certainly from no known germs, and were most translucent ; being, tentacles and all, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in depth. These had come from the Regent's Park lily tank. Professor Ray Lankester wrote on December 4, 1884, to the *Times* concerning it as follows :

"Every year since its discovery the fresh water medusa, now known as *Linnocodium sowerbii*, has appeared for a few weeks in hundreds in the tank of the lily-house of the Royal Botan-

ical Society, Regent's Park. Every year I have given a good deal of study to it. Until to-day I had no knowledge of the phase through which it passed during the winter months nor of its eggs. Strange to say, of more than 700 specimens of the medusa examined by me at different times all have been males. How, then, does this jelly-fish multiply itself? The mystery is on its way to a solution. I determined this year to make a careful examination of the lily tank when the water was drawn off, and by the kindness of Mr. Sowerby was enabled to do so on November 27, in company with my assistant, Mr. A. G. Bourne. We brought away some of the mud for examination, and some of the rootlets of the floating blue-flowered pontederia, which was introduced into the tank two years before the jelly-fish were first seen, and has always been suspected of having something to do with their appearance. Mr. Bourne has been making a careful examination with the microscope of the mud and of the rootlets of the pontederia, and has to-day found attached to the rootlets in great numbers a minute hydroid phase of the life cycle of *Linnocodium*. The polyps are not more than 1-20th of an inch long, and are at present (during these winter months) probably in a comparatively incomplete condition of growth. We have however, in them the explanation of the first introduction of the medusæ into the tank and of their survival from year to year, as well as the key to the hitherto paradoxical absence of females."

Some interesting figures on fishing have recently been given by the *Field*. There are twenty members in the famous Houghton Club, and one of these fishing for 136 days during six seasons, from 1879 to 1884, killed on its waters 313 grayling. These weighed 407 lbs. 15 oz. (an average of nearly 1 lb. 5 oz. each), at the same time he returned during those seasons 624 to the water owing to their being under the prescribed limit of 12 inches in length. Fishing begins in this club, it seems, on May 15, which is surely too early, if grayling are allowed to be caught. We do not care to fish for these fish until October. A list of flies is given with which these fish were respectively killed. The most fatal lures were blue duns, red spinners or red quills, Wickham's fancy, black gnat, red tag, olive dun, and small silver sedge. The numbers killed by each of these seven, were—40, 35, 32, 29, 26, 25, 21. The largest authentic take of salmon in a single day appears to be, Mr. Griffin

1873; 21 fish weighing 350 lbs., in Sprouston Dub. In October 1884, two anglers in the same water, only using, however, one rod, killed 16 salmon, averaging over 20 lbs. each. The exact weights were, 29, 27, 25, 24, 2 of 22, 3 of 20, 2 18, 2 of 17, 16, 15, and a grilse 8 lbs.=318 lbs.

Fly-fishers on a clear stream must often long for Jack-the-Giant-Killer's coat which rendered him invisible. Here is a more attainable receipt for invisibility, if the Royal Humane Society does not interfere; "Si on avait le courage de "tuer un chat et de manger sa cervelle, toute "chaude, on deviendrait invisible." (Sébillot, Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute Bretagne II, p. 42.)

At a recent meeting of the Council of the National Fish Culture Association, held at its offices, Exhibition-grounds, South Kensington, it was unanimously resolved to take the Manor-house Fishery, Delaford-park, Iver, Bucks, for the purpose of forming a national fish culture establishment. The property consists of a residence, seven acres of land, and a range of fishing about one mile in extent. Immediate possession has been acquired, so that operations in connexion with constructing ponds, &c., for the culture of the various species of salmonidæ, coarse fishes, &c., will be put in force at once. Professor Spencer Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries in America, who evinces great interest in pisciculture in this country, has, we are informed, most kindly promised to present 50,000 eggs of land-locked salmon and brook trout to the National Fish Culture Association, which he will forward early next year.

Every fisherman is interested in the proceedings of our great piscicultural establishments; *Land and Water* says:

"Fish hatching at Howietoun, near Stirling, is carried on upon a much more extended scale than any similar establishment in the United Kingdom, and it is gratifying to hear that eminent success has attended the exertions of those interested in the undertaking. The secretary of the fishery states that no less than 90,000 yearling trout were forwarded from Howietoun last season, and were distributed at a number of places in England, Ireland, and Scotland. In addition to this consignments of salmon ova were

dispatched to New Zealand, and we are glad to learn that the shipments of eggs were attended with success. Apart from the advantages accruing to those wishing to resuscitate failing fisheries from the existence of an establishment carried on upon the extensive scale, and worked in the practical manner at Howietoun, an extended and important scope for observation regarding the habits of trout and salmon has been opened up. That these opportunities of observation have been generously encouraged by the proprietor of the Howietoun fishery can be readily ascertained by reference to our back numbers, wherein will be found many highly interesting and important observations made by Dr. Day in reference to hybrids among the *salmonidæ*, and other questions of special interest to naturalists. The opportunities afforded at Howietoun for carrying on scientific investigations into the mysteries of fish life are of an exceptionally favourable nature, and as we have said, they have been made available for the carrying out of scientific experiments. Mr. Guy, secretary of the Howietoun Fishery, in his circular recently issued, gives many interesting notes in reference to the operations carried on at Howietoun, and to the best means of stocking waters with trout. In the course of his remarks he says:—"Trout require careful preparation before they can be transported with safety, the time necessary varying from three or four days in the case of yearlings to as many weeks for large trout. The hatchery has proved most successful, and upwards of 10,000,000 of trout ova are now annually incubated at the fishery. All eggs are eyed on glass grilles, experience having shown the strongest embryos and healthiest fry are obtained by this method. The introduction of partially-eyed ova into the market has proved of immense importance in economically stocking large tracts of water. So soon as the embryo is sufficiently formed, the ova should be laid down in gravel beds, contiguous to some small stream falling into the rivers or lochs to be stocked. As all unimpregnated eggs are removed before despatch, no loss can occur from byssus, and all the expense and trouble of artificial hatching is avoided. When streams, either from the quantity of sediment in the water, or from their liability to flood, are unsuited for partially-eyed ova, they may yet be successfully stocked with fry; but as in most natural waters the mortality at this age is very great, large numbers are required. Yearlings are, *par excellence*, the size for general purposes. They are strong enough to find their own food, thus avoiding the principal cause of mortality among fry, namely, starvation; they are easily carried, and stand the journey well; they accommodate themselves with the greatest facility to new water, and they

thrive so fast in ponds that they will be found a very profitable investment. Two-years-olds are recommended where coarse fish or large trout already exist in the water, or where expense is no object and sport in the shortest possible time is required. The difficulty of conveying trout increases with the number of hours occupied on the journey."

The population of the fishing village Cros-di-Cagnes, situated between Nice and Cannes, was greatly excited in December by the appearance and partial capture of immense masses of sardines in the Gulf of Cross. Such enormous shoals of sardines invaded the gulf that one boat alone captured in one haul about 50,000 kilogrammes of sardines. Unfortunately the enormity of the catches and the great success of the moment in such way influenced the market for those sorts of delicacies as to lower the price to a considerable extent, so much so indeed as to induce the fishermen of Cros-di-Cagnes to suspend fishing for some hours to prevent the price falling still lower.

Mr. Ffennell sends an important letter to the *Times* on the weight of the largest salmon taken in the United Kingdom last year. A few of his facts (for all have been well authenticated), may here be reproduced. The largest fish taken in the Shannon was caught by net and weighed 57 lbs. It was sold for £7 3s. 4d. and was in splendid condition. From the Ballyshannon district the largest salmon taken with rod and line was 29½ lbs. On the Tweed 39 lbs. seems the biggest fish caught by a rod. The largest taken by net in the Tay district was 60 lbs. in weight. Mr. Millais's 44 lbs. fish, named in the last number of the "Creel," was killed in a minute under the hour, and was in splendid order. A fish of 51½ lbs. was the heaviest killed by the nets in the Tyne district. The Eden has fished very well, a 42 lbs. fish was caught by one angler. Mr. Ffennell concludes—"I think there is no doubt that the heaviest salmon taken during 1884 was the 60 lbs. fish from the Tay. "The largest salmon I have seen was the splendid fish weighing 70 lbs. taken in the Tay in the nets below Newburgh in June 1870. A cast of this 'beautiful monster' can be seen in the Buckland Museum at South Kensington. The

"late Mr. Frank Buckland, who cast the fish himself, named it the 'King of Scots.'"

Anglers are proverbially credulous and not averse to over-estimate their exploits, but one who signs himself "Frank Veteran" in the *Fishing Gazette*, January 10, 1885, if he has not served in the Marines, is such a veteran that he is probably a survivor of Flodden, able yet to draw the long bow. He gives some twenty paragraphs of the marvels he has seen. One or two will shew that even at Christmas it would be hazardous for ordinary men to tell of such sights.

"I was in attendance on one of my masters trout-fishing, and saw a trout come out of the water on to some sand after the bait—worm—and take it."

"I have seen half an acre of water one mass of barbel so close together that I think I could not have dropped a pebble in without touching them."

"December reminds me that four years ago I turned up a stone in the Trent and saw two beautiful yellow frogs under it. Ice in the Trent in abundance at the time."

A striking letter appeared in the *Times* of December 29, from Mr. J. B. Lawes of Rothamsted, on the disposition of London sewage. The writer advocates discharging it into the sea, of course largely diluted, in order to form food for fish. He says "Professor Huxley estimates that once in a year an acre of good land will produce one ton of corn or two or three hundredweight of meat or cheese, while an acre of sea-bottom in the best fishing grounds yields a greater weight of fish every week in the year. The chemical composition of fish does not differ much in some of their most important ingredients from that of stock fed on our farms. In 1,000 lbs. of sprats Professor Wray found 20 parts of nitrogen, 8½ of phosphoric acid, and 4½ of potash." He adds, that at Rothamsted by a very liberal application of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, he has grown about a ton of wheat on one field for 40 years in succession. With regard to fish "they have one great advantage over animals from their not using up a large amount of food in merely keeping up the temperature of the body; but to increase in weight they require a supply of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, which substances must be obtained either from the water or from the bed of the river or lake. If the source of the river is uncultivated, or con-

sists of rocky or peaty ground, and the bed of the river or lake is likewise rock it will be useless to look for an abundance of fish. In the report of the Rivers Pollution Commission we are furnished with analyses of almost every river and lake in Great Britain. The rivers which have their source in the Highlands of Scotland frequently contain no nitric acid; there is nothing to support an aquatic vegetation, or the animalculæ which live upon it, and consequently there is but little food for the fish. It is true that a considerable number of salmon are found in some of these rivers at certain periods of the year, but it is well known that they take little or no food, as they go up for the purpose of spawning, and lose considerably in weight during the process; this therefore is quite a different case. As a matter of fact many of the most beautiful lakes and rivers in Scotland are very bare of fish. In a district with which I am well acquainted in the Highlands there are a number of small streams containing trout which rarely exceed one or two ounces in weight. In two of these streams, however, much larger fish are taken. One receives the drainage from a kennel of dogs, and the other the drainage from a highly manured potato field. Close to where I reside in Hertfordshire, the Ver, or Colne, has its origin in the chalk. The bed of the river is just now quite dry owing to the low rainfall, but trout will grow to four or five pounds in weight, although, as a rule, there is hardly water enough to cover their backs. The water in this stream springs from the chalk; it contains an abundance of nitric acid, and is celebrated for the water-cresses which are grown for the market in large quantities. These are manured with superphosphate of lime, and if ever the cultivation of fish becomes a trade in England this phosphate will play an important part in increasing their production. Sewage must, therefore, largely increase the production of fish, provided that it is sufficiently diluted and does not interfere with their health. In rivers and lakes, a knowledge both of the ingredients contained in the water, as also of those in the soil which forms the bed of the water, will give tolerably correct information regarding its capability to produce fish.

In the valuable map constructed by Vice-Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., we are informed that 471,000 tons of fish are caught on the east coast of Scotland and England; 117,534 tons on the south coast of England; but only 37,405 tons on the west coasts of England, Scotland, and all Ireland.

About one-half of the whole of the fish captured consists of herrings; and, as in their chemical composition, they much resemble sprats, I

will take the analyses of sprats for my basis. I find that of the three substances nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash—the removal of which in crops or stock impoverishes our soils—about 21,000 tons, are removed in the fish every year. The amount of these three substances carried down into the sea in the London sewage every year collectively largely exceeds the amount removed by the fish.

As a matter of fact a rocky bottom could not support the life which a rich soil can feed, and it is probable that some parts of the North Sea may possess an exceptionally fertile soil. It is evident, however, that the *débris* and sewage from the various rivers which run into the sea on the east of Scotland and England furnish a much larger amount of fertilizing ingredients than are removed in the fish, and that so long as the present discharge is continued, the increase which takes place in the yield of fish each year is likely to be maintained.

The truth is that, while the value of sewage upon land has been exaggerated, its value in the sea has been ignored. Upon land the soluble portion, which contains the greater part of the nitrogen—as ammonia or nitric acid—is far the most valuable, but it is equally valuable as a food for marine vegetation; and the sedimentary portion has a much higher value in the water than it has on the land, from its being the food of innumerable forms of animal life which exist there.

There has been a very prevalent opinion that the sewage of London has been wasted. The evidence which I have brought forward will, I venture to hope, not only do away with this impression, but will also establish the fact that it has a decided influence on the production of fish. The absolute amount of this influence, however, is a question on which everyone can form his own opinion. We have as a fact that the sewage of the Thames restores to the sea much more than the whole of some, and the greater portion of other important manure ingredients which are annually taken out of it by our fishermen. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh in his address at the South Kensington Fisheries Exhibition, estimated the annual value of our fish at between seven and eight millions. In the event of a large expenditure being incurred in removing the sewage nearer to, or into the sea, the ratepayers of the metropolis might possibly expect that some portion of the cost would be paid from the national purse, on the plea of their contributing so largely to the food of the fish."

Mr. T. S. Wilson, British Vice Consul at Lofoten, Norway, answers this in an equally interesting letter. He cannot agree with

Sir J. Lawes's view of its being advantageous to fish to pour sewage into the sea.

"The fisheries of England, enormous as the quantities taken appear, are insignificant compared with the annual visitations to the shores of Norway; and no sewage matter, nor extensive growth of seaweed or other marine vegetation, is to be found on these inhospitable coasts to attract them. Professor Huxley, in the same lecture to which Sir John Lawes refers (June 18, 1883), states that "the coming in of the codfish to the Lofoten Islands in the early months of the year is one of the most wonderful sights in the world;" that the cod form what is called a "cod mountain," which may occupy a vertical height of 120 to 130 feet of the sea; and that these shoals of enormous extent keep coming in in great numbers from the westward and southward for a period of something like two months. No one who has not visited the Lofoten Islands in February or March can imagine what it is to see about 7,000 boats leave the fishing stations for the fishing ground which varies from half a mile to three miles from the shore, and on a favourable day return with a million and a half and over two millions of codfish. I have seen it repeatedly; but on the coast of Finmarken the fish are often much more numerous than in the Lofotens; a single rowboat, with seven men, not unfrequently brings in 3,000 codfish in one day.

The shoals of herrings, too, are wonderful, and they form the principal food of the cod. I have known the catch in one fjord, the Eidsfjord, to amount to 300,000 barrels, or more than 150,000,000 herrings.

These figures confirm Professor Huxley's estimate of the numbers of codfish to be found every season in one square mile of the West Fjord—viz., 120,000,000, with the 840,000,000 herrings needed every week for their support. Yet the whole of the Norwegian fisheries do not produce more than 70,000,000 codfish, and not more than 400,000,000 herrings yearly, an infinitesimal fraction of the available production of the Northern seas.

Little, if any, of this vast quantity of fish can be used fresh. When frozen there seems no market for it. The bulk is salted, and shipped to various parts of the world. A considerable portion of it is used for manure, and this brings me to the point which is of vital importance to all agriculturists—the use of fish as manure.

That fish is one of the most lasting and efficient fertilizers of soil is beyond dispute; but to be universally available it must be dried and reduced to a fine powder. Sir John Lawes says rightly that its manurial constituents, nitrogen, phosphates, and potash, form the best natural

food for the soil, and that if liberally applied it will restore fertility to the most exhausted lands. Every leading authority confirms this view.

My experience satisfies me that there is enough fish in the sea to provide food for mankind, and to supply England with a manure the application of which will enormously increase its fertility.

In the Eastern seas fish literally swarm. There and in the United States factories and depôts have been established to catch fish solely for the oil and guano which they contain, which are regularly shipped to this country.

In my consular district there are several manufactories for drying fish and reducing it to powder. The chief of those, known in Norway as the English Company, has used upwards of 30,000 barrels of herrings and more than 10,000 tons of various kinds of fish for manure last year, which would otherwise have been wasted. The whole of this valuable product is sent to England, and it is said that its results fully bear out the 40 years' experience of Sir John Lawes. It is a mistake to suppose that it is wicked waste to take fish for manure. If judiciously applied to land *per se*, it does permanent good to the soil, and produces crops as valuable as the fish itself would be if utilized for food."

A verse or two may well be drawn out of the Creel to enliven these figures by way of conclusion. Milton shall show how a poet brings into the concrete form on which imagination may work such abstract ideas as the enormous number of Satan's hosts. First he makes them resemble bees in spring time. Next he turns to his favourite classical imagery only to be borne round irresistibly to our own loved English scenery. It is far too sweet a picture not to present it in its entirety to the angler who knows such fearful joys more than most men as he too returns belated from his streams. Oh for Dicky Doyle's pencil to illustrate it for our readers!

"They in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees; while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth
and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

(Par. Lost. I. 779).

M. G. WATKINS.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. IV.

- Gesetze über...des Wilddiebstahls.† 1840
 Gesner. *Aquatilium animantium nomina*, [1530]
 ——— †*Historiæ animalium*, 1551-87
 Giannettasius. *Piscatoria*, 1685, 1686, 1692
 ——— *Halieutica*, 1686, 1689, 1696
 Gilbert. *The angler's delight*, 1676
 ——— *The young angler's companion*, 1682, n.d., 1776.
 Gilmore. †*Prairie and forest*, 1874 See *Ubique*
 Glenfin. *The fishing rod*, n.d., 1860, 1865
 Glover. *Guide.....through Isle of Man*, 1868, 1870, (1871)
 Glovez. †*Haus und- Landbibliothek*, 1719
 Goldkörner, oder ... Kunst für ... Fischerei, und Taben- Liebhaber, 1843
 Gobin. *Note sur...le Haut-Rhone*, 1869
 Goode. *Game fishes of United States*, 1880
 Gould. *British angler's instructor*, 1862. T.
 Goulding. †*Boy life in the water*, n.d.
 Gowrie [*i.e.* W. A. Smith] *Off the chain*, 1868
 Graff. *Bodines*, 1879
 Grandi. *Alfabetto di secreti medicinali*, 1667
 Gray. †*China*, 1878
 Grazier. **The complete grazier*, 1677, 1775, 1776
 Greendrake. G. [*i.e.* J. Coad]. *Angling excursions*, Parts I-III, 1824-6, 1832
 Greydrake. *Consise practical treatise on fly-fishing for trout*, n.d.
 Griffiths. *An essay [on] jurisdiction of Thames*, 1746
 Grivel. *Etude sur le pêche*, 1879
 Gryndall. *Hawking, hunting, fowling and fishing*, 1596
 Gudme. **Anweisung zur.....Teich-fischerei*, 1827; *Danish*, 1828
 Guichard. *Manuel de la police...de la pêche*, 1829
 Guide. *Parfait guide-manuel du pêcheur*, 1870
 ——— *Petit guide...pour la pêche*, 1875
 Guild. *Treatise against profanation of the Lord's Day*, 1837
 Guillemard. *La pêche à la ligne*, n.d.
 Gunther. *Die Teich- und Fischerei- Wirthschaft*, 1810
 H.[owlett] R. *The school of recreation*, 1684, 1696, 1701, 1710, 1719, 1720, 1732, 1736, n.d., 1784
 ——— *The angler's sure guide*, 1706
 Hagen. *Teich-und Weiherlust*, 1727
 Hahn. *De jure piscandi*, 1678
 Hale. †*Compleat body of husbandry*, 1756, 1758
 Hall, E. H. †*Lands of plenty*, 1879
 ——— H. B. †*Highland sports*, [1847]
 ——— †*Exmoor*, 1849
 ——— †*Scottish sports and pastimes*, 1850
 ——— †*Sport and its pleasures*, 1859
 ——— †*Lucullus*, 1878
 ——— P. Boy's own jolly angling book, [1877?]
 ——— S. C. & A. M. *Book of the Thames*, 1859, 1869
 ——— †*Book of South Wales*, 1861
 Hallock. *The fishing tourist*, 1873
 ——— *Camp life in Florida*, 1876
 ——— *Sportsman's gazetteer*, 1877, 1878, 1880
 Hamilton. *Recollections of fly-fishing*, 1885.
 Hammond. †*Hills, lakes, and forest-streams*, 1854, 1858
 ——— †*Hunting adventures*, (1863)
 ——— †*Wild Northern scenes*, 1859, (1863)
 Handboekje...van...visschen, 1840
 Handbook of summer sports, n.d.
 Handbuechlin der Angelfischerei, 1821
 Hansard. *Trout and salmon fishing in Wales*, 1834
 Hardy, C. †*Sporting adventures*, 1855
 ——— †*Forest life in Arcadie*, 1869
 Hardy. *Catalogue and guide*, n.d. T.
 Harewood. *Dictionary of sports*, 1835
 Harrison. *Two months in Brittany*, 1868, n.d.
 Hartig. *Journal für das Fischereiwesen*, 1806-8
 Harting. *Essays on sport*, 1882
 Hartung. *Der praktische Angler*, 1864
 Hassell. †*Excursions...on the Thames*, 1823
 ——— †*Picturesque rides*, 1817
 Haus-Buch,...auch...Fisch- Teiche,* 1710
 ——— *Land-und- Wirthschafts- Regeln,** [1770]
 ——— *Vater,** 1721
 Hawker. *Instructions to young sportsmen*, 1816, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1830, 1833, 1854
 Headley. *The Adirondack*, 1849, 1852, 1864, 1869
 Header & Son's guide, n.d. T.
 ——— *Fisherman's map...of S. Devon*, n.d. T.
 Heinze. †*Die Forstverwaltung in Frankreich*, 1808
 Heath. *Fishing sketches*, 6 plates, n.d.
 Henderson. *My life as an angler*, 1876, 1879, 1880
 Hengelaar. *De nieuwe Hengelaar*, 1860, 1864
 Henning. *Geheim gehaltene Fischkünste*, 1837, 1839, 1847
 Henriques. †*Principes...de jurisprudence*, 1775
 Henshall. *Book of the Black Bass*, 1881
 ——— *Camping and cruising in Florida*, 1884
 Herbert, D. *Fish and fisheries*, 1883
 Herbert, W. H. *Frank Forester's fish and fishing*, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1859, 1864, 1873
 ——— *Complete manual*, 1864, 1868, 1873
 ——— †*American game*, 1873

——— †Life of Frank Forester, n.d.
Heresbach. *Rei rusticae* (Thereutices) 1570,
1594, [1657]
——— *Fovre bookes of husbandry*...by Googe,
1577, 1578, 1586, 1594, 1596, 1600, 1601,
1604; *The whole art, &c.*, 1614; by Mark-
ham, 1631; *The perfect husbandman*, 1658
Hermens. *Handbuch der...Fischerei- Gesetz-
gebung*, 1830
Hermann. *Kurzer Unterricht*, 1791, 1795
Heyrick. †*Mis. Poems*, 1691, 1880 (*in A's N.B.*)
Hicklin. *Handbook of North Wales*, 1856
Hickman. *Sketches on the Nipisaquit*, 1860
Hicks. *Wanderings by the lochs...of Assynt*,
1855
Highland. *The H. handbook. In progress*. Pp.
Highley. *Where to fish round London*, [1882]
Histoire...des poissons, 1787-8
History. *The history of the fish and the ring*, n.d.
Hoffland. *British angler's manual*, 1839, 1841,
1848
Hohberg. **Georgica curiosa aucta*, 1701, 1716
Hone. †*Every-day book*, 1825-7, *etc.*
——— †*Table book*, 1827-8, *etc.*
——— †*Year book*, 1832
Hood. †*Hood's own*, 1838-9, 1859, 1861
Horrocks. *Kie Kunst der Fliegen- Fischerei*,
1874
Houghton. *Country walks*, 1869
——— *Sea-side walks*, 1870
House. †*The old house by the river*, 1853
Howitt, S. †*The British sportsman*, 1798-9,
1812
——— *Field sports*, 1807
——— W. †*The Book of the seasons*, 1831,
1835, 1836, 1840, 1846, 1848
——— †*The boy's country book*, 1839, 1840,
1841, 1862, 1863
——— †*The year book of the country*, 1850
——— †*The rural life of England*, 1838
Howson. †*The river Dee*, 1875
How to angle, London, n.d.
——— New-York, n.d.
How to hunt and fish, New-York, n.d.
Hubbard. †*Summer vacations at Moosehead
lake*, 1879
Huish. *The improved British angler*, 1838
Humbli. *Disputatio de piscatura*, 1745
Hunt. †*Indicator and the Companion*, 1834
Hunting. *Shooting and fishing*, 1877
Hutchings. †*Scenes in California*, 1865
Hutchinson. *Fluefiskeriet i Norge*, 1836
Idle. *Hints on shooting, fishing*, 1855, 1868
Ireland. *The angler in Ireland*, 1834
——— *The sporting capabilities of Ireland*,
1856
——— *The sportsman in Ireland*, 1840
Irving. †*Sketch book*, 1820, 1848, 1849, 1850,
1855, 1864 [1873].
Isachius. *De venatione tractatus*, 1570, 1625

Jackson. *The practical fly-fisher*, 1854, 1862,
1880, 1885
Jacob. †*The country gentleman's vade mecum*,
1717
——— †*The compleat sportsman*, 1718
——— †*Game-law*, 7th. ed. 1740
Jacquot. †*Les codes...de la pêche*, 1866
Jag. *Neuw jagr...Buch*, 1582
Jagemann. *Geheimnisse für...Fisch-und Tau-
benliebhaber*, 1844
Jeans. †*The Tommiebeg shootings*. [1864]
——— †*Always in the way*, 1866, 1867
Jesse. †*Gleanings in natural history*, 1832, 1834,
1835, 1838, 1845, 1849, 1861
——— *An angler's rambles*, 1836
——— †*Favorite haunts*, 1847
——— †*Scenes and occupations of country life*,
1853
Jewell. *A Jewell for gentry*, 1614
Jobey. *La pêche à la ligne*, 1874
Johnson. *Sportsman's cyclopædia*, 1831, 1848
Jokisch. *Hand-buck der Fischerey*, 1802, 1804
Joly. †*Les Ardennes*, 1854
Johns. †*Home walks*, n.d.
Jones. G. E. *Confessions of a Welsh salmon
poacher*, 1877
——— J. *Guide to Normay*, 1848
——— W. †*The broad, broad ocean*, n.d.
Jourdeuil. *La truite*, 1872
K., R. de. *Vlaardings Visschers Lied-boek*,
[1661?]
Kämmerer. *Lehre vom Tischdiebstahle*, 1839
Karr. *Dictionnaire du pêcheur*, 1855; *La pêche
en eau douce*, 1860
Keene. *The practical fisherman*, 1881
Keill. *A practical treatise upon angling*, 1729
Keller. †*The Amazon, etc.*, 1874
Kemp, J. *Shooting and fishing in Brittany*, 1859
——— S. *The young Thames angler's in-
structor*, [1842]
Kentish. *The Kentish angler*, 1804
Khraisser. *Jus...piscandi*, 1651
Kidd's practical instructions in the art of
angling, 1820
King, J. L. *Trouting on the Brulé river*, 1879,
1880
——— W. R. *The sportsman...in Canada*, 1866
Kingsley. †*Miscellanies*, 1859, 1860
——— †*Prose Idylls*, 1873
Kirkbride. *The Northern angler*, 1837, 1840,
[1861]
Knox, A. E. *Autumns on the Spey*, 1872
——— R. *Fish and fishing in...Scotland*, 1854
Kohl. †*Land en volk de Britsche eilanden*,
1848
Koleffel. *Disputatio juridica de piscatione*,
[1684]
Kresz. *Le pêcheur Français*, 1818, 1830, 1847,
1861, *etc.*
Kreysig. *Bibl. scrip. venaticorum*, 1750

A NEW PHASE OF INSECT LIFE.

"Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les Roses de la Vie."

NE glorious August day I was strolling along the bank of a stream in Be'gium, rod in hand—though for all the success I had, I might have left it at home: the sun was beating fiercely down upon the water and upon the opposite bank, that on which I walked being in deep shade from the trees which here grow down to the river's edge, barely leaving room for the path: no noise of living thing disturbed the silence, saving the hum of insects and the cooing of a wood-guest over head, where

"Forest on forest hung about my head,
Like cloud on cloud."

I sat down and gazed idly on the stream, lulled by its murmur, and hearing now and then that

"Little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

My eye fell on a leaf that was floating along; just as it reached the head of a small "scour" a brilliant dragon-fly rose from the surface of the water and disappeared up the stream. I just noticed it and thought no more of it; but presently I saw two fresh leaves coming down, and when sufficiently near I could distinguish two dragon-flies—one on each leaf,

"Which felt unusual weight":

a space of about a foot divided the two crafts, which held on their course till the scour was gained, when the "seafaring-men" (delightful phrase!) abandoned them and once more darted up the stream.

This was interesting. I climbed out on a rock and awaited events. Soon two new leaves came in sight, and bore down in the offing (which I observe "crafts" always do); same seafaring-men on board; same thing happened as before; as the little rafts began to be sucked in I fancied I could see the dragon-flies clenching their teeth and trying hard to stick on, until at last it would be sheer madness to remain a moment longer, and off with them.

A keen spirit of rivalry was evidently not absent from their sport, for on one occasion one of the leaves, drifting too near the bank where the current had less force than in the centre, dropped hopelessly behind, and was completely out of the race; the fly seemed to feel this acutely, for he raised himself up on his shoulders, and shook his long reedy body menacingly at his opponent; however, next time they came down abreast, and made a beautiful race of it—the eighth of an inch would probably have been the judge's verdict.

This performance went on for half an hour, when the two dragon-flies, wearied with their sport,

"Melted from my sight into the woods."

"Life," we are told,

"Is but a day,
A poor Indian's sleep

While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci";

these "poor Indians" were wide awake, and quite alive to the perils of the rapids that could have wrecked their frail barks with ease. But whether their career of sun and happiness was nearly over, or whether they would survive to recall with regret "Apollo's Summer look" while seeking shelter from the cruel winds of winter—who knows?

"Gather therefore the Rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes Age that will her Pride deflower."

AODH.

THE GEOPONIKA GEOPONIKÓRUM,

AND DIONYSIUS CASSIUS OF UTICA.



HERE have been Tichbornes in all ages of the world, and literary Tichbornes amongst others. Round the Geoponika, for instance, are grouped at least four distinct worthies of that class, with claims debated, or admitted. There is Constantine Porphyrogenitus, Emperor of the East, who kept, apparently, a staff of writers in his employ, with a division of profits—for him, the glory—for them, the money in the purse. There is Cassianus

Bassus, nearest the throne and the purple. There is Florentinus, the Byzantine, whose pretensions are rounded by a doubt. And fourthly, if not finally, there is Dionysius Cassius, or Cassius Dionysius of Utica, whose name heads this article, and whose claim I here bring forward with a peradventure.

Who was Dionysius Cassius?

The lines of his biography are but vague and wavering. He is supposed to have lived about forty years B.C., and is reputed to have translated, from the Punic into Greek, twenty eight books on agriculture by a Carthaginian Mago, which twenty-eight books he compressed into twenty, in the process, enriching them, however, on the other hand, with the fruits of his own experience, as did our English Barnabe Googe, in dealing with that olden treasure, the Husbandry of Heresbachius. Whether there is identity between the Carthaginian treatise and the twenty books of the Geoponika, I cannot pretend to declare; the blanket of the dark obscures the subject too utterly. But that identity there is—a word-for-word identity—between the latter work and the one attributed to Dionysius Cassius in the Latin translation published at Lyons in 1543 is unquestionable. The title of the translation runs thus :

“Cassii/ Dionysii Vticesis/ Antiqui authoris,
ac Desyde/ ratissimi, selecta/ rum præcep-
tionvm de/ Agricultura/ Libri xx/ Falso/
anteâ/ Constantino Cæs. dicati./ jano Cornario
Medico interprete/ Lygdvni/ Apud Antonium
Vincentium/ MDLIII.”

The book is precluded by a learned Lyonesse authority, Sulpitius Sapidus who defends the cause of Dionysius with much vigour and ability. His proem is followed by the preface of the physician Cornarius, appended to his Latin version of the Geoponika in 1537, and in which he shows a decided leaning to the claims of Constantine. This is the question between them, and it is easy to imagine that it was hotly discussed, in erudite circles by the students and professors of the time.

In the year 1555 appeared a French translation, entitled :

“Les xx livres de/ Constantin Ce/sar aus-

quels sont traictés les bons ensei/gnemens d'Agriculture : traduicts en Fran/coys par M. Anthoine Pierre, Licentié en /droict. Avec Priuilege du Roy. On les vend à Poitiers, à l'enseigne du Pelican deuant le Palais. M.D.LV.”

From this we may extract a passage, which throws some light on the preceding publication: it is given in Antoine Pierre's address to the reader, with which he closes the book.

“Le second point dequoy ie te voulois aduertir, c'est que j'ay voulu intituler ce Liure. LES BONs ENSEIGNEMENS D'AGRICVLTRE DE CONSTANTIN CESAR : en ensuyuant la premiere translation, qui a esté faicte en Latin par vng docte Medecin, nommé Janus Cornarius, lequel afferme l'auoyr ainsi trouué escript en vn vieulx original Grec, qu'il dict auoyr recouuert d'ung sien amy. Et aussi lon peut veoir eu vne preface qui est mise au commencement du liure, que les preceptes qui sont contenus en icelluy ont esté prins et tires de diuers Autheurs, par vng de Constantinoble, lequel apres les auoyr ainsi assemblés, les attribua au dict Constantin. Combien que depuis ladicte premiere impression, vng nommé Sulpitius Sapidus, voulant monstrier sa grand diligence, s'est voulu efforcer en vn epistre qu'il a faicte, manifester par plusieurs raisons et auctorités qu'icelluy liure a esté premierement composé en langue Punique, par vng nommé Mago Cartaginois et diuisé en vingthuit liures et depuis traduit et mis en Grec par CASSIVS DIONYSIVS VTICENSIS, qui auroyt reduits les dictz vingt huit livres, au nombre de vingt : et afferme le dict Sulpitius que c'est le propre aucteur en grec, et non le dict CONSTANTIN, ne aultre. Et sous ceste confiance de verité, il a imprimé de nouveau le dict liure en Latin, l'attribuant au dict Cassivs Dionysius. Je ne veulx toute fois disputer pour l'une partie ne pour l'autre, mais a tant me suffira que nous auons le livre sans qu'il soit besoin s'enquerir de l'aucteur : non par que je veuille priuer aucun de sa louange; mais pour autant qu'il me semble n'estre par grand sagesse de se trauailler et debattre d'une chose qui ne scaurait estre

grandement proufitable. Ne tesmerueilles doncques si tu veois le dict liure en Latin attribué audict CONSTANTIN, et audict Dionysius, ne aussi si i'ay adhéré à l'opinion dudit Cornarius, car ie l'ay faict pour la raison susdicte. A ceste cause ie te presente madicte traduction, te priant de la vouloir recevoir d'une telle volonté que ie te la baille. Te disant à Dieu, de Poitiers, ce xx Aoust, M.D.XLIII."

This is the whole case, as far as it has come under my observation. Let our learned readers now decide, if they can, which is the authentic Tichborne, the veritable Claimant, will they swear by Cornarius and the many, or by Sapidus and the few? A knotty problem. My immediate reason for agitating the question is that Dionysius Cassius now claims a place in our Piscatorial Pantheon, in which he has been hitherto ignored. And this, be he a true man, or a sham. For, at all events, we have the book—"nous avons le liure," as Antoine Pierre avers—and a goodly book it is, well-printed, learnedly edited—a book of estate. It is besides, a rare book, for I have found no mention of it, hitherto, in any of the bibliographies. My copy came out of the library of the President de Thou, a great collector of the 16th century and a friend of Montaigne; it bears his arms on the covers, and at his death, passed into the library of the town of Meaux, as a book-plate testifies.

Noble libraries give a certificate of merit to the books they enshrine, though I do not, of course, use this fact as an argument in the case under discussion. The French translation seems better known, for a second edition (as I find from the Yemeniz catalogue*) appeared in 1557. "A Lyon, par Thibault Payan."

The 20th book of the Geoponika and of Dionysius Cassius ('deux têtes dans un bonnet') consists of 45 chapters, all dealing exclusively

* In the same catalogue, I find the following (760 De Re rustica selectorum libri xx Graece, Constantino quidem Cæsari noncupati, ac iam non libris, sed thesauris annumerandi, Io. Alexandrini Brassicani opera in lucem editi; item, Arisotelis de Plantis libri duo graece, nuper ab interitu liberati, ac studiosorum usi hac primùm editione restituti (græce) *Basileæ*, 1559. 8vo.

with fish and fishing. This sounds imposing, but is not so really. The work is less a treatise on the sport than what the French call a 'ramassis' of rules and recipes.

The *capienti ratio* indeed is inculcated here and there—numerous baits are suggested and fishing snares described, but on the whole it is meagre fare for the angler—a Barmecide's feast at best. The picturesque element is wanting in it, and the superstitious element, which we should have expected to be predominant, is not so, in any noticeable degree. There is, in fact, more quaint and many-coloured superstition in a single page of Old Izaak, than in all these 45 chapters. Silent are they touching mummies' dust and dead-men's fat, silent on the fifty other weird and ghastly imaginations of the later anglers.

They are but a curiosity, in short, a dry and shrivelled relic of the past. They crackle, like parchment, between our fingers. No wind of life ruffles their pages, no ripple of living water is audible in them—no reeds' whisper, no nightingales' song. They are interesting, solely as giving an insight into the practises of fishermen at an early epoch—at a turning point of the world's story, ere yet the Star had risen in the East, and Piscator's simple vocation had assumed a more solemn significance by the shores of Gennesaret, and on the waters of Gallilee.

T. WESTWOOD.

PRIVATELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS :

IZAAK WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER."



IN my previous remarks on this subject I promised on a future occasion to give a list of prints suitable for extra illustrations to the "Compleat

* I need not inform my erudite readers, that besides the above passage of arms between Sulpitius Sapidus and Cornarius, there has been, at various dates, a good deal of hard fighting around this "Patroclus dead." Such as may desire to enter into the heat of the contest, may be referred to the works of Fabricius, Needham, Niclas—especially the latter who reprinted the Geoponika, with a Latin translation in 1781, spreading it over four volumes by virtue of a Pelion upon Ossa of commentary and nearly two hundred pages of prefaces, dedications and prolegomena.

Angler," but as a mere list, on second thought would hardly accomplish what I desire, it is my intention in a little gossip to trespass on my brother anglers' patience with a few suggestions which I think will answer a similar purpose. But first I would preface these suggestions by the strict injunction, which should apply to all private illustrators: never rob a perfect work to satisfy your ends. A clear conscience even in this respect is something, and I can safely say, though an inveterate illustrator. I have never traduced my pleasure by becoming a Biblioclast. Touching selection in the choice of prints, of course I am writing for men whose pockets like my own are easily fathomed, and therefore to talk of India proofs and other like desiderata would be beyond my purpose; but this I may say, do not spoil your efforts by worn or bad impressions of the plates to be inserted. Do nothing hurriedly.

The Editor's very excellent advice as to not inserting every thing, very correctly expresses my own view, though in one sense he does not seem to have kept it before him when illustrating his own copy. He says it contains the entire previous series of Waltonian prints. Although I cannot commend this idea still it would be useful if he would give us a list of these prints. We might make a selection from them.

Before coming to the illustrations themselves there is one other thing I would impress on you, and that is to keep the book and its writer prominently before you, so as not to diverge into extraneous matters. Having so far cautioned our proceedings I think we may now safely begin to consider our purpose.

Izaak Walton was born, as we all know, at Stafford, and a view of the town and S. Mary's church there are indispensable. We then find that he lived in Fleet Street (a representation of the house was included in the old London Street at the Health Exhibition) near to Chancery Lane and that he wrote the lives of Donne, Wootton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson whose portraits are a necessary acquisition.

His wife was descended from Cranmer the noted Archbishop of Canterbury: another item

of illustration. The church of S. Mildred, Canterbury, when Izaak was married, should be inserted, as also the portraits of the following, his very good friends: Archbishop Laud, Dr. George Morley, Bishop Thomas Ken (his brother-in-law), Francis Quarles, of emblem notoriety, Anthony A. Wood, the Oxford biographer, Edward Spark, the worthy Vicar of Tottenham High Cross, Dr. Fuller ("old Tom"), Alexander Brome, Bishop Gilbert Sheldon, Michael Drayton (poet), Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, Archbishop Usher, worthy Master John Hales of Eton College, Dr. Fell, Christ Church College, Flatman (poet), Bishop Seth Ward of Salisbury, Gerhard (herb-alist), Thomas Coryat, Edward Waller (poet), and lastly, though not least, Dr. Alexander Nowel of Paul's. The portraits of the worthy authors Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton; Charles the 1st. under whose reign they lived; the church of S. Dunstan in the West of which Izaak was a vestryman and wherein is buried his first wife; views of old Clerkenwell, the village of Ware, Tottenham, old S. Paul's, Worcester Cathedral (2nd wife buried), Salisbury and Winchester Cathedrals, in the former his Son, Canon Walton is buried and in the latter the dear old man himself; (in Gosden's Extra illustrations, 1823, will be found inter alia facsimiles of the inscriptions on the tombstones of Izaak Walton and his son); Bemerton Church and Parsonage where George Herbert was vicar, and where a good day's fishing was often enjoyed; views of the Rivers Thames, Lea, Dove and indeed any English river scenes that commend themselves to the angler. I might here mention that six small etchings of the Thames were published in 1882 in a miniature portfolio as a Christmas Greeting. The price was less than 2s. and they are very suitable as giving some nice fishing bits of the river. Engravings of fish are generally so very indifferent that I scarcely like to recommend the insertion of these. With the exception of the wood engravings by the Jacksons in Major's Walton 1844, I have rarely seen anything like a careful and correct portrayal. And now to wind up, I will just say that a great deal depends on the individual taste of the illustrators: anything that associates itself with freshwater fishing

in England has a certain relationship to the father of anglers but discrimination must be used. I think at the end of the volume I would have inserted a few blank ruled leaves, for the chronicling of extraordinary catches of fish. It must be distinctly understood that this gossip does not profess to give a complete list of extra illustrations to Walton's Angler but simply a general idea of what might be done in an ordinary way. Here I take my leave of you with this reminder, that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

H. T. JENKINS.

[When we spoke of the whole previous series of Waltonian prints, we meant the whole of the plates employed to adorn the "Complete Angler" from Moses Browne (1750), on to our own day. We excepted the plates of fish in the five contemporary editions, on which we trust no angling illustrator will lay no sacrilegious hands.

Mr. Jenkins' precept never to break into a perfect book is exemplary—but hard to carry out. Life is too short—illustrators are too impatient and enthusiastic—and the "Sixpenny box" at bookstalls is too unproductive. To say nothing of the fact that broken and mutilated copies are apt to yield degraded plates. Ed.]

IN THE TREASURE HOUSE.



THE matter of many notes may be gathered from a shelf in our library that holds a motley array of old volumes; where stained vellum and rusty calf and tattered sheepskin shoulder the sober morocco just touched with gold, which our own taste most affects. Few of them can be deemed fishing books save by stretch of courtesy, nevertheless they will furnish some pickings, meet for our purpose. Most are known only to those collectors whose tastes lead them into the nooks and crannies of our hobby. The great collections know them not, for their owners mostly buy "through agents," who never travel outside the beaten track, and they themselves rarely experience the delights of the patient

watch, made happy by anticipation, or of the hot pursuit and eager capture, and must perforce content themselves with the sordid joy that comes from mere possession.

We reach down half a dozen volumes from the shelf; more than enough for our present purpose.

First to our hand comes a small quarto, sadly out of place in its present company. It is a veritable fishing book and leads us to digress. Has any reader ever heard what has become of the only copy of Wynkyn de Worde's first quarto edition of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," that has been seen during the present century? "Here endeth," the Colophon reads, "the boke of Fysshynge with other dyuers maters. Imprynted at London by Wynkyn de Worde dwellynge in Flete strete at the sygne of the Sonne"—and the *Bibl. Pisc.* must be corrected accordingly. The "other dyuers maters," it may be noted, is a freak of fancy, an imaginative flourish; the words are simply a survival from the folio, or, it may be, from a quarto edition now thought to be of later date. We have the "Treatyse of fysshynge" and nought beside. It is held to date from the year 1500, that is within three years of the first appearance of the "Treatyse" in the folio printed by the School-master of St. Albans in 1496. "The only known copy which was formerly in the Harleian Collection subsequently passed through the hands of Mr. Gulston, Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. Haworth, and Mr. George Wilkinson," and then—vanished. Who will appraise its present value? The first treatise on fishing, *pace* Mr. Denison; certainly the first systematic treatise on fishing that ever appeared in a separate form! Let the question be tried by the "rule of three": if a copy of Walton's first edition be worth one hundred pounds, what—after all the question is not for us, but for those who come after us, when the volume finds its way once more into the auction room.

How far the text differs from the edition of 1496, and wherein it differs we can tell our readers. Not now. We shall do so in a separate paper wherein the variant readings of the two texts will be placed side by side. Let it suffice

for the present to mention that the quarto has been altered and amended and curtailed; that on the first page the pen of the editor has altered the folio in sixty-five places—in orthography for the most part, but sometimes in phrase. Quickly he tired of the task, for though the text is retouched throughout, the same proportion is not maintained through subsequent pages. Few of the corrections are of particular importance, but as we look through them the conviction strengthens, that the date hitherto assigned to the book must be advanced a few years. We have said that the "Treatyse" is curtailed: the list of flies, and other baits are omitted, and as a matter of course, the last paragraph with its *caveat* against a "lytyll plaunflet" is deleted. There is no mention whatever of Dame Juliana, who has, we may assume, now finally passed, as far as this "boke of fysshynge" is concerned, into the hands of Richard Doyle, and into that domain of fancy, where he, though dead yet liveth, and reigns supreme.

Our hand next falls upon the handsome quarto wherein is reprinted the "Jewel House" of that famous agriculturalist and dabbler in many sciences, "Sir Hugh Plat, of Lincolns Inne, Knight," first printed in 1594. Sir Hugh's claim to distinction rests on his suggestion of the system of dibbling grain, and on his advocacy of various fertilizing dressings for the land, among which soapboilers' ashes seem to hold the first place in his estimation, and on their marvellous effects he dwells with unction. He also advocated the use of marl, which must in his time have been neglected and even fallen out of use, for on taking down our Pliny we find that the inhabitants of Gaul and Britain were accustomed to dress the land with an earth "quod genus vocant margam," and he adds, "pissior ubertas in ea intelligitur" (*Nat. Hist.* lib. xvii, cap. 6). This point need not detain us for our object is simply to convey to our pages from the "Jewel House" certain "rare and profitable inventions" touching the catching of fish, which are stored therein.

The first is as follows, and "a rare invention" it no doubt is :

"52. To draw fish to a certain place in the night time, by a light or candle.

Put so much filed lead into a Urinal as will make it sink, and upon the lead strew some hearbs, and upon those hearbs some glo-worms, cover the glass with a cork and lute it well, and about the neck of the urinal tie a string, which must be put through a great cork that may keep the urinal swimming in the water at what depth you please. Note that with some pipe or quill, you must convey some air into the glass, for else the glo-worms will die, and then I think their shining brightness will vanish away, and therefore those perpetual lights are merely fabulous and fantastical that are drawn from these distilled worms and Mercury together. Some nip or lute a glasse having crude Mercury therein, and so hang it in the water as before. Also a candle held either even with the water, or sunk a little way into the water, will amaze and draw the fishes unto it, for as if you have a little hoop net, upon the end of a cane or pole, you may easily take them and bring them to the brink side. All these experiments are best performed in a dark night." (P. 50)

The next is a secret which the author admits he has not yet proved :

"53. A Bait to catch fish with.

To half a hot half-penny white loaf, take one ounce of Cockle seed (*gre.* if *Coculus india* be not better) one ounce of Henbane seed finely powdred temper the same wel wi h strong *agua composita* into a past, then devide your past into small pieces of the bignesse of a grain of wheat, and cast in a handfull of them at once, somewhat above the place where the fish do haunt, if it be in a river. This serves especially when you see the fish to flote, but for the cheven you must make your baits as big as cherry stones, and put them in little coffins of paper, and then throw them upon the water. This secret I have not proved." (P. 51)

Then we have a sure method of destroying fish under the pretence of driving them into a net, the device of "one of the most ancient chimists of my time in London" :—

"54. How to drive fish into a Tramel.

Pitch a tramel overthwart a river where there is good store of fish, then go upward against the stream a pretty way from the net, and as you come downward again with the stream, throw in some lime stones here and there dispersedly, on both the sides of the river. These unslak'd lime stones wil make such a crackling in the water, that no fish dare return back again upon them,

but will run forward and mash themselves in the trammel. This I had of *John Hester*, one of the most ancient chimists of my time in London, in exchange of one other secret which I disclosed unto him. Yet some be of opinion that you must hurle in whole handfulls at once now and then, whereby the fish hearing so great a noise, and tasting the strength thereof in the water, may be the more affrighted." (P. 51)

Further we find a batch of baits, legitimate and otherwise :—

"55. *Divers good baits to catch fish with.*

Fill a sheeps gut with small unslak'd lime-stones, and tie the same well at both ends that no water get therein, and if any pike devour it (as they are ravening fish and very likely to do) she dieth in a short time, you may fasten it to a string if you please, and so let it flote upon the water. Also the liver of every fish is a good bait to catch any fish of the same kind. Past made of wheat flower, a little saffron and some sugar, and tempered with waler, is a good bait to angle withall for roch, dase, &c. Also if you gather dunghil worms, or from under a block, and take the earth from them, and put them into fine clean moss, suffering them to scour themselves three or four days therein, the fish will bite the better at them." (P. 52)

A method of keeping sea-fish adopted in the Isle of Sheppey will complete the matter relating to fish which the "Jewel House" contains :—

"64. *To have store of Sea-fish for the provision of ones table without repairing to the sea for them.*

Sir Edward Hobby (as I have heard) hath stored certain dikes in the Isle of Sheppy, with sundry kinds of Sea-fish, into which dikes by sluces, he doth let in from time to time, change of sea-water to nourish them." (P. 57)

The full title of the book from which our excerpts are taken may be added :

"The/ Jevvel House/ of/ Art and Nature :/ containing/ Divers Rare and Profitable Inven-/ tions, together with sundry new Experiments in/ the Art of Husbandry. /With Divers Chim- ical Conclusions concerning the Art/ of Distilla- tion, and the rare practises and uses thereof./ Faithfully and familiarly set down, according to/ the Authours own experience. By Sir Hugh Plat of *Lincolns Inne, Knight.* Whereunto is added, A rare and excellent Discourse/ of Minerals, Stones, Gums, and Rosins ; with the virtues/ and use thereof. By D. B. *Gent.*

London : printed by Bernard Alsop, and are to be/ sold at his house in Grub-street, near the Upper Pump, 1653/ " pp. xvi. 232, 4to.

THOS. SATCHELL.

TO EDWARD JESSE, Esq.,
On reading his "Anglers' Rambles."

Oh, Jesse! though not Jessy, like her of 'Dumblane,'
(A Flower to my fancy, and meet for my strain',
While reading thy "Rambles," so racy and terse,
Thinks I to myself, I'll say "thank ye" in verse!

Then since the beginning should be mighty fine—
I am tickled alike by thy rod and thy line!—
Don't ask me to say which I relish the best,
Good writing, good fishing—put both to the "Test."

While mirth and good humour, and store of good
knowledge,
Take both root and branch, from the cot to the
college—

No marvel thou ticklest both salmon and trout,
Who'd make a man laugh in high fits of the gout!

Still showing the "nobbs" that so merrily troll it,
Are crammed with a *haut gout* for Fielding and
Smollett ;

With pathos and humour that keeps us still swerving,
From white-washing Sterne down to Washington
Irving!

Yet of all the trollers who fish for their life,
I ne'er heard before how to troll for a wife ;
Or how to behave when receiving no quarter,
A large and "loose fish" makes a "splash in the
water"!

Still less the best thoughts of our nature to mix,
With sportive and blythesome, nay, e'en meretrix!
Had Peebles read Walton, he'd not thus have
dangled,

Or courted amiss to be thus misentangled,

How much more delighted Ned Bartlam's high
bearing,

Who quitted the fair like a Bartlemy fairing—
A character drawn with such rare animation ;
Nay, is it not all but a fairy creation?

If not, honest Ned is well paid for his labour,
In having himself for a friend and a neighbour :
At game of all kinds thou art more than a peeper
Sure none but thyself had found such a gamekeeper.

Then thy jolly Oxonians, who merrily ding it,
Secure of a catch who so waggishly sing it ;
Magnanimous "fellows" well might'st thou be loth
To quit port and puns mid a magnum of both !

Now health to thee, Jesse (and a fancied hob-nob) !
A faithful black "cur", and a pretty brown "cob"—
I speak not as doubting what Heaven may have sent
thee,

Yet knowing full well what would more than content
thee,

I love thy descriptions of stream, hill, and dale,
And go where thou wilt, I still hang by thy tale ;
I ponder with thee o'er lake, river, and dyke,
And long, in such wars, but to shoulder a pike,

Then oh, for thy charming poetical posies,
Scarce Walton's own page is more scatter'd with roses ;
Yet strange I've met those who despise such adorning,
And cry, "what a fuss to explain a fine morning."

Then my modesty seems all the while but to quote 'em.
Though none but thyself half so well ever wrote 'em ;
The whole, too, adapted for mending our foibles,
With hints, like old Izaak's to look to our Bibles

Well, whatever thy pastime, whatever thy play,
I go a long with thee the whole of the day ;
And wish Doctor Hunt, and the rest of the firm
Drawn out for the length of a "Hilary Term."

'Tis needless to say I am with thee at cricket,
And think by thy help, I could bowl down a wicket,
But bowling or trolling, farewell to thy wit—
All critics must own thou hast made a good hit
Thou'rt full of good feeling, I'm certain of that ;
And who sees it not—must be blind as a bat ;

J. M.

These initials are appended to the verses,
which originally appeared in the *Argus* of Nov-
ember 20th, 1841, and are not mine.

I think they are too good to be lost and will
be duly appreciated by those who have read the
work. I have repeatedly read it and enjoyed it
more each time, and can highly recommend it
to your notice as one of the most entertaining
and amusing books connected with angling that
has been penned.

J. M.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE
CITY OF LONDON. IV.

Unlawful nets ordered to be burnt.

8 Rich. II., AD 1385. Letter-Book H.,
fol. clxxxvi. (Latin).

On the 10th day of January, in the 8th year,
etc., John Chipstede, bailiff of Queen Hythe,
brought here, before Nicholas Brembre, Knight,
the Mayor, and the Alderman, eight nets called
"*smelt-net*," taken, as being used for fishing in
the water of Thames, between London Bridge
and Westminster, which belonged to the follow-
ing men ;—one net to John Fynch of Batrich-
eseye,* one to John Bukke of the same, one to
Richard Fynch of the same, one to John Newerk
of the same, one to Stephen Clement of the
same, one to Robert Buntelle of the same, one
to John Edriche of Hamersmyth, and one to
John Brown of the same ; asserting that the
same nets were false, for that their meshes were
too narrow ; to the destruction of small fish, and
against the custom and Ordinance of the city of
London, whereby the meshes of those nets, and
of all other nets for fishing in the same water
and in Medeweye, were to be at least two inches
wide between the knots ; whereas here, the
meshes of the same nets were only an inch and a
half at most in width between the knots ; to the
damage of all the people, and against the
Ordinance and custom aforesaid.

Which nets having been viewed and examined,
according to custom, by fishmongers having
knowledge as to the same, namely, John Trigge,
Clement Lavender, Elias Braibrok, and John
Queldrik, of Olde fisshstret, Richard Stile, John
Ridere, Nicholas Rameseye, and John Ledrede
of Briggestrete, it was found on their oath, that
the said nets were false, their meshes being too
narrow, as before stated. Therefore it was order-
ed that the same nets should be burnt. (pp. 483-4)

*Unlawful nets, called "Burrokes," ordered to be
burnt.*

9 Rich. II., A.D. 1386. Letter-Book H.,
fol. cxviii. (Latin).

Be it remembered, that John Dalesbury,

*Battersea

serjeant supervisor of the water of Thames, brought here on the 2nd day of March, in the 9th year, *etc.*, 22 *burrokes** that had been placed in the same water, on the East side of London Bridge, and in which divers *fry* of roach, flounders, dace, lamperns, and other fish of no value, had been taken; and through which, distress of the*small fish in the said water is caused, against the Ordinance of the city. Of which *burrokes* two belonged to one John Godesone, and the others to divers men whose names were to him unknown.

On which day, the said *fry* was viewed, as as well by the Mayor and Aldermen of London, as by certain fishmongers, and was found to be of no value, and to have been taken with the same *burrokes*, in distress of the small fish of the water aforesaid. It was therefore ordered that the said *burrokes* should be burnt, *etc.* And precept was given to the Sheriffs of London, to do execution of the judgement aforesaid. (pp. 486-7).

Regulations as to the sale of fish in the City; and as to the use of Nets in the Thames.

12 Rich. II., A.D. 1388. Letter-Book H., fol. ccxxvii. (Norman French.)

"It is ordered that no *birlester* who carries oysters, mussels, salt fish, and other victuals, in the City to sell, shall stand in any street or lane of the said city, nor yet in his shop, to retail them; but such persons shall be always moving about in the said city from street to street, and from lane to lane, to retail the same; on pain of forfeiting all the victuals found on sale as against this Ordinance.

"Also,—that every man who brings Thames fish for sale, taken to the East of London Bridge, shall stand in Cornhulle to sell the same, and nowhere else, on pain of forfeiture of the fish. And those who bring Thames fish, taken to the West of the said Bridge, shall stand in the Chepe, near to the Conduit there; and shall there sell the same, and nowhere else, under the same penalty.

"Also,—that no person shall fish in the Thames

with any net called a **pursnet*," on pain of forfeiture of such net, and of paying half a mark to the Chamber *etc.*, And if any one can duly inform the Mayor and the Chamberlain of the said city, as to persons setting nets to the contrary hereof, he shall have one half of such forfeiture for his trouble.

Also---that no man shall fish in the Thames with any nets but those of the assize ordained at the Guildhall; and that, only at the proper seasons, on the pain aforesaid. And that no one shall fish near to the Wharves in London between the Temple†Bridge and the Tower, within a distance of twenty fathoms,‡ on the same pain.

Inquisition made as to putrid fish brought into the City.

13 Rich. II., A.D. 1390. Letter-Book H., fol. ccxlvii. (Latin.)

Seeing that many salted fish, called "*Pykes*," stinking and rotten, and an abomination to the people, were carted and thrown into a certain well near to §Wallokesbernes, without London; by reason of which, so great a stench arose that the people passing there were greatly offended thereby, to the great scandal of the citizens of the city of London, and especially the fishmongers thereof, to whom such default was commonly imputed; therefore, certain reputable men of the trade of fishmongers, knowing that they and all others of the same trade were in no way culpable therein, came before William Venour, the Mayor, and the Aldermen of the same city, and entreated that, for the saving of their own good name, and that of the same trade, they would have inquisition made as to who had caused the same to be carried and thrown in that place.

Whereupon, the said Mayor, and Aldermen, making inquisition as to the same, so far as they might, at last sent for one John Waltham, common carter-serjeant of the city aforesaid, in reference to his carts and servants, who, as the Mayor and Aldermen were given to understand,

*The same as the "codnet" still known on the Thames; which has a cod, or purse, containing a stone, for sinking the net. †A pier or jetty for landing. ‡*Vadame*. §Or "*Wenlokesbarn*"; the name of a district lying without the walls, and near Cripplegate. It gave name to one of the Prebends of St. Pauls.

*Some peculiar kind of unlawful net.

had carried the said fish there. Which servants, being examined as to the matter aforesaid, one of them acknowledged that Salamon Salamon, mercer, had hired him with a cart to carry two cartloads of the pikes aforesaid to that place, and that he accordingly carried them thither.

And afterwards, the Mayor was further given to understand, that Salamon aforesaid had caused 24 barrels of salted eels to be carted which were lying in a certain cellar near to the *Herber; the same being rotten and unwholesome for the human body, but which he purposed selling to the commonalty. Whereupon, the said Mayor, whose duty it is by virtue of his office, to inspect all victuals, so that nothing is sold that is unwholesome and rotten, had a sequestration put upon the door of that cellar, until he should have been truthfully informed by men having more knowledge thereon, whether or not the said eels were unwholesome for the human body; and caused to be brought before him twelve of the most substantial men of the trade of Fishmongers of London, namely, six of Briggestrete, and six of Oldefisshestret, on Friday the 18th day of the month of January, in the 13th year, *etc.*; of whom he chose six, namely, John Vautort Nicholas Turke, and Umfrey, of Oldfisshestrete, Thomas Palmere, William Brydbrok, and Thomas Trig, of Brigstrete; and charged them, on their oath before him then made, that they should go the same day to that cellar, and examine all the barrels there found, and certify him on the Wednesday next, at the Guildhall of London, as to what they should think of the same.

Upon which day there came before him and the Aldermen, as well the said six men, as Salamon aforesaid. Which six men, having viewed and examined the said barrels, said upon their oath, that all the eels in eleven of the barrels and in one *kilderkyn*, lying in the cellar aforesaid, and the eels in one barrel lying in his house in Milkstrete, and no more, were rotten, abominable, and altogether unwholesome for the human body; and that the same Salamon, then present, knew of the same, *etc.*, and also ac-

knowledgeed that he had caused the said pikes to be carried to the place above mentioned. Whereupon, with the sanction of the same Salamon, it was determined that the said twelve barrels and *kilderkyn*, with the eels therein contained, should be taken out of the City and buried in some place under ground, lest the air might become infected through the stench arising therefrom.

Thomas Dufhous, a Brewer, admitted to be of the trade of the Fishmongers.

4 Henry IV., A.D. 1402. Letter-Book I., fol. xxiii. (Latin.)

On the 17th day of November, in the 4th year *etc.*, came here, before John Walcote, Mayor, and the Aldermen of the City of London, Thomas Dufhous, citizen and brewer of the said city, who was admitted to the freedom of the city aforesaid and sworn, in the time of Ed. Dalyngrugge, Knight, Warden of London, and Stephen Speleman, Chamberlain, on the 13th day of July in the 16th year of the reign of King Richard the Second; which Thomas alleged and said that for a long time past he had followed, and was then following, the trade of a fishmonger, and not the trade of a brewer, as the Masters of the said trade of Fishmongers also testified, entreating the said Mayor and Aldermen that they would deign to admit the same Thomas to the freedom of the said city in their trade aforesaid, and to order him to be entered therein.

Whereupon, the said Mayor and Aldermen having taken council among themselves thereon at the instance of very many reputable men of the said trade of Fishmongers, who were personally present, granted the said entreaty of Thomas before-named. And he gave for his admission.*

Inquisition as to the boundaries and limits of Oldfisshestret.

1 Henry V., A.D. 1414. Letter-Book I., fol. cxxxiii. (Latin)

Inquisition taken before William Crowmer, Mayor, and the Aldermen, in the Chamber of the Guildhall of London, on the 7th day of March *etc.*, to enquire as to the boundaries and limits within which fish from of old was sold,

*The sum is omitted.

*Probably the Cold Herbergh, named by Stow, situate in Dowgate Ward

and was wont to be sold in the street called "Oldfisshestrete"; on the oath of William Coggeshall, Richard Trogonold, Robert Nyppe, and nine others. Who say upon their oath, that fish was sold from of old, and was wont to be sold, in the street of Oldfisshestret, in London, on the North side, length wise, straight from the West corner of the shop projecting into the same street, which John Trygge, late citizen and fishmonger of London, held and occupied, as far as the tenement which Walter Ludney, late draper, held and occupied, and annexed to the shop which Richard Dykes, *stokfissshmonger*, now holds, towards the East; and on the South side of the same street, straight from the West corner of the shop projecting into the same street, which William Gubbe, and Isabel, his wife, formerly held and occupied, to the tenement late of John Gaytone, called 'The Swanne on the Hoope', to the East; and in breadth, only within the said street, throughout the whole length thereof, as before stated; and in no other places neighbouring or adjoining thereunto. Save and except that all manner of fish called* '*shotfisshe*,' taken in the Thames, were sold, and were wont to be sold, between London Bridge, on the East, and the East corner of the wall of the Church of St. Mary Magdelen, on the West." (pp. 598-9)

Dur Creel.



AFTER unsuccessful efforts extending over many years a "Fly-Fisher's Club" has at length been established with every prospect of success. Premises have been secured at 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, and the rooms are admirably adapted for the purpose as they were formerly occupied by the "Savage Club." Its promoters intend the Club to be purely social, they hope to bring together men interested in fly-fishing and to collect a library of piscatorial books, cata-

logues, and the like. It will eschew all competitions and prizes. Already many members have joined, and we heartily wish success to what has long been wanted in London, a place where those who practice the delightful art of casting the artificial fly may assemble and meet friends. The motto of its prospectus is taken from Walton—"At Trout Hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company." A shorter one might be suggested, the well-known mediæval proverb, "post pisces nuces"; which may be freely translated—"after catching trout 'tis pleasant to chat of them over wine and walnuts."

Among the many good stories told in the Rev. T. Mozley's "Reminiscences of Schools and Villages" is one which may be noted here, of "the angling clergyman who accepted a benefice on Salisbury Plain with a clear stream flowing past the parsonage, and found on coming into residence with all his fishing-tackle that the Bourne had sunk into the ground and might not reappear for years." We remember the same misfortune with regard to a celebrated spring of excellent drinking water happening to a clergyman in Lincolnshire. His churchwarden opined that the cause of it was due to the parson's Puseyite proclivities.

With the opening of the trout and salmon season in February we saw some very fine trout in London, but of course they were not in the highest condition. Most of them came from Lough Neagh. These fish which cut red like salmon, always command a brisk sale in London, and fetch nearly as high a price as *Salmo salar*. The Lough Neagh trout in London lately have been exceptionally fine. It is many years, indeed, since we have seen so many large, well-conditioned Irish trout in the London markets. A salmon weighing close upon 30lb. which had been taken in the Severn was received by Mr. Groves, of Charing Cross. It was in splendid condition.

As for salmon Mr. Ffennell writes as follows to the *Times* early in February:

"In regard to the spawning season it was, I hear, generally speaking, a most satisfactory one. The

* Probably meaning, fish taken after the time of spawning.

breeding fish, although delayed below stream until unusually late, were eventually enabled to reach the spawning grounds in large numbers, and it is believed that a large stock of eggs were deposited upon the beds. The condition of the water, too, during the winter was extremely favourable for the hatching out of the ova. Poachers, as usual, carried on their depredations during the close season; but it is satisfactory to hear that the slaughter of breeding fish was not, as a rule, carried on so extensively as formerly. In some districts, however, I fear the poachers did a considerable amount of mischief. Bad accounts reach me from the South of Ireland and from some districts in Scotland and Wales, where, unfortunately, a large number of salmon were killed during the breeding season. In connexion with this year's spawning season it is satisfactory that a fine batch of salmon eggs have been collected, and are now carefully packed waited for shipment to Tasmania, for which colony it is expected they will leave the London docks about the 28th of this month. The eggs in question have been collected at the request of the Tasmanian Government. Mr. James A. Youl, who organized and superintended the first shipment of ova of the salmonidæ to the antipodes in 1860 (and subsequently on many occasions), again lent his valuable aid, and, with the assistance of Mr. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries, succeeded in gathering a splendid lot of salmon eggs. I was present when the first batch of eggs, numbering some 120,000, were packed in London some days ago. The ova had been taken from Erne fish spawned at Bellick, and Mr. Brady conveyed them from Ireland to London under his personal superintendence. Mr. Youl packed the eggs, and it is expected they will reach Hobart in about 60 days after they have left the London docks.

In reference to the acclimatization, and artificial Leven trout, from the famous fish hatchery fiscal culture of fish, I hear that a large number of at Howietoun, near Stirling, lately arrived at Washington, whence they will be distributed, with a view of stocking American waters with this valuable fish. While encouraging and promoting the acclimatization of salmon and trout in foreign waters, I think we should be careful to guard against the introduction of inferior fish into our rivers and lakes."

The last sentence is well worthy the attention of pisciculturists. For instance it is a serious question how far the American black bass is suited to our waters, and no one should put inferior fish into any stream which would nourish trout.

Now that the Norwegian salmon rivers even

those far up into the Arctic circle, are being let at a rent as high, or higher, than the Scotch streams, it is interesting to learn from *Land and Water* that Iceland is turning her attention to angling for salmon. Arrangements are being made to open up that island to salmon anglers.

"Many of the rivers there are said to be prolific yielders of *Salmo salar*, although unfortunately the old story of over-netting and injudicious fishing has placed a formidable check on the development of the fisheries in certain waters. The Danish Government are working energetically not only with a view of stopping the indiscriminate slaughter of salmon, but also with a view of encouraging their increase by the establishment of fish hatcheries for the artificial rearing of salmon and sea trout. Under the direction of Lieutenant Feddersen, breeding establishments have been erected at Laxå and at Tingvall, and we are informed that success has attended the operations. A large number of fish have been hatched out, and have been distributed along various rivers. Netting on many waters is prohibited. In an article which lately appeared in the *Scotsman* some interesting particulars are given regarding the principal salmon angling waters in Iceland, which may be of interest to anglers seeking new fishing quarters. Reykjavik is the capital town. It has a population of 2,500 inhabitants. The mean temperature is 53deg., the mean summer temperature 53deg., and the mean winter temperature 29deg. The principal five rivers, which, we understand, are now to let, are between thirty and sixty miles from Reykjavik. There are no cruives in any of them, and no netting is allowed, and they are all clear water rivers—that is to say, not fed from glacier sources. First, the Lax, as its name denotes, a salmon river, is, about thirty miles from the capital. There are said to be twelve miles of good fishing water, and comfortable quarters can be got near the river. In five weeks two rods are stated to have taken 190 salmon. The Bugða is also about thirty miles distance from it. It has twelve miles of fishing water, and suitable accommodation near the river. Two rods are stated to have caught 130 salmon in four weeks. The Kjarra, on which there is twelve miles of fishing water, is sixty miles from the capital. Besides the above are the Straunfjardara, sixty miles from the capital, and with ten miles of fishing water; and the Larija, with five miles. The sea round the coast yields a number of fish of various kinds—cod, haddock, torsk, halibut. French fishermen take a prominent part in gathering in the sea harvest, A large business is carried on in imported salted

cod from Iceland. The importance of the cod fishery may be learned from the fact that 10,000 fishermen out of a total population of about 70,000 are engaged in it at one time. It is estimated that a vessel of sixty tons, with a crew of twelve men, may earn a profit of £445 in a single season's cod fishing. The export of salted cod varies from 2,500 tons in ordinary years to 3,500 tons in good years. About 10,000 barrels of cod-liver oil are annually exported. Besides salmon and sea trout, many of the streams contain a number of brown trout."

The same paper gives a good account of the fishes frequenting the waters of Loch Lomond. This formed the subject of an interesting paper recently read by Mr. Alfred Brown before a meeting of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association. It is stocked, he tells us, with a great variety of "coarse fish." "The basin in which the loch lies is so little above the sea level that a subsidence of a few feet would again convert it into a salt, or at least a brackish water, arm of the sea—a condition in which it undoubtedly existed at a very recent geological period; and it is probable that to this recent connection with what may be called the "lagoon epoch" of this district may be attributed the unusually great specific variety of coarse fish with which its waters are stocked." He goes on farther to say that the coarse fish to which he refers are no fewer than fourteen in number, viz.:—"The river lamprey (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*), the sea lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*), the sharp-nosed eel (*Anguilla acutirostris*), the broad-nosed eel (*Anguilla latirostris*), the pike (*Esox lucius*), the tench (*Tinca vulgaris*), the roach or braise (*Leuciscus rutilus*), the minnow (*Cyprinus phoxinus*), the loach or beardie (*Cobitis barbatula*), the flounder (*Platessa flesus*), the rough-tailed stickleback (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*), the four-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus spinulosus*), the ten-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus pungitius*), the perch (*Perca fluviatilis*). Then comes the powan (*Coregonus cepedei*, Parnell), an erratic member of the salmon family; and, lastly, the greater part of the British species of true Salmonide, viz., the salmon (*Salmo salar*), the bull trout (*Salmo eriox*), the sea trout (*Salmo trutta*), and the common brown trout (*Salmo fario*). To these may possibly be added the Great Lake trout from Switzerland, and the brook trout from the United States, although, so far as I know, these two imported species have not thriven, or else have not maintained their identity. The so-called *Salmo ferox* is also stated to inhabit the lake; but setting aside this very doubtful species, we have no less than nineteen specific forms which may be called indigenous, a number which, when contrasted

with the meagre fish fauna of most of our freshwater lakes in Scotland, is very remarkable. The most notable absentee is the char, a fish inhabiting many of our Scottish lakes, especially those of an Alpine character. It is probable that the comparatively recent maritime origin of Loch Lomond is a sufficient reason for the absence of this fish." In regard to the food supply Mr. Brown, from his observations, is of opinion that it is not very abundant. "The food supply for all this host is, so far as I have observed, by no means abundant. Small water beetles and the larvæ of Ephemereæ seem to form the most important part of it. Crustacea are singularly scarce, whilst of the shelled mollusca I can only record, after diligent search, seven species, of which only one is in any abundance—viz., the ubiquitous *Limnaea pereger*; the other species are—two *Ancylus*, two *Planorbis*, one *Succinea*, and one *Cyclas*. In some of the muddy bays and backwaters leeches and planariæ abound, but they can hardly be said to form a feature in the general food supply of the fish. This loch, so richly stocked with fish of all sorts, and lying in such close proximity to the most densely-populated counties and towns of Scotland, stands in a unique position as to angling rights, for being navigable from the sea, and under the control of a Government department, angling therein is, in a manner, a public right; that is to say, the public has an undeniable right to angle in Loch Lomond for non-migratory fish, so long as no trespass is committed in obtaining access to its waters, and so long as such angling does not impair or destroy the superior right of salmon fishing originally vested in the Crown. Fishing for salmon and sea trout is no part of the public right, but is claimed to be held by charter from the Crown (or by sub-charter from the original grantee) by several of the riparian proprietors, whilst other riparians have admittedly no such rights. This complex state of matters has, on the whole, been a benefit to the angling public. It has, on the one hand, prevented the proprietors from absolutely closing the loch, even had they been willing; and, on the other, it has acted as a wholesome check on illegal fishing, as was shown the other day in Dumbarton Sheriff Court, when two men (one a notorious otter poacher) were convicted of fishing Loch Lomond without leave, and having in their possession a fish of the salmon kind. No such prosecution would be raised against any fair angler, but, in dealing with a known poacher, the proverb applies, 'Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with.' Pollution in the neighbouring streams are doing, Mr. Brown states, a vast amount of injury; but notwithstanding all the difficulties which they have had to contend against, fish, owing to the exertions of the association, are

said to have again become abundant, and there appears every prospect of still further increase."

Writing from Asiatic Russia the *Times* correspondent gives a few ichthyological remarks which are worth preserving.

"I was careful to ask about the fish of the Oxus, the largest kind of which the natives call "Nahang." It weighs up to 13 cwt. They gave me the price of fish at 6s. per cwt. At Petro Alexandrovsk sturgeon costs 4d. per lb., or for a whole fish of 30lb. or 40lb. weight from 4s. to 6s. But the fish that puts all the rest in the background for interest is the *scaphyrincus*. It is a kind of sturgeon, the discovery of which in Central Asia, a few years ago, made quite a flutter among students of ichthyology by reason of its resemblance to one of the North American sturgeons that was found for a long time in the Mississippi only, until Fedchenko discovered one in the Syr Daria. Interest in the matter was heightened some years later by the discovery by Mr. M. Bogdanovitch of another species in the lower Oxus. The fish belongs to the sub-class *ganoides* of the family *acipenseridae*, of the order of spoon-bills. The Oxus fish (*Scaphyrincus Kaufmanni*) has a large head equal to one-third of the entire length of the fish. The eyes are very small, the mouth very broad, and while the root of the tail is short, the thread with which it ends is very long. Mr. Bogdanovitch points out its special interest from a geological point of view. In the palæozoic period, he says, the ganoid fishes used to inhabit all the waters of the world in a great number of forms, composing almost entirely the ichthyological fauna of that period. At the period of the Devonian formation this group of fishes seems to have reached its highest development, and in the strata of this formation are preserved the most numerous remains of its representatives. In the succeeding geological period this group appears to fall and die out, giving place to a group of *teleostei* or bony fishes, which inhabited at that time all the waters of the world in a number of forms. At the present time in the living fauna one counts six forms of ganoid fishes with bony skeletons—that is, sub-order *holostei*—and about 20 forms of ganoid with cartilaginous skeletons (*chondrostei*). To the last belong the family of these *acipenseridae*, consisting of three groups, the *acipenser*, the *scaphyrincus*, and the *polyodon*. This paucity of forms of a once rich group of ganoid fishes makes one value each newly-discovered living form, because these discoveries increase the possibility of following the progressive development of the organisms of this group, and also the history of their life in the waters of the world, together with the part they play in nature."

M. G. WATKINS.

I think that these suggestions coming from such an experienced and intelligent observer are entitled to the best consideration.

J. McD.

Mr. James Kerss, a considerable tacksman and well-known practical fisherman on the Tweed, has recently communicated to the *Kelso Chronicle* some observations on the salmon disease from which extracts may be made. After pointing out that in 1877 the first reports appeared of the disease which had attacked the salmon in the Eden, that it was next observed in the Esk and other rivers of the Solway and that it was not until the middle of February 1878 that the Tweed was affected, he proceeds . . . "The first fish upon which I observed it was taken out of the Hendersyde water about the end of February: it was a large salmon, a male fish of about 24 or 25 lb. which had not shed the milt, and from its appearance it may have been some time in the river, being of a dark red colour. The fungus appeared in the shape of spots about the size of half-a-crown on the top of the head, others appeared close to the fins and tail, along the back, and under the belly, but not on the sides. Afterwards I daily observed other fish in a similar state, nearly all of them being large fish; and being anxious to ascertain, if possible, the nature and cause of the disease, I took out a great many, and having examined them carefully externally, opened them and made a minute examination of their internal organs. The result of my observations has clearly convinced me that the disease is constitutional and internal, for in every case of fungus spotted fish, without a single exception, the liver was in a more or less diseased condition. It was soft and spongy, and of a much lighter colour, while the blood was much darker than that of a healthy fish. I therefore came to the conclusion that the liver was the seat of the disease in the first instance, and further investigation has confirmed me in this opinion. During the autumn of last year I cut up several fish and found the liver in a state of disease, although there were no traces of fungus spots observable upon them, the disease not having reached that stage, the fungus appearing only when the fish has, through the diseased state of its liver, fallen into a very low and morbid condition. The disease invariably makes its appearance when the river is fullest of fish, and when they are in their poorest condition; and those most liable to it are large old fish near the spawning, or immediately after spawning, which proves that the condition of a fish at a certain period renders it more liable to

disease than at other times. For instance, in the grilse season—from its beginning to the end of October—there has never been the slightest appearance of fungus; but whenever the large or old fish come up the river, which is generally in the autumn, when they are near the spawning and shedding of their milt, they are naturally in a poor condition, or, in one word, unseasonable; quite unfit for human food, and very susceptible to disease, and it is not long in making its appearance. It increases rapidly until it has spread and affected every fish, migratory or non-migratory, that comes within reach of the contagion, even attacking the healthy fish clean run from the sea, but it is not until the system has become debilitated by the internal disease that the fungus spots appear. . . . From the above facts I argue that the disease is caused primarily by over preservation and in-breeding. When kelts were allowed to be taken prior to the Act of 1859 the disease was unheard of; but since the old fish have been preserved so strictly the disease has gradually developed, until within the last few years it has assumed the proportions and character of an epidemic. Nature ought to teach us that this over-preservation is against her laws, and that when we infringe them we are likely to suffer. No doubt, every year there is a great mortality amongst the old fish from natural causes—after spawning or shedding the milt—but not one in ten of those I have examined had fungus on them, and fully eighty per cent. were large fish. This is nature's remedy to prevent the over-population of the rivers, and is strikingly illustrated in the great rivers of the Western Pacific, such as Oregon, Red River, and Columbia."

He then gives a table showing the average weight of the fish taken in the Tweed, since the "restriction anent killing kelts came into force," and states that in 1845 the average weight of the salmon and grilse taken by Mr. T. P. Teale of Leeds in the same water was only 8 lb.: 1865, 14½; 1866, 15¾; 1867, 15; 1868, 17½; 1869, 14½; 1870, 14½; 1871, 20; 1872, 19½; 1873, 21; 1874, 20; 1875, 18½; 1876, 18½; 1877, 19½; 1878, 21¾; 1879, 19; 1880, 20; 1881, 18¾ lbs.

"These statistics show that since the prohibition of the taking of kelts the fish have increased in weight to a very considerable extent, and it is these large old fish which are the most liable to disease at certain periods. There is no doubt that the pollution of rivers by the drainage into them of all sorts of decomposing matter from common sewers, together with chemicals from factories, and even from fields where they have been used as artificial manures, help to aggravate the disease. The decomposing bodies of the fish themselves, when not carried away by a

flood, are also another source of pollution, and the practice of returning exhausted or dying fish that have been caught greatly adds to the number of carcases which help to propagate disease, not only by contagion, but by poisoning and destroying the natural sustenance of the salmon while in the river. There is no doubt that a debilitated salmon is more predisposed to contagion from any cause, but if it could be transferred to a clean, clear fresh stream, unpolluted by the waste products of civilisation, the fish would have a better chance of escaping. This transference of fish from one river to another would also have the effect of strengthening the breed, for a prime cause of debility is the constant in-breeding which goes on year after year; and if this were to be remedied I am sure we would have a stronger and healthier breed of salmon."

"Having shown what I consider to be the causes of the disease, I must now suggest a remedy, or rather a series of remedies. I would, first, alter the date of the closing of the fishing from the 30th to the 15th of November, as after that time the fish are getting near the spawning and are out of condition. All fish taken with rod and line after the opening of the season should then be killed. This would reduce the number of fish liable to disease, and save the pollution by not returning the dying fish. Secondly, no pollution of any kind ought to be allowed to find its way into the river, and all fish seen to be in a dying state, as well as any dead fish, ought to be removed at once. Thirdly, gaps ought to be made in the cauldts so that the fish could pass up or down the rivers, and salmon ladders placed where required. Fourthly, smolts to be strictly preserved all the year round, and a wire grating ought to be placed at the sluice or top of every mill race to prevent the ingress of smolts into the dam. Fifthly, from time to time re-stock the river with fish from other rivers, so as to keep up a strong and healthy breed of fish. And now in conclusion, I think I have established my premises that the salmon disease is a constitutional disease; that the fungus, *Saprolegnia ferax* is not the disease, but symptomatic of an advanced stage of it, and it may be that the spores from the fungus being taken into the system of a fish propagates the disease, which ultimately may develop into fungus. The cause I have shown; the prevention or remedies I have suggested are simple and inexpensive, and I have no doubt if they were followed out the disease would rapidly disappear."

FISHING IN THE AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.



HERE is probably no river system in the world where fish are met with in greater numbers than in the Amazon and its tributaries. Professor Agassiz saw in five months on the Amazon alone 1,300 species of fish, nearly 1000 of which were new to science. In one form or other fish constitute, with farina, the principal food of the people living on the banks of the Amazon, and towards the close of the rainy season when the fish are widely scattered over the inundated country, and consequently difficult to procure, the poorer classes often suffer severely from being reduced to an exclusively farinaceous diet.

In the vast area drained by this river system, where the number and variety of the fish are so great, and where the capture of them is so essential to the welfare of the inhabitants, there must be many different methods of fishing employed, and some of these have been incidentally mentioned by modern travellers.

One mode of fishing the igaripés or creeks, near the mouth of the river, in which there is a considerable rise and fall of the tide, is described in "A Voyage up the River Amazon," by W. H. Edwards, (London, 1855, p. 50.)

"Caripé is famous for its fishery, and we observed with interest the manner of taking fish in these igaripés. A matting is made of light reeds, six feet in length, and half an inch in diameter, fastened together by strings of grass. This being rolled up, is easily transported upon the shoulder to a convenient spot, either the entrance of a small igaripé or some little bay flooded by the tide. The mat-net is set and properly secured, and the retiring tide leaves within it the unlucky fish. This mode is very simple, yet a montaria [a small boat] is frequently filled with the fish, mostly, of course, small in size."

The various devices for capturing fish which are in common use among the Indians inhabiting the banks of the river Uaupés, which flows into the Rio Negro about 650 miles above its

junction with the Amazon, are thus described in "A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro" by Alfred R. Wallace, (London, 1853, p. 487.)

"The small hand-nets used for catching fish are of two kinds—a small ring-net, like a landing-net, and one spread between two slender sticks, just like the large folding-nets of entomologists: these are much used in the rapids, and among rocks and eddies, and numbers of fish are caught with them. They also use the rod and line, and consume an enormous quantity of hooks; there are probably not less than a hundred thousand fish-hooks sold every year in the river Uaupés; yet there are still many of their own hooks, ingeniously made of palm-spines, to be found among them. They have many other ways of catching fish: one is by a small cone of wicker, called a 'matapi,' which is placed in some little current in the gaps; the larger end is entirely open, and it appears at first sight quite incapable of securing the fish, yet it catches great quantities, for when the fish get in they have no room to turn round, and cannot swim backwards, and three or four are often found jammed in the end of these little traps, with the scales and skin quite rubbed off their heads by their vain endeavours to proceed onwards. Other matapis are larger and more cylindrical, with a reversed conical mouth (as in our wire rat traps), to prevent the return of the fish: these are often made of a very large size, and are placed in little forest-streams, and in narrow channels between rocks, where the fish, in passing up, must enter them. But the best method of procuring fish, and that which has been generally adopted by the Europeans in the country, is with the Cacoaries, or fish-weirs. These are principally used at high-water, when fish are scarce: they are formed at the margin of rivers, supported by strong posts, which are securely fixed at the time of low-water, when the place of the weir is quite dry; to these posts is secured a high fence of split palm-stems, forming an entering angle, with a narrow opening into a fenced enclosure. Fish almost always travel against the stream, and generally abound more at the sides where the current is less rapid: they are guided by the

side-wings of the weir into the narrow opening, from which they cannot find their way out. They are obtained by diving into the weir, and then catching them with the *pisá* (small net), or with the hand, or sticking them with a knife. In these cacoaries every kind of fish is caught, from the largest to the smallest, as well as river tortoises and turtles. The Indian generally feels about well with a rod before entering a cacoari, to ascertain if it contains an electrical eel, in which case he gets it out first with a net. The *Piránhas*, species of *Serrasalmo*, are also rather dangerous, for I have seen an Indian boy return from the cacoary with his finger bitten off by one of them.

The "Geraú," is yet on a larger scale than the Cacoari. It is used only in the cataracts, and is very similar to the eel-traps used at mills and sluices in England. It is a large wooden sieve, supported in the midst of a cataract, so that the full force of the water dashes through it. All the fish which are carried down by the violence of the current are here caught, and their numbers are often so great as to supply a whole village with food. At many of the falls of the Uaupés, they make these geraús, which require the united exertions of the inhabitants to construct them; huge timbers having to be planted in every crevice of the rocks, to withstand the strength of the torrent of water brought down by the winter's floods.

All the fish not used at the time are placed on a little platform of sticks, over the fire, till they are so thoroughly dried and imbued with smoke, as to keep good any length of time. They are then used for voyages, and to sell to travellers, but, having no salt are a very tasteless kind of food."

In "The Naturalist on the River Amazon" by Henry Walter Bates, (London, 1863), there are several passages descriptive of the native modes of capturing fish. He says, (Vol. I, p. 129):

"A few miles above Baiao [a village on the river Tocantins] the channel became very shallow; we got aground several times, and the men had to disembark and shove the vessel off. Alexandro here shot several fine fish, with bow and arrow. It was the first time I had seen fish

captured in this way. The arrow is a reed, with a steel barbed point, which is fixed in a hole at the end, and secured by fine twine made from the fibres of pine-apple leaves. It is only in the clearest water that fish can be thus shot; and the only skill required is to make, in taking aim, the proper allowance for refraction."

And again, (Vol. II, p. 82):

"There was a mode of taking fish here [Altar do Chao, a village on the river Tapajos] which I had not before seen employed, but found afterwards to be very common on the Tapajos. This is by using a poisonous liana called *Timbó* (*Paullina pinnata*). It will act only in the still waters of creeks and pools. A few rods, a yard in length, are mashed and soaked in the water, which quickly becomes discoloured with the milky deleterious juice of the plant. In about half an hour all the smaller fishes, over a rather wide space around the spot, rise to the surface floating on their sides, and with the gills wide open. The poison acts evidently by suffocating the fishes; it spreads slowly in the water, and a very slight mixture seems sufficient to stupify them. I was surprised, on beating the water in places where no fishes were visible in the clear depths for many yards round, to find, sooner or later, sometimes twenty-four hours afterwards, a considerable number floating dead on the surface."

After this description of fish poisoning it will be some consolation to sportsmen to hear that artificial fly-fishing is not altogether unknown. We read, (Vol. II, p. 106):

"It was now the season for Tucunarés [*Cichla temensis*] and Senhora Joaquina showed us the fly baits used to take this kind of fish, which she had made with her own hands of parrot's feathers. The rods used are slender bamboos, and the lines made from the fibre of pine-apple leaves."

From "A Journey in Brazil" by Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, (London, 1868), we extract the following description of the use of the seine in the neighbourhood of Para, and an account of a very remarkable fish caught there.

"He [Professor Agassiz] describes the mode of fishing of the Indians as curious. They row very softly up the creek, having first fastened

the seine across from shore to shore at a lower point, and when they have gained a certain distance above it, they spring into the water with a great plash and rush down the creek in a line, driving the fish before them into the net. One draught alone filled the boat half full of fish. Mr. Agassiz was especially interested in seeing alive for the first time the curious fish called "Tralhote" by the Indians, and known to naturalists as the *Anableps tetraphthalmus*. This name, signifying "four eyed," is derived from the singular structure of the eye. A membranous fold enclosing the bulb of the eye stretches across the pupil, dividing the visual apparatus into an upper and lower half. No doubt this formation is intended to suit the peculiar habits of the *Anableps*. These fishes gather in shoals on the surface of the water, their heads resting partly above, partly below the surface, and they move by a leaping motion somewhat like that of frogs on land. Thus, half in air, half in water, they require eyes adapted for seeing in both elements, and the arrangement described above just meets this want." (P. 142)

In "The Amazon and Madeira Rivers" by Franz Keller, (London, 1874), in addition to a description of how fish are poisoned—which need not be given as this method of capturing fish has been already sufficiently described in the extract from Mr. Bates' work—there are two other ways of fishing mentioned. (P. 84.)

"The fishes apparently are not subject to the same objections, and every means seems lawful for their capture: hooks, bows and arrows, casting nets, and drag nets, that are spread out in a wide circle and drawn in on shallow sand banks, sometimes filled with exceedingly rich spoil. At some points whole tribes will unite, as the above mentioned Coroados of Paraná, in the operation of forcing them, by raising little stone dykes upon and between the boulders of a current, to take a certain channel so controlled by a plait-work of bamboo that at the upper end the water rushes into it with considerable force, yet leaves it perfectly dry a little farther down, whence it escapes through the interstices. As these "parys" (as the contrivances are called by

the Coroados) are usually fitted up at the season of the multitudinous return of the fish after spawning up-stream, few of the larger ones escape their fate; and their profusion would be seriously impaired in streams with parys, if these were not regularly destroyed every year by the floods.

One mode of fishing practised on the Mamoré, (though it be not very frequently) is too singular to be passed over in silence. At certain seasons millions of small fish move up-stream in dense swarms. These migrations, which occupy several hours, are awaited by the Moxo Indian, who takes up a standing position in the shallow water, near the shore or near a sandbank, provided only with the Covo, a sort of conical basket, without bottom, carefully made of laths of a heavy palm-wood joined by plait work. This basket he throws at the passing fish which he can afterwards, at his leisure, take out by the smaller opening at the top, provided the water is not higher than the covo, itself."

Perhaps the most ingenious mode of all is that described in "Fifteen thousand miles on the Amazon, and its Tributaries," by C. Barrington Brown and William Lidstone, (London, 1878, p. 420.):

"The "Guajara" had now turned into the channel leading from the Solimoes into the Amazon, which appears to be an excellent place for catching a fish called the Tambaki. It is not much unlike a salmon, and is usually caught by rather a strange stratagem. The food of the fish is the fruit of a certain palm, whose fall into the water, when ripe, instantly attracts the attention of the tambaki, which makes a rush upon it and devours it eagerly. This falling of fruit is therefore simulated by the fisherman, who taps the surface of the river with one of these berries placed at the end of a rod, while the hook attached to the line held in the other hand is baited in a similar manner. The fish deceived into the belief that the palm is shedding its seeds, swims eagerly to the spot from which the sound proceeds, and is caught by swallowing that in which the hook is concealed. Numbers of men were seen engaged in this way as the "Guajara" steamed onward."

There are a good many passages relating to

fish and fishing in "Brazil, the Amazons and the Coast" by Herbert H. Smith, (London 1879). Some of these refer to modes of fishing described in extracts already given from the works of earlier writers, but we find also much new and interesting matter. Fishing by torch light is vividly brought before us at p. 163.

"The river is still and dark; we see the stars reflected in it, and flickering with the current until we can hardly tell them from the dancing fire-flies above. Clumps of forest stand out vaguely over the meadows; in the shadow you cannot tell where water ends and land begins. The men paddle swiftly but silently; we can hear fish leaping from the water, night-birds complaining from the solitary trees, frogs and crickets in the marshes, a stray alligator, may be, rippling the surface as he disappears beneath it. And the imagination looks into the depths and sees strange forms, undefined beings, rising slowly from the shadows, waving and beckoning, and sinking back into the water, and lifting themselves again to gigantic heights. O night and solitude! Ye are the peopled, the full of life!

Our fisherman lights his torch and throws, a ruddy glow over the water. Now our phantoms hide among the reeds, and peep out from behind the tree-trunks, and move their wings overhead as they flit past us: childish monsters that fly the light and yet return to it; gigantic human moths; vapory bats, owls.

Flap! The man in the bow has speared a fish in the shallows: waving the torch with his left hand, while he uses the trident with his right. Flap, flop! A big carauanà is squirming about in the bottom of the canoe; the ghosts start in dismay, and fly silently into the darkness. And the torch flares and leaps, and sends great rockets after them, and flickers down to a coal, and flames up angrily to grasp their returning forms. Flop! There is another fish—and another—a harvest of them; the torch-holder cannot spear them fast enough: and ever, as he raises his arm, a shadow springs away behind his half-naked body, and dives under the canoe, and dances up on the other side, and disappears into the unknown, and brings back a thousand more

to the harmless warfare. We paddle slowly about among the grass-clumps, sometimes starting a bird on an overhanging branch; once the poor bewildered thing comes within reach of a boatman, who catches it in his hand to carry home to the children; and the ghosts and witches throw themselves aloft with mad joy, and sink to despair in the inky waters, rustling the leaves above, and vanishing into nowhere, and forming themselves again out of nothing, until the torch goes out and leaves them masters of the field; and we go home to sleep into the bright morning and the unpeopled reality."

In the course of a visit to Lake Cujubim, which is connected with the river Maecurù, the author had a disagreeable experience, (p. 283.):

"Of another class of lake inhabitants I have a too-severe reminder. Jumping into the water for a bath, I jumped out again in two seconds, with a great gash in one of my toes; the water swarms with hungry cannibal fishes; *piranhas*, says Graciano, who was running down to the water to warn me. He binds up my foot with certain cooling leaves, and after that we are content with a shower-bath on shore. By way of revenge, we bait a hook with a bit of dried meat, which happens to be in our provision-bag; the instant we throw it in, it is gobbled up greedily, and our assailant, or one of its cousins, is drawn out, snapping savagely at our feet and fingers with its razor-like teeth. Graciano cuts off its head with his wood knife, and a bit of this serves to bait for the next one; if the fish do not come fast enough, we stir the water vigorously with the pole, when a great rush is sure to follow. Ten minutes of this sanguinary sport leave some thirty *piranhas* on the bank; Graciano finds an earthen kettle in the hut, and our fish are speedily boiling for breakfast. Notwithstanding their carnivorous propensities, they are very good eating.

There are several species of these greedy *piranhas*; this kind is seldom more than ten inches long; but the *piranha-assu* is twice as large, and it makes nothing of biting an ounce or so of flesh from a bather's leg. People are sometimes killed by the *piranhas*; hence the Brazilians avoid swimming except where they know that

the water is free from them. The fishermen say that piranhas gather in bands against the larger fish; crowding to the attack, they frequently bite each other by mistake; and the wounded ones are mercilessly set upon and devoured by their companions."

On a subsequent visit to Lake Cujubim Mr. Smith had an opportunity of observing how the Pirarucú fishery is carried on, (p. 286):

" . . . the fishermen, meanwhile, employ themselves in catching and curing the great pirarucú, which abounds here, as it does in all the lowland lakes and channels. It feeds among the floating grass patches, in shallow water; sometimes the fishermen watch for it there; in the open lake one man paddles the canoe gently, while another, in the bow, stands ready to cast his harpoon at the fish as they come to the surface. Often he is unsuccessful; if the two fishermen obtain four or five good fish in a day, they may consider themselves fortunate. Successful lake fisheries depend, first, on high floods, which allow the fish to come in from the river over the submerged lands, second, on low summer *vasantes*, which keep them confined to narrow limits, and in shallow water. When both of these fail, the fisheries are unproductive; hence the price of dried pirarucú varies in different years from one dollar and a half to eight dollars the *arroba* of thirty-two pounds. As it happens, this is an unproductive year on the great lakes near the Amazon; hence these Indians have come to out-of-the-way Lake Cujubim, where they have the whole harvest to themselves. Some fish that they bring in are seven or eight feet long, and will yield four *arrobas* of dried sides; but these are less esteemed than the small, lean ones. The flesh is dried much as codfish is in Newfoundland. The sides are hung to a pole, and cut from above and below, so as to form wide, thin slices; these are well rubbed with salt, and dried in the sun."

A. D. CAMPBELL.

BOOK-ILLUSTRATION.



HAVING fairly opened up this subject, and, I trust, won for it the sympathies of my readers, I propose terminating with a few supplementary remarks on the externals of illustrated books.

For the binding of a book has a great deal to do with its subsequent career and library *status*. If indifferently bound and closely shorn, the true bibliophile rejects it with scorn and it passes into inferior and less worthy hands. Tastefully treated and suitably clad it takes its place on time-honoured shelves with books that are lovely and of good report, there to remain, probably, long after the original owner has been gathered to his forefathers. He, therefore, that binds a good book judiciously, may be said to confer a boon, not only on his contemporaries, but on posterity.

Let us now suppose that you have illustrated your Walton, and are ready to suit him with an external clothing, a becoming jerkin. Let the jerkin be simple, as befits his home and his pretensions—a whole-binding, or half-binding, according to your means, but with little gold braiding on the seams or lace about the cuffs. Half-bindings seem to be the order of the day; I will not therefore seduce you with descriptions of more luxurious styles; such would only render you dissatisfied, with what lies within the scope of most of us. A half-bound book, in fact, with cloth sides, will prove as durable and will wear as well as a whole-bound one, if good materials are used and a skilful workman handles it. The choice of your binder is therefore an important matter, and having found an intelligent and capable one, we advise you to be constant to him. Never allow him, however, to touch the edges of your books with the plough, the top-edge excepted, which should be gilt, to exclude the dust. This remark applies to whole-bound as well as to half-bound books. A volume so treated, can, if necessary, always be reclad, without let or hinderance, and also without injury.

For marbled, or gilt-edges, the plough must be employed, and the margins reduced—a sacrilegi-

ous enormity and I need hardly point, in evidence to the innumerable books in the market, ruined and desecrated by this merciless practice. True, your binder may object to unsmoothed edges, he may complain that his work suffers in its general appearance, by your eccentric notions, but give no heed to his protests, which he cannot justly defend.

Of the materials for binding, I prefer, amongst leathers, morocco. It is least affected both by gas and heat. The best colours for wear, in my experience, are red, brown and citron. Greens, except the darker shades, are seldom permanent. When exposed to the light, they are apt to fade. Russia leather, again, dries and cracks; calf peels on slight provocation; vellum proves stiff and impracticable. Of roan, I do not speak, as being comparatively worthless.

At the foot of the backs of your books, the date should be given, and often the publisher's name, especially of old books. It might be insinuated that this frequently satisfies a curious and superficial inspector and prevents his removing the volume from the shelf and affronting it with clumsy handling. But remembering the principle of Grolier ("*Grolierii et amicorum*") and of other philanthropic and large-hearted collectors, I abstain; for books—rare books, especially, should be common property under a statute of limitations. Those who, like Coleridge, never returned a book, or De Quincey, who restored it, reft of its fairest pages, should alone be excluded from the privilege.

I now supply, in conclusion, one or two omissions in my former papers. For instance, the adhesive medium to be employed in inlaying engravings: this should be paste of the kind used by book-binders. Never employ gum, which, even in its purest state, is open to many objections, and too often leaves ugly stains on the paper.*

The best paper for inlaying, I have found to be a thin Whatman, which has consistency, without

*Let Mr. Jenkins make trial of *starch*. The Continental binders employ no other medium for mounting engravings and photographs. It is found to be purer, whiter and smoother than paste. *Ed.*

undue stiffness. A too thick paper is apt to break away from the print, and often does not assimilate with the paper of the text.

In sending your additional illustrations to the binder be careful to pencil at the back of each the number of the page it is to face. This can easily be erased afterwards.

Do not insert several prints together, and always let them face you, if possible, as you turn the pages. Old engravings have frequently stains of age, imperceptible on the engraved side, but painfully obvious on the reverse. The means of removing these stains is a secret of the binder's craft, and with him I advise my readers to leave it.

H. T. JENKINS.

IN THE TREASURE HOUSE. II



TWO tattered old volumes remained out of the first handful from our "odd shelf." They remain still, somewhere on our table, but a new arrival for the moment overlies them. The stranger is arrayed in an emerald suit, with a broad band round his mantle thickly strewn with golden shamrocks, save where these, here and there, gather into fairy rings round the sad harp of Erin. The mantle yields to our touch, and reveals the stamped vellum-covered volume which contains Mr. Stock's admirable facsimile of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle." Admirable we repeat, but not immaculate: for has not the careful workman, giving final touches to the plates, cleared away the asperities of a blurred letter and produced a shapely *o*—in "May"; and, with a skilful sweep of his tool, reformed an *r*—in "cast".

We lift the cover and let it fall again. The whim moves us to pass into another Treasure House where bright colour is never at any season wanting, but which is now ablaze with a row of those "young beauties," who, warmly wooed, yield up all their glowing charms long before the earliest swallow dares to come. "Not Solomon in all his glory," says The Book,

"is arrayed like one of these." Perhaps not, but Nature never yet spoke with her own mouth, as she can speak through the brain and by the hand of a true artist. We return to our pallid looking book, and again lifting the cover are face to face with a little picture which makes azaleas, camelias and what not, turn pale and colourless. We gaze on seven little lads all sitting a-row on a river bank and all a-fishing. The lupin, the daffodil, the poppy, have lent their brightest hues to the raiment of these pretty fellows; the result is an exquisite glow and harmony of colour, thanks to the master hand of Richard Doyle. For to his "vanished hand" do we owe this supremest treasure of our Treasure House. On the fly-leaves, the half-title, and where blank spaces afforded room for the exercise of his brush and pencil, the artist has placed little drawings in colour, full of wit and whim and graceful fancy. We have "Dame Juliana" engaged in the composition of her immortal work, whilst her dogs, all save one unfortunate whom a fish-hook in the tail sufficiently occupies, bark at the "printer's d—," retiring heavy laden with "copy." We are shown how "the lady sends a line to Wynkyn de Worde," and mark the retainer waiting, with net, "to land the printer." We have Dame Juliana, with the printer, overweighted with the huge tome, in dutiful attendance, proceeding to court, with vast flourish of trumpet, to present a copy of her book ("on large paper") to the King of England. The modest satisfaction of the lady and the delighted astonishment of the king, must be seen, not told. In one place a troop of little men are drawing a huge salmon from the water; in another a "contemplative angler," seated on the margin of a deep pool, absorbed in the mysteries, mayhap, of the Dame's "Twelve flies," is happily unconscious of the gathering Nemesis behind him: in the shape of a herd of cattle. We have Wynkyn de Worde's printing office on the "day of publication," with an eager, surging crowd, struggling to obtain an "early copy." Alas! the hand of death passed between the artist and this sketch whilst it was still in progress, and a companion drawing showing the happy purchasers is but indicated frag-

mentarily in pencil. There are others, and we have not mentioned the most important, but the gem of the whole is the "Seven little fishers." This picture delights the beholder, like a burst of sunshine, long before the mind can reach the figures on which the artist has lavished all the wealth of his rich and humorous fancy. Pleasant, indeed, to watch the delight gather to the eyes of a "fit" observer!

"Dame Juliana illustrated by Richard Doyle" is something to be thankful for. It is, and this gladdens the heart of a collector, unique, with a more precious kind of uniqueness than that due to a misprint, or such as is caused by the rasping, wearing hand of Father Time. We envy no possessor of a first Walton: there is a good cart-load of these somewhere; we have had well-nigh a dozen copies on this very table at one and the same time. We place our treasure with tender hand in our chief casket. It slips, as though a place had been left for it, between our friend Joseph Crawhall's "Compleatest Angling Book," in dark blue Russia, and the neighbouring volume, which chances to be Joseph Crawhall's "Compleatest Angling Book" in crimson morocco. It has been said that a collector should have three copies of a "desirable book": one to look at, one to read, one to lend. We don't know about the lending, but we have nevertheless put the "Compleatest Angling Book" into the "desirable" catalogue.

We descend from our stilts, excellent things "in loco," and return to the lower level of our "odd shelf."

Next to our hand is a ragged little book in 12mo., with the following title:

"Hocus Pocus: / or, a / Rich Cabinet / of / Legerdemain Curiosities, / Natural and Artificial Conclusions, / shewing / 1. How to cleave money. 2. To make / sport with Cats, Ducks, or Poultry. 3. To / hang two knives on the Brim of a Glass. 4. / To wash your hands in melted Lead without / damage. 5. To make a Sixpence seem to fall / thro' a Table. 6. To teach Children to Read / by Dice. 7. Divers wonderful Things done by / the Loadstone. 8. To catch *Kites, Crows, / Magpies, &c.*, alive. 9. To catch a Pick-pocket. / 10. To name a Pack of Cards, and not see them. /

11. To write *love letters* secretly. 12. Experiments in *Drawing, Painting, Geometry, Astronomy, &c.* 13. To make variety of *Fireworks.* 14. To keep *Fowl Venison*, or any *Flesh*, sweet / a month. 15. To make a drink when you / cannot relish other Liquors. 16. To fox *Fish* / and Fowls. 17. To make one Candle outlast / three. 18. To preserve Fruit all the Year. / 19. To make excellent *Plastering for Ceilings / or Walls.* With many other Natural and Artificial / Conclusions, affording great variety of Inno- / cent Sport and Pastime. / *Adorn'd with above 40 curious Cuts.* / By J. White, a lover of Art and Ingenuity. / Sold at the *Ring* in *Little Britain*. pr. 1s." [1700?] pp. 96.

The gleanings afforded by this book are but meagre. We first have a harmless paste wherewith to "catch fish with an angle," and then, (mark the word!) "Another."

"An excellent Bait to catch Fish with an Angle.

Make paste with fine Wheat flower, tempered with a little Saffron and Sugar, and bait your Hook therewith, and they will bite apace: This is a good bait for Roach, Dace, and such like. (p. 14).

Another.

Take the Crum of a new penny white loaf, an ounce of *Coculus India*, and an ounce of Henbane-seed finely powdered, temper the same well with good *Aqua-vitæ* into a paste, and divide them into small pieces bigger than grains of wheat, and then cast handfuls in at once into the water where is store of Fish, and you shall presently see them drunk." (p. 14).

Next we find a modification of the "rare invention" quoted, (p. 119), from Sir Hugh Plat's "Jewel House," in which a candle takes the place of the glow-worms.

"To catch Fish in a dark Night, with a Candle under Water.

Get a Urinal, and put pretty soft Clay therein, and with something that is flat at the end, press the Clay gently to the bottom of the Glass, smoothing it as well as you can, then take a Stick and shape it about the bigness of a candle's end, wet the stick, and put it into the neck of the glass, making a hole in the middle of the Clay, as you make Clay Candle sticks, then make a little Hoop of a Willow stick, and tie pieces of Cork in four places of the Hoop equally distant, and get a thin, light, round piece of Board, and with four little Sticks of equal length, tie one end of them to the Corks, and the other ends fasten to the

Board to support it, as you may see here [in this Figure. [Cut].

In the Board you must make a hole in the middle to put the Neck of the glass thro', and there tie it, and make a loop with a string to the Board that you may with a long pole put it into the water; when you will use it, put your Candle into the Glass in the clay Socket, a little below the brim, that the Wind blow not the light out; if you please you may with Wax or Glue put little pieces of Looking-glass, or other Glass under the Board on the side next the Water, and this light will shine a great compass in the water, and the Fish will straight resort to the same, where you may very easily take them with a Net.

This might be done with the Glass alone by tying Corks about the neck of the Glass, to keep the mouth above Water." (pp. 23-5.)

The next volume to our hand, (for an attempt has been made to deal with what is turned our "litter,") has strayed from a neighbouring fold, where are gathered much concerning the Divs, the Magi, the Opus, the Oracles, Extispicy, Cledonism, Ooscopy and every device conceived by the mind of man, wherewith to lift the veil that now hangs between THIS and THAT.

It is the work of an astrologer, famous in his day, and was printed in quarto in 1540, with the following title:

Albubatrī / astrologi diligentissimi, liber / Genethiacus, / siue de natiuitatibus, non. solum in- / genti rerum scitu dignarum / copia, uerum etiam iucun- / dissimo illarum ordi- / ne conspicuus. / Norimbergæ apud Joh. Petreium, / Anno M.D.XL.

The 102d chapter treats, "De natis piscatoribus," and shows under what aspect of the planets, Piscator, the true Piscator, is born. Scoffers may laugh, but believers know that the Deity pervades all matter, which would otherwise be dead and inert, and has assigned to all created things diverse powers and dispositions, causing them to act and react on each other. So it happens, as Sibley assures us, that just as all ground will not bring forth the same fruit, so all parts of the Heavens will not produce the same effects. Further we learn that zodiacal influences are varied and modified by the presence of the greater planets; and that strange effects may result, when the cold, dry, melancholy, malign and solitary Saturn is in trine or quartile or

opposition with the choleric and fiery Mars : the "greater infortune" with the "lesser infortune." However this may be, Albubater lays it down that: "quando Saturnus in ascendente fuerit, et Mars ipsum in angulo occidentis aspexerit, natus erit uenator aut piscator"; and also "quando Luna cum Mercurio in signo aqueo fuerit, natus erit piscator."

The horoscope of an angler, however, is but a matter of individual interest ; of much more importance is that of the fishmonger. He may be a purveyor of wretched fish if some malign aspect of the planets has fallen strongly into the watery Triplicity. Common prudence therefore enjoins us to ascertain the time of our fishmonger's birth, and the place too, for the *elevatio poli* is an important factor. Listen to our author:

"De mercatoribus piscium. Cap. cxvii

Quando Mars significator magisterii fuerit, et Saturnus ex Cancro aspexerit, natus erit mercator piscium. Et si significator magisterii in signo aques fuerit, et Mars ex signo aqueo aspexerit, natus erit mercator piscium. Et si Mercurius significator magisterii et Luna ipsum ex signo aqueo aspexerit, natus erit paruorum piscium mercator. Et si Mercurius cum Saturno in Piscibus fuerit, et Luna ipsum aspexerit, natus erit mercator piscium insipidorum. Et si Jupiter ipsum aspexerit, natus erit magnorum piscium mercator. Et si Luna occidentalis et lumine diminuta in domo significatoris magisterii fuerit, et Jupiter eam ex signo bestiae bono aspectu aspexerit, natus erit mercator piscium salsorum."

From the fishmonger we pass into the kitchen, and with one of Gervase Markham's compilations in our hand. This is :

"The English / Hovse-Wife./ Containing/ the inward and outward Vertues which / ought to be in a compleate Woman./ As her skill in Physicke, Surgery, Cookery, / Extraction of Oyles, Banqueting stuffe, Ordering of / great Feasts, Preserving of all sorts of Wines, Conceited Secrets, Distillations, Perfumes, ordering of Wooll, / Hempe, Flax, making cloth, and Dying, the know- / ledge of Dayries, Office of Malting, of Oates, / their excellent vses in a Family, of Brew- / ing, Baking, and all other things belong-

ing to an Household./ A Worke generally approued, and now for the fourth time much augmented, purged and made most Profitable and / necessary for all men, and the generall good / of this Kingdome./ By G. M./ London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for John Harison, and are to / be sold at his shop at the signe of the golden / Vnicorne in Pater- noster-row, 1631."

There are many other editions, but we select this because it contains additional matter, not given in previous issues, concerning the cooking of fish. Markham's book was designed for dwellers in the country and inland towns, to whom the "coarse fish" of fresh waters, and the salted fish of the sea, were chiefly accessible three centuries ago. Such fish could only be endured with a marinade or *en matelote*, and the culinary methods of our progenitors do not therefore differ very widely from our own, though the use of dried and fresh fruit accords more with modern German usage, than that which now obtains in this country. Fish pies were evidently in great favour. Here are some of them :

How to bake a Carpe.

"After you have drawne washt and scalded a faire large Carpe, season it with pepper, salt and Nutmeg, and then put it into a coffin with good store of sweete butter, and then cast on Raysins of the Sunne, the iuyce of Lemons, and some slices of orange pils; and then sprinkling on a little vinegar, close vp and bake it." (p. 103)

How to bake a Tench

"First, let your Tench blood in the tayle, then scour it, wash it, and scald it, that having dried it, take the fine crummes of bread, sweete Creame, the Yelkes of Egges, Currents cleane washt, a few sweete hearbes chopt small, season it with Nutmegs and Pepper, and make it into a stiffe paste, and put it into the belly of the Tench; then season the fish on the outside with pepper salt and Nutmeg, and so put it into a deepe coffin with sweete Butter, and so close up the pye and bake it: then when it is enough, draw it, and open it, and put into it a good peece of Preserved orange minst: then take Vinegar, Nutmeg, Butter, Sugar, and the yelke of a new layd egge, and boyle it on a Chaffing-dish and Coales, always stirring it to keepe it from curding; then powre it into the pye, shake it well, and so serve it vp." (pp 133-4).

Not fresh fish only was pressed by the Housewife of the period into pie-making service.

Pickled and dried fish were also requisitioned. Perhaps such things are even now not unknown under paste, for great as may have been the dearth of fresh food in past times throughout the rural districts, it must not be forgotten that there are country villages in this present England of ours, where neither milk, butter, eggs, poultry nor butcher's meat can be purchased save at rare and uncertain intervals. Sojourners in such quarters must perforce content themselves with tea and bread, with bacon and potatoes. Not luxurious fare, but a complete diet nevertheless, and sufficient for those who like ourselves have enjoyed the advantage of learning thankfulness, by living for a fortnight (15 days), on two ship biscuits and the sole of a boot.

Here is another pie :

"A Herring-pie."

"Take white pickled *Herrings* of one nights watering and boyle them a little : then pill off the skinne and take onely the backs of them, and picke the fish cleane from the bones, then take good store of *Raisins* of the Sunne, and stone them, and put them to the fish : then take a *Warden* or two, and pare it, and slice it in small slices from the chore, and put it likewise to the fish : then with a very sharpe shredding knife shred all as small and fine as may be : then put to it good store of *Curants*, *Sugar*, *Cinamon*, slic't *Dates*, and so put it into the Coffin with good store of very sweet *Butter*, and so couer it, and leaue onely a round vent-hole on the top of the lid, and so bake it like pies of that nature. When it is sufficiently bakt, draw it out, and take *Claret Wine* and a little *Veriuiice*, *Sugar*, *Cinamon*, and sweet *Butter*, and boile them together ; then put it in at the vent-hole, and shake the pie a little, and put it againe into the Oven for a little space, and so serue it up, the lid being candied over with *Sugar*, and the sides of the dish trimmed with *Sugar*." (pp. 110-1)

THOS. SATCHELL.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE
CITY OF LONDON. V.

Ordinance that eels shall be sold by weight

13 Henry IV. A.D. 1412. Letter-Book I, fol. cxi.
(Latin and Norman French.)

*Of all cities in the West, this City of London,

*In Latin. From the peculiar nature of the language, which is more florid than grammatically correct, the composition of this article may in all probability be ascribed to the pen of

the most ancient, is rendered praiseworthy and famous by the governors thereof, men known to be and to have been persons of experience, and refulgent by their discreetness ; and, more especially, because that at the present day its rulers do unweariedly labour to put an end to what is for private advantage only, and to increase the public weal ; nay, even more than this, it is their object that, in these modern times, it may not be for any one to rave about the supply of anything, and of victuals more especially, being largely brought to the said City, by reason of unsound governance as to the same.

But among these same matters there is one thing found to be very pernicious ; namely, that all those aliens who come to this city with their vessels, called "*eleshippes*," for the sale of their eels, when they arrive at the City aforesaid, bring the various sorts of their eels, some the largest, called † "*stobelele*," some of middling size, called "*shastele*," and some of smaller size, called "*pympernele*," before the Mayor and Aldermen, to be assessed by them, according to the custom of the City aforesaid ; namely, each sort at its own rate, by them assessed and appraised ; at which rates, according to their respective sorts, at the discretion of the said Mayor and Aldermen, and fishmongers, they are allowed to sell the same to whom they please ; yet, immediately after this, contrary to the assessment and appraisal aforesaid, such eels of middle size, called "*shastele*," are openly sold by them as being of the largest size, and the smallest eels, called "*pympernele*," for eels of middling size ; to their own advantage, and to the loss of the public, and in deceit, and to the detriment, of the people.

Wherefore, Robert Chichele, the Mayor, with the assent and consent of the Aldermen of the said city then present, they desiring to provide a fitting and opportune remedy in this behalf, commanded the Ordinance under-written to be here entered.

John Carpenter ; then probably a clerk in the Guildhall, and who became Town Clerk about five years after this date. †It seems not improbable that these names were given by alien, perhaps Dutch, importers of eels ; whose *eel-scouts* are still to be seen on the Thames.

"The 18th day of February, in the 13th year of the reign of King Henry, after the Conquest, the Fourth. It is ordered by Robert Chichele, Mayor, and the Aldermen, to the pleasing of God, and for the common good and profit of the people of the City of London, and of all other persons repairing thereunto, that all eels that from henceforth shall be brought by any persons whatsoever to the said city in vessels called "*eleshippes*," for sale, shall be sold by weight. And that in every vessel there shall be certain weights provided, 1 pound, 2 pound, 3 pound, 4, 5, and 6, and more or less, for emptying [*pur oultrier*] and making deliverance thereof, according as the King and his people shall need. And that the sellers and owners of such eels shall sell the large eels, called "*stobele*," at 2d per pound, the pound of middling eels, called "*shastele*," at 1½d., and the pound of the least and smallest eels, called "*pympernele*," at one penny; without selling by number, or otherwise against this Ordinance, on pain of forfeiture of all the eels to the use of the Chamber, to the contrary hereof sold." (Pp. 580-1.)

Exchange of the Craft and Livery of the Ironmongers for that of the Fishmongers, by Richard Merlawe, Alderman.

3 Henry V, A.D. 1416. Letter-Book I, fol. clxiv, (Latin).

Be it remembered, that whereas on the 13th day of May, in the 3rd year of King Henry, after the Conquest the Fifth, it was by Thomas Fauconer, the then Mayor, and the Aldermen of London, ordained and agreed that from henceforth no Mayor, Alderman, Sherriſſ, or other officer or servant of the City of London, should take any livery or vestment from any craft or fraternity within the liberty of the said city, save of one craft only, *etc.*, under the heavy penalty and perils in the Ordinance aforesaid contained and specified; and whereas Richard Merlawe, Alderman, who was first admitted to the freedom of the city in the craft of the Ironmongers, had notwithstanding in times past commonly and usually followed, and still did follow, as well the trade of Fishmongers as of the Ironmongers in the City aforesaid, and had had and received yearly, and at different times liveries or vestments

from the same trades, as the Court did recollect; the said Richard Merlawe, wishing for the future by no means to offend against the Ordinance aforesaid, but only to adopt one of the vestments or liveries of the trades aforesaid, did therefore, on the 10th day of the month of March, in the 3rd year, *etc.*, together with many other good and sufficient men of the trade of Fishmongers aforesaid, come before Nicholas Wottone, the Mayor, and the Aldermen, in the Chamber of the Guildhall of London, and entreat them with, all due urgency, that they would deign to admit him, the said Richard, to the freedom and the vesture, or livery, of the trade of Fishmongers aforesaid.

Whereupon, the Mayor and Aldermen, wishing to grant their prayer in this behalf, as being just and consonant with reason, did admit Richard Merlawe aforesaid, according to his desire, to the freedom and the livery, or vesture, of the trade of Fishmongers aforesaid. (P. 624.)

Enactment as to the prices of mussels, oysters, salt, and whiting.

6 Henry V., A.D. 1418. Journal I, fol. 51. (Latin.)

Sevenoke, Mayor,—Thursday, the 3rd day of October, in the 6th year, *etc.*; present, the Mayor, Recorder, Knolles, Merlawe, R. Chichele, Walderne, Crowmere, Fauconer, Wottone, H. Bartone, Nortone, Penne, Pike, Cauntbrigge, Wedington, the two Sheriffs.

It was ordered, that oysters and mussels should be sold at 4d. the bushel, 2d. the half-bushel, one penny the *pec*, and the half-peck at one half-penny; the assize being in all measures observed.

It was also ordered, that the salt which had been bought by Bemonde and Edward, salters, within the City, should be sold at the price at which they bought it, for the common good of the people.

It was enjoined upon the Masters of the Fishmongers of the one street and the other*, that they should diligently take measures among themselves for setting the lowest price they conveniently might, for the easement of the people;

*Fish Street, now Fish Street Hill, and Old Fish Street.

and that they should give orders that whiting* taken in the Thames, and coming by water, should be sold† at the quay where the vessel is moored, and then be carried to Fish Street for sale. (Pp. 666-7).

Our Creel.



R. FREDERICK E. SAWYER, of Brighton, whose name will be known to many of our readers as that of a diligent gleaner of popular antiquities, has kindly sent us a reprint of two papers read by him before the "Sussex Natural History Society," which furnish some interesting notes on the

FISHING FOLK-LORE OF SUSSEX.

The Brighton fishermen, engaged in the mackerel and herring fishing, attach a barrel to every tenth net, and, as each barrel is cast into the sea they repeat the following rhyme :

"Watch barrel ! watch ! mackerel for to catch,
White may they be, like a blossom on the tree
God sends thousands, one, two and three,
Some by the head, some by the tail
God send mackerel and never fail."

The master says "seas all" as the last net goes over, for he would never expect to see the nets again if he said "last net."

Another version is sometimes used, "the lines being repeated by different men" :

Captain. "Now men ! hats off !
God Almighty send us a blessing
Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

First Man. Watch barrel, watch,
Mackerel for to catch,

Second Man. White may they be,
Like the blossom on the tree.

Third Man. Some by the head,

Fourth Man. Some by the tail ;

Fifth Man. May God send mackerel
May He never fail !

Sixth Man. Some by the nose,

Seventh Man. Some by the fin,

Eighth Man. May God send as many,
As we can lift in."

These men believe that it brings bad luck to cross the "moon line," as they call the moon's reflection on the water.

They are locally known as *Jaspers* and were formerly called *Juggs*, though some affirm that the latter appellation pertains to the Brighton fishwives. The men who carry fish round in baskets are called *Jugglers*. There is a *Jugg-road*, marked on the Ordnance map in the parish of Kingston, near Lewes, "said to be so named from being the spot where Brighton fish vendors approaching Lewes were first seen from that town."

In East Sussex "these fish carriers are termed *Rippiers*, a name derived from the Icelandic *hríp*, a basket. The term occurs in an Act of Parliament of 1709, relating to Sussex roads, which provides that no toll shall be taken 'for any horses laden with fish, or for the horses on which the *Rippiers* or drivers of such horses shall ride, going on or towards London, or for such said horses returning.' (8 Ann. cap 20.)

There is a saying that "the Brighton fishermen have corns on their chests from leaning so much on the railings." Mr. Sawyer says that "this is a slander on an industrious and temperate body of men, and arises from the public confounding the Brighton beach loafers, some of the most pestilent beggars in Brighton, with the fishermen."

The fishermen of Worthing are called *Pork-bolters* ; those of Hastings *Chop-backs* or *Hatchet-backs*. Mr. Sawyer thinks these latter names "not very clear" and mentions a vague tradition of the Hastings men having chopped off the hands of some Dutch sailors found clinging to a wreck. We think, however, that the origin of these nicknames may be found nearer home, and that they may be readily accounted for when we recall the habits of some portion of the fraternity as expressed in the saying : "the Hastings fishermen have patches in the seats of their trousers from sitting so much."

"Herrings come to see the bonfires on Guy Fawkes' day," say the Hastings men, who have remarked that the first shoals reach that part of the coast about that date. Another curious

**Les whit.* †Sold wholesale.

superstition obtains among the Sussex fishermen with regard to a "large herring of a blood-red colour (called the *King Herring*), which acts as a pilot to the school or shoal of herrings. If accidentally caught in a herring-net it is at once thrown overboard, as keeping it would bring bad luck, and moreover cause the shoal to be lost for want of a pilot. When dead, they say this fish is white and resembles other herrings, but when alive the blood-red colour can be seen even on a dark night, when the fish is in the sea."

The mackerel fishing in Sussex commences with a ceremony called "Bending-in," of which some account was given in the first series of the *Note-Book*. It takes place in April, and Mr. Sawyer tells us that "the first of May is a favourite day for starting, and when the start is on that day the masts of the fishing boats are decorated with garlands. When, however, they did not start until later the fishermen used formerly to accompany the sweeps with the Jach-in-the-Green. At the "bending-in" a meal of bread and cheese is given to any children who may be on the beach. The children wish the fishermen a prosperous voyage, and sometimes a Punch and Judy show is provided for their amusement on the occasion. About sixty years ago a fair named "Rockfair" was held at Hastings on the conclusion of the mackerel fishing about the end of July. It resembled an ordinary fair, but there was a great amount of gambling, and fishermen are known to have staked and lost their boats, nets and all fittings, &c. At Brighton, the Lord of the Manor used to give five shillings to the first boat which landed a hundred mackerel on the beach. On the occasion of a marriage amongst the fishermen the boats formerly hoisted their flags, and each one that did so received an allowance of beer. On the death of a fisherman all the boats hoist a flag at half-mast until the funeral."

TROUT IN FULTON MARKET.

The opening of the trout season in New York, we learn from *Forest and Stream*, was made the occasion, by Mr. Eugene Blackford, of an exhibition of live and dead trout, in Fulton Market, of a very entertaining character. Mr. Blackford spared neither pains nor expense towards secur-

ing a successful display. Trout of all kinds and all ages were collected from a wide district. The State hatcheries at Cold Spring, Caledonia, and elsewhere, contributed specimens in all stages of growth, and many private fish-culturists lent a helping hand. The result afforded, Mr. Mather says, "an instructive study" to those interested in the differences due to species, and those caused by food, water, and climate.

Mr. Blackford was good enough to send us a very artistic card of invitation to this show, which our piscatorial scrap book would have lost, had we been within a thousand miles of this courteous fishman.

MEN IN BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

A fish market nearer home may claim a word of notice. We were under the impression that the ancient abuses of Billingsgate had been abolished, but in Mr. W. D. Chester's entertaining "*Chronicles of the Customs*," recently published, we read :

"For several generations this market has been the source of complaint, and at the present day occupies a large share of attention in the public press.

The thoroughfares from daybreak have been from all time blocked by a motley mob of the lowest of the low, and the language used has become a byword all over the globe, so much so that uncomplimentary terms are aptly and rightly termed, "Billingsgate."

With every endeavour that has been made, these savages, for they deserve no better name, are untamable, and I know of no more fitting scope for missionary labours than this locality, to which the lawless and idlers of every degree daily resort. As evidence of the low state of morality pervading hereabouts, I may mention that in my recollection, not many years ago, it was a condition in rowing for a certain prize in the "Billingsgate Regatta," that all the competitors should have served three weeks in the gaol of Newgate.

Few people in affluence as they partake of the dainty dishes of fish placed before them, are aware of the hardships undergone in obtaining these denizens of the deep, and how much roguery and blasphemy pervades the spot where the delicacies are sold.

I do not think that in any other market in the world, fish and blackguardism are so closely associated.

In the olden days, the drop at Newgate on a Monday morning was considered a place whereat to observe the character of the lowest strata of our population. A visit to Billingsgate on any

Monday will afford to the moralists and the philanthropists much whereon to speculate, and an unending field for their labour in the cause of reformation and improvement."

DANIEL WEBSTER AND TROUT PROTECTION.

We learn from an American journal that trout protection in Massachusetts originated with no less a personage than Daniel Webster. In one of his speeches, delivered in New York, Mr. Webster said: "It has so happened that all the public services which I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the General Government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and, after much reflection, I introduced a bill, which, with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, passed into a law, and is now the law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any other manner than with the ordinary hook and line."

EATING TROUT FRY.

Trout protection has been again engaging the attention of the New York Legislature, and it has become the law of that State that no trout be retained under six inches in length. General R. H. Sherman writes that this amendment to the game law of New York is "designed to cut off the murderous practice of catching for number that has so depleted our trout streams. The bill forbids the retention of any trout below six inches and also the taking of trout from public waters to stock private ponds. Public houses near trout streams are in the habit of getting up "trout suppers" for guests. Two or three boys are started off in the morning. They return in the afternoon with 200 or 300 year-old or two year old fish, which are fried till crisp, and each guest eats twenty or thirty, and thus the stock of the stream is destroyed in its infancy. I was told, at a place in Essex County, last fall, that a certain great and pious person, whose name is withheld, came there every summer, and wanted the first thing a trout fry. Trout on the ice eight or nine inches long would not do. He must go out himself and catch 100 or more three to five inch fellows and have them fried. These he gorged heads, bones and all. This is the kind of fishing that defeats the purpose of artificial culture. It is the large trout that should be taken, not the small ones. When a trout reaches the weight of two pounds or over he will destroy more of his kind in a year than he can produce." (*American Angler*, April 4).

The same journal reminds its readers that at the third annual dinner, in 1882, of the Ichthyophagous Club, whose doings have already been noticed in our pages, a porpoise was served to the guests, and that the meat was found to be tender and juicy, red, and resembling ox liver, with the negative virtue of having "no disagreeable taste." The experiment was not regarded as successful by those who ventured to taste, and certainly suggested no forecast of the demand, which, according to the *Philadelphia Times* is now springing up for this sea-beef. We may now expect to see

PORPOISE ON THE DINNER TABLE,

for we read:

"Porpoise fishing promises to become one of the principle industries of the New Jersey Coast. The experiment made last fall at Cape May proved so successful in a financial way, that the facilities of the company there will be greatly increased and other porpoise fisheries will be established in both Cape May and Atlantic counties. At first they were caught for the skin and blubber alone, the carcasses being thrown away, or, in a few instances, used as fertilizers. From the blubber is extracted a very fine oil, while the skin makes a superior quality of leather. Sometime last fall, however, it was discovered that porpoise flesh was savoury to the taste, and it soon became popular as an article of food, and was in great demand. The juicy red meat, which is taken from beneath a layer of fat next to the skin, is pronounced by epicures to be more palatable than any porterhouse steaks ever cooked. In appearance it resembles beef, but it is more solid and of finer grain, and very tender. Some say that it tastes like venison, and that there is nothing of the fishy taste about it. A Philadelphia firm has recently made a proposition to take all that may be caught along the coast this season, with the view of making much of it into mince meat. The Cape May Company, however, will reject the offer, as it already has offers from prominent Philadelphia and New York hotels and restaurants, and it is believed that there will be a demand for the meat which cannot be met. For the first time it will be on the bill of fare of the leading hotels along the coast in the coming season, and will no doubt prove acceptable as a substitute for the inevitable fish. Last year a seine about one thousand yards long, with a net reaching almost to the bottom of the sea, was used, but it was seldom that more than a-half dozen fish were taken in a haul. Improved seines will be used this season, some of which are now in course of

construction, and which will be patented. Each porpoise was estimated to be worth twenty dollars when nothing but the blubber and skin were utilized, but now that the flesh is in demand, and an extra fine oil is extracted from the head, it is said that they will be worth more than double that amount. When it is stated that the Cape May Company realized three thousand seven hundred and forty dollars from an outlay of one thousand dollars last season in five week's time, it will be readily seen what a profit there is in porpoise fishing."

In the pleasant sketch, full of "Flora and the country green," which we printed in our last number, (p. 114), our valued contributor AODH, viewed the proceedings of dragon-flies with a poet's eye. We have occasion to take a more matter of fact notice of their actions and point to results which particularly affect the fish-culturist, and of which the full significance is perhaps scarcely estimated.

Most men have witnessed the strange spectacle of the birth of a swarm of gnats, or seen the transformation of a water-fly. We speak of the present race of angler-naturalists, for Walton and his immediate followers appear to have wandered by the side of stream and pool, with eyes closed to the wonders around them, and, it must be admitted, that few volumes contain so much (to us) mirth-provoking twaddle, as the old cockney hosier, with beaming and self-satisfied air, has unconsciously gathered into his charming book. Most anglers must, some time or other, have watched that marvel of nature, the transformation of the dragon-fly: how the dull sluggish looking pupa, with its huge jaws firmly clenched, climbs up the stalk of reed or rush, and there remains inert and motionless—for a time. How suddenly the skin splits across the back and there springs at once, halfway out of the rent, a new form of life: a creature colourless, scarcely living, with legs folded on its breast, and wings like wet crumpled parchment, pressed against its sides. Gradually the form rises higher and higher, and beneath the vivifying rays of the sun, the burnished mail takes rainbow hues, the wings clear and glitter and expand, and presently a gorgeous insect flies away down the stream, to complete the cycle of its existence. A little play—sportive

to all appearance, and the serious business of life commences. The female deposits her eggs on the floating herbage, and thence issue *larvæ*, (much the same, to all seeming, as in the stage where we first took up the tale), with savage jaws, fierce all-round-seeing eyes, and limbs fitted to grasp their prey. From infancy these are pitiless slayers; bold and enterprising they attack all living creatures that their strength enables them to conquer—and devour. Where food is plentiful they rapidly increase in size and strength; and their working of ill grows with the power. The fish-culturist ministers to their needs, and we need not be surprised that they prove

GREAT RAVAGERS OF FISH-PONDS.

A Hungarian journal, the *Halászati Lapok*, (no. 10 of October, 1884), contains a remarkable account of their depredations, communicated by Count Moritz Palffy, who possesses a large fish-breeding establishment at Szomolany in the country of Pozsony. "The *Libellula* has been mentioned by Brehm in his "Illustrites Thierleben" as being very injurious to the breeding of fish, but what extent of damage this insect can perpetrate, I have myself learnt to my cost. Into pond Number 4, which is one of the larger ones, I this year placed 50,000 fish embryos. They seemed to develop satisfactorily until all at once, when they were only seen in small numbers, and I was at length forced to let the water run off. I then found several thousand *Libellulæ*, but of the 50,000 fish only 54 were found, *i.e.* one in every thousand. Several years ago I had put into the same pond 120,000 fish embryos, and of these we caught last year 3,000, which show that only one in four hundred had remained, while the number of *larvæ* had doubled."

The particular species of *Libellulida* is supposed by the *Halászati Lapok*, to be *Æschna grandis*, Linn., but it has been pointed out by a correspondent of the *Rovartani Lapok* (Dec. 1884, pp. 252-3) that this insect is very rare in Hungary, and that even in its native habitat, the Southern and Eastern parts of Europe, it never appears in large numbers. We would suggest that the abundance of suitable food may account for its great increase in the ponds of Count Halffy.

THOS. SATCHELL.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. V.

- Krünitz. *Oeconomische Encyclopadie*, 1773-1858
 Kuhn. *Das Preussische...Jagdrecht*, 1840
 La Chesnaye des Bois. *Dict. universel*, 1751
 Lac. *Le lac, les rivières et la pêche*, 1871 (5 ed.)
 Lady. *Accomplish'd ladies delight*, 1675, 1677, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1719, 1720
 Laing. *Journal...in Norway*, 1851
 Lakeland. *The Teesdale angle*, 1858
 Lambert, J. *The countryman's treasure*, [circa 1686]
 ——— O. *Angling literature*, 1881
 ——— St. A. *Nouveau manuel...du pêcheur*, 1820, 1853, 1854, 1861, 1870
 Landau. *Geschichte der Fischerei in Deutschland*, 1865
 Land and Water. 1866, &c. *In Progress*
 Landor. †*Imaginary conversations*, 1824-9, 1846, 1853
 Lane. †*Cliffden*, n.d.
 Lanman. *Essays for summer hours*, 1842
 ——— *Summer in the wilderness*, 1847
 ——— *Adventures of an angler in Canada*, 1848
 ——— *Tour to the Saguenay*, 1848
 ——— *Adventures in the wilds*, 1854, 1863
 ——— ——— 1856, 1859
 ——— *Recollections of...pleasant places*, 1881
 Lascelles. *Angling*, [1815], 1819
 Lathy. *The angler*, 1819, 1820, 1822
 Latouche [i.e. Crawford]. *Country house essays*, 1876
 Lauder. *Scottish rivers*, 1874
 Lawson, A. *Modern farrier*, 1825
 ——— W. †*New orchard and garden*, 1617-8, 1626, &c.
 Law-suit: or the farmer and fisherman, 1738, n.d.
 Lay. *The lay of the last angler*, 1867, 1870, 1874, 1881
 Lea. *Bye-laws of the river Lea*, 1827
 Lee. *Lee's expert English angler*, n.d.
 Leech. *Mr. Briggs and his doings*, 1860
 Lémery, †*Modern curiosities*, 1685
 ——— †*New curiosities*, 1711
 Lennox. †*Merrie England*, 1858
 ——— †*Pictures of sporting life*, 1860
 ——— †*Recreations of a sportsman*, 1862
 Lewis. *Twenty years' reminiscences*, 1871, 1873
 Liger. *Économie général*, 1700, 1701, 1708
 ——— *La nouvelle maison rustique*, 1721, 1749, 1762, 1768, 1775, 1792
 ——— *Le ménage.....des champs*, 1712, 1720, 1737
 ——— *Amusemens de la campagne*, 1734, 1740, 1753
 ——— †*Dictionnaire pratique*, 1715
 ——— *Le nouveau theatre d'agriculture*, 1713, 1723
 Lindemann. *Die Seefischereien*, 1869-1878
 List of natural flies, 1853; *British angling flies*, 1862
 Lister. *Sea fishing at Tenby*, 1879
 Little's angler's manual, 1882, 1883
 ——— G. *The angler's complete guide*, [1882]
 LL. †*Men miracles*, 1646, 1656, 1656, 1679
 Lloyd, J. *English country gentleman*, 1849, 1854, 1865
 ——— E. †*Field sports of the North of Europe*, 1830, 1831
 ——— *Scandinavian adventures*, 1854, 1864; *in Swedish*, 1855
 Loch. *By the loch and river side*, 1866
 Lochleven. *The Lochleven angler*, 1874
 Lock. †*Sporting life on Norwegian fjelds*, 1878
 Locke. *Tweed and Don*, 1860, 1860
 Lockwood. †*Natural history, sport and travel*, 1878
 Longsight. *On angling*, 1860
 Lonicer. *Venatus et aucupium*, 1582
 Lord, J. K. †*The naturalist in Vancouver Island*, 1866
 ——— †*At home in the wilderness*, 1867, 1876
 ——— W. B. *Sea-fish and how to catch them*, [1862], [1863]
 ——— and Baines. *Shifts...of camp life*, 1871, 1876
 Lubbock. *Observations on Fauna of Norfolk*, 1845, 1879
 Lyall. *The Sportsman's...guide to rivers ...of Scotland*, 1873 &c. P.P.
 M., E. *An amateur angler's days in Dovedale*, 1884
 M. G. *see* Markham
 M. L. *A Booke of fishing*, 1590, 1596, 1600, 1606, 1884
 Maceroni. †*Memoirs of the life of Col. M.* 1838
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 Magrath. †*Letters from Upper Canada*, 1833
 Man. *The young man's companion*, 1703
 Manley. *Notes on fish and fishing*, 1877
 ——— *Literature of sea and river fishing*, 1883
 March. *The jolly angler*, 1833, 1836, 1836, 1842, n.d., 1850, n.d.
 Markham. *The English husbandman*, 1613-4-5, 1635
 ——— *The pleasures of princes*, 1614, 1615, 1635
 ——— *Cheape and good husbandry*, 1616, 1623, 1631, 1631, 1648, 1657, 1660, 1668, 1683

- *Markham's farwell to husbandry, 1631, 1638, 1649, 1656, 1660, 1664, 1668, 1676
- Country contentments, 1631, 1633, 1649, 1654, 1656, 1660, 1668, 1675, 1683
- A way to get wealth, 1631, 1638, 1648-9, 1653, 1660, 1668, 1683, 1695, &c.
- The young sportsman's instructor, 1652, n.d., Worcester, n.d., 1820; *as* Young Sportsman's Delight and Instructor, *or* A Compleat and Experienc'd angler, Conyers, n.d.
- The compleat husbandman and gentleman's recreation, 1707, n.d.; *second part*, The husbandman's jewel, 1707, n.d.
- Marshall, C. *Practice of gardening, 1796, 1798, 1800, 1805, 1813
- , W. †Management of landed estates, 1804, 1806
- Martin, E. Code de la pêche, 1869, n.d.
- , Jas. The angler's guide, 1854
- , J. W. Float fishing, 1882, 1884
- , M. †History of Eastern India, 1838
- , W. Book of Sports, Darton, [1837], [1850]
- Martingale. Sporting scenes, 1840
- English country life, 1843
- Mascall, *see* M., L.
- Massas. Manuel de pêcheur, 1852; *then as* Le pêcheur à la mouche artificielle, 1859, n.d., 1861
- Mast. The gun, rod, and saddle, 1875
- Maxims and Hints, *see* Penn
- Maxwell. Wild sports of the West, 1832, 1838, 1842
- Wanderings in the Highlands, 1844; *then as* Sports and adventures in the Highlands, 1853
- Hill-side and Border sketches, 1847
- Mayer. Sportsman's directory, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1823, 1828, 1845, 1860
- Medices. Tractatus de...piscatione, 1588, 1597
- Medwin. Angler in Wales, 1834
- Meier. Dissertationes epistolicae, 1695
- Meissner. Kleine Lustfischerei, 1799
- Memorandum. A perpetual M., 1791
- Memorial alphabétique, 1737
- Menage. Le menage de la ville, 1712
- Metcalfe. Oxonian in Norway, 1856
- Oxonian in Thelemarken, 1858
- Oxonian in Iceland, 1861
- Meurer. Jag vnd Forstrecht, 1582, 1618
- Michon. Conseils aux pêcheurs, 1879
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- Milford. Norway...in 1841, 1842, 1854
- Miller, P. *Practical gardener, 1820
- , T. Beauties of the country, 1837
- Boy's summer book, 1846
- , W. Rural sketches, 1839
- English country life, 1859
- Sports and pastimes, Darton, n.d.
- Millikin. The river-side, 1807
- Mills. Sportsman's library, 1845
- Old English gentleman, 1859
- Minto. Game, salmon, and poachers, 1863
- Mitchell. Pleasure and utility of angling, 1824
- Mitford. †Recollections of a literary life, 1851
- Moerbe. Die vollständige angelfischerei, 1865
- Moffat. The secrets of angling, 1865
- Monilaws. Mr. Stewart's worm-tackle, 1867
- Monteil. †Histoire des Français, 1863
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...piscandi, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1692
- Morand. Fisch-und Krebsfangs Geheimnisse, 1835, 1839
- Mordant. †The complete steward, 1761
- More. England's interest, n.d., 1703, 1705, 1707, 1721
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- Morhard. †Tractatus de miraculis, 1631
- Moriceau. Droits des pêcheurs, Paris, n.d., &c.
- Mortimer. *Whole art of husbandry, 1707, 1716
- Mouat. Adventures among Andaman Islanders, 1863
- Moule. Heraldry of fish, 1842
- Munday. Fishmongers' pageant, 1844, 1859
- Murray. Adventures in the wilderness, 1869, 1874
- Murtola. Delle pescatorie, 1617
- Napier, C. O. G. †Natural history rambles, 1879
- , E. †Wild sports, 1844
- Nardo. La pesca del pesce, 1871
- Nash. Two years in Oregon, 1882
- Naturalist trout-fisher, 1882
- Nau. Ueber...der Fischerei, 1788, 1789
- Neckam. †De naturis rerum, 1863
- Nederlandsch Tijdschrift, 1852-60
- Needham. Complete sportsman, 1817
- Needler. Works, 1724, 1728, 1735
- Neil's complete angler, (1804), 20th ed., 1830
- Nelson. Laws...concerning game, 1727, 1732, 1736, 1751, 1753, 1762
- Neu. Die Teichfischerei, 1859
- Newland. The Erne, 1851
- Forest scenes in Norway, 1854, 1855; *reissued as* Forest life in Norway, 1859
- Nobbess. The complete troller, 1862, Norwich, n.d., London, n.d., 1805, 1814
- Noel. Hist. gen. des pêches, 1815
- Nonnus. Ichthyophagia, 1616
- Normandy, †Life in Normandy, 1863
- Norris. American angler's book, 1864, 1865
- North, O. Rambles after sport, 1874
- R. Discourse of fish and fish-ponds, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1773; *French*, 1717
- North Country. A collection of...garlands for N. C. anglers, 1836, 1842

OLD BOOK-SALES.



HAVE passed what Izaak Walton calls a "fine, fresh May morning," in the dust of old sale-catalogues—catalogues that have taken me far away from the peach and pear-blossom of this abundant season, into dusky city dens, amongst men in obsolete raiment—to the beginning of things, in short—that is to say, to the beginning of book-auctions—a word on which subject may not be devoid of interest to the angling bibliophile.

Dibdin, in his "Bibliomania," opines that the French were in advance of us in the matter of book-sales, and he is right—it was so. He dates the commencement of them in England at, about, the year 1673 or 1674. The earliest catalogue that has come under my own observation is that of Dr. Seaman (1676). The auctioneer of the day preludes it with an "Address to the Reader," beginning "It hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them. But it having been practised in other countreys to the advantage both of buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to schollers: and therefore methought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of proceeding therein." And he then explains his *modus operandi*, which differs but little in form or detail from our modern usages in the like case. Two years later (1678) another collection was dispersed in the same way—that of Dr. Manton. In his address to the reader it is stated that "this was the *fourth* trial of this mode of sale in this country."

Dr. Manton's books were considered to have brought such high prices as to excite the envy of the trade. We have not seen the catalogue, but of Dr. Seaman's we can give our readers a glimpse. It contained a copy of Leonard Mascall's "Booke of Fishing with hook and line." This was set up in a lot with eleven

other works, all more or less curious, and knocked down (in a conglomerate) at five shillings! In the same sale the folio Shakespeare of 1632 sold for sixteen shillings, and that of 1663, for £1. 8.

Leonard Mascall re-appears in Mr. Brand's sale (1807) and wins £3. 3., the "Pleasure of Princes" sells for £2. 5. Confusing past and present, in foolish fashion, we fancy ourselves living in those days—wearing those obsolete garments, haunting those dusky city dens and gathering together treasures innumerable—Caxtons and Wynkin de Worde—Bookes of St. Albans and Treatyses of Fysshynge—Ladders of Perfection, Bookes of the Chesse, et hoc genus omne, all for an old song. What a contrast to Mr. Bernard Quaritch's book-rarities at a thousand pounds a-piece! Verily, Time has brought its revenges.

The earliest trace we find in our old lists of the Book of St. Albans is in Rawlinson's sale (1756) to wit—"The Boke of St. Albans by W. de Worde, £1. 1."

It occurs again, soon after in West's sale—"The Bokys of Hawkyng and Hunting," where it sells for £13, a prodigious sum at that epoch. It is described as "a fine copy, in morocco." Caxton's "Boke of Jason," in the same sale, brought only 4 guineas. At Martin's sale (1773) the edition of 1496 sold at £1. 11. 6., and Copland's reprint for 7s 6d. And again, at Tulet's auction the edition of 1496 was knocked down at £2. 9. About this time angling-book collecting began to flourish and form a feature of Bibliomania. It was taken up with enthusiasm by Haworth (the "Leviathan," as he was called), Milner, Haslewood, Prince, Pickering, and others. In the catalogues of these worthies our immortal book appears and reappears, but seldom reaches a price exceeding 8 guineas. Mr. Satchell asks under what auspices will a certain missing copy of the "Treatyse" reappear in the auction room. If they have scent of its coming Mr. Quaritch and Mr. Ellis have already, probably, settled the question between them; unless, indeed, some portentous American vulture-bidder, be hovering over them ready to swoop on his prey, in spite of their devices.

In conclusion I venture to suggest to any sympathetic poet as subject for a song, *The Auctioneer's Hammer*. Surely an emotional theme, and highly dramatic. For the *mise en scène*, see Dibdin—for the type, the battle round the Valdafer Boccaccio—for a *finale*, we, looking through the sympathetic poet's eyes, might see—not the dusky den, nor the abandoned hammer, nor the dispersing throng—we might see but the winner of the book, the prize of the day's sale—wending his way, elate, with his treasure, to enshrine it in the grand old library of some ancestral home, where the rooks caw in the elm-tree tops outside, and the solemn cedars swing their branches in the wind.

For think, gentle reader, what a rest and delight it must be for a rare old book, used, perchance, to kings' houses and worshipful observancy, to escape from the rough handling of the common huckster and be reinstated worthily among his peers.

Apropos of which, there is also an essay to be written on the Aristocracy of Books. We commend it to Mr. Watkins.

T. WESTWOOD.

Brussels.

A PICKING OF SAVOURY HERBS.



UTSIDE the circle of his familiar friends, it must have surprised many who knew Charles Kingsley only from his books and his sermons, to read the letters collected and published after his death by his widow, and find that the grave man carried the heart of a boy into his play, and, when it so pleased him, could be gay and frolicsome and full of innocent mirth. His play was angling, and therein he sought and found relaxation and delight. We have gathered together all the passages in the letters on this subject, and, we think, no more agreeable reading has found its way into the pages of the *Note-Book*.

Writing to his wife on March 31, 1844, he says: "I spent a delightful day yesterday. Conceive my pleasure at finding myself in Bemerton,

George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he, and Dr. Donne, and Isaac Walton, may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, about three quarters of a pound each—a fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers. The dazzling chalk-wolds sleeping in the sun, the clear river rushing and boiling down in one ever-sliding sheet of transparent silver, the birds bursting into song, and mating and toying in every hedge-row—every thing stirred with the gleam of God's eyes, when 'He reneweth the face of the earth!' I had many happy thoughts. (Charles Kingsley: his Letters, &c. 1883. p. 49.)

He writes again to his wife from Middleham in Yorkshire on the 22 May, 1845: "What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale, just half a mile off at the back of the town. You know those lovely river scenes of Creswick's; they are exact likenesses of little Cover in his deep-wooded glen with his yellow rocks, and bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal. As for fishing, I am a clod—never did I see or hear of such tackle as these men use—finer than our finest. Squire Topham considers my tackle as only fit to hold cart-horses." (*Ibidem*, p. 56.)

Addressing Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in 1851, he writes: "Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, . . . killed eight on 'March brown' and 'Governor'; by drowning the flies, and taking 'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a North-Easter. 'Cause why? The water is warmer than the air—*ergo*, fishes don't like to put their noses out o' doors, and feeds at home down stairs. It is the only wrinkle, Tom. The Captain fished atop, and caught but three all day. They weren't going to catch a cold in their heads to please him or any man. Clouds burn up at 1 p.m. I put on a minnow, and kill three more; I should have had lots, but for the image of the dirty hickory stick, which would 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' just ahead of my minnow. Mem.—never fish with the sun on your back; it's bad enough with a fly, but with a minnow it's strychnine."

nine and prussic acid. My eleven weighed together four and a half pounds, three to the pound; not good, considering I had passed many a two pound fish, I know. Corollary.—Brass minnow don't suit the water. Where is your wonderful minnow? Send me one down, or else a horn one, which I believe in desperate. One pounder I caught to-day on the 'March brown' vomited his wittles, which was rude, but instructive; and among worms was a gudgeon three inches long and more. Blow minnows—gudgeon is the thing." (Pp. 110-1.)

Writing to the same friend in 1856, he says: "I wish you would make a vow and keep it strong (for F. says, that if you will, I may) to go with me to Snowdon next summer for a parson's week, *i.e.*, twelve days. For why? I have long promised my children a book to be called 'Letters from Snowdon,' and I want to rub up old memories, and to get new ones in parts which I have not seen. An ordnance map, a compass, fishing-tackle, socks, and slippers are all you want. Moreover I do know where to fish, and one of the crackest fishers of the part has promised to give me as many flies of his own making as I like, while another can lend us boat or coracle, if we want to fish Gwynnant Dinas. We could kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful' and *all the big ones*, by the simple expedient of sleeping by day, walking evening and morning, and fishing during the short hot nights. Wales is a cheap place if you avoid show inns; and, save a night at Capel Curig, we need never enter a show inn. We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-Gwryrryynnwddelld—there—I can't spell it, but it sounds Penny-goo-rood, which is the divine pig-stye beneath the canopy, and at Bedgelert old Jones the clerk, and king of fishermen, will take us in—and do for us—if we let him. The parson of Bedgelert is a friend of mine also; but we must depend on our own legs, and on stomachs which can face braxy mutton, young taters, and Welsh porter, which is the identical drainings of Noah's flood turned sour Bread horrid. Fleas mcccc *ad infinitum*. Bugs a sprinkling. For baths, the mountain brook; for towel, a wisp of any endogenous save *Scirpus triqueter*, or *Juncus squarrosus*;

and for cure of all ills, and supplement of all defects, baccy.

Do come—you have no notion of the grandeur of the scenery, small as it is compared with the Alps." (*Ibidem*, p. 174).

To his brother-in-law, Mr. Froude, who proposed Ireland instead of Wales, he wrote these lines:

"Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good,

To point us out this way to glory—

They're no great shakes, those Snowdon lakes,

And all their pounders myth and story.

Blow Snowdon! what's Lake Gwynant to Killarney,

Or spluttering Welsh to tender blarney, blarney, blarney.

So Thomas Hughes, sir, if you choose,

I'll tell you where we think of going,

To 'swate and far o'er cliff and scar,

Hear horns of Elfland faintly blowing;

Blow Snowdon! There's a hundred lakes to try in,

And fresh caught salmon daily, frying, frying, frying.

Geology and botany

A hundred wonders shall diskiver,

We'll flog and troll in strid and hole,

And skim the cream of lake and river.

Blow Snowdon! give me Ireland for my pennies.

Hurrah! for salmon, grilse and Dennis, Dennis, Dennis." (pp. 174-5).

With Spring his thoughts turned to fishing; and one April morning when the south west wind wafted certain well-known sounds from the Camp, the Railway, and Heckfield Place, to the little Rectory, these lines were written and put into his wife's hand:

Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!

Oh blessed South-west train!

Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,

All prophesying rain!

Oh blessed gaffil, laughing loud!

Oh blessed falling glass!

Oh blessed fan of cold grey cloud!

Oh blessed smelling grass!

Oh bless'd south wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack !
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back !

April 1st, 1856.

Writing in the same year to H. S., he says : "I have put into the new edition of 'Glaucus' a hint for a few fly-fishers in various parts to form themselves into a 'Nauid club' to investigate these water-flies. It might do much to science, and still more to the men. I know the value of a little science, as an Angler. In Snowdon, three years ago, when no one could catch anything. I found, for the first time in my life, *Chloroperla viridis* (yellow Sally) running on the burning boulders of a stream; luckily had a good imitation, recognised the natural fly by my scrap of science, and had good sport on it, while no one else caught anything, never having seen such a fly, though it was swarming under their feet ! So much for unscientific observation . . . I think if one could stir up sportsmen to think and watch these things one might make them happier men. I have now close to me a splendid angler and deerstalker, and I have made him set up an aquarium of caddises, and so forth, for his wife this winter, and am sure that it has given him a new interest in life." (P. 180).

Writing to Tom Hughes : "My dear old lad, are you willing to go to Snowdon? Killarney is very tempting; only, as I get old, somehow, I don't like new places; I like to thumb over the same book, and trot over the same bog, and feel 'homey' wherever I be. . . of all men on earth I should like to have Tom Taylor for a third. Entreat him to make it possible, and be a salvagee man with us; and tell him I can show him views of the big stone work which no mortal cockney knows, because though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run among the hills, and the lakes which sit a-top thereof. Tell him I'll show him such a view from Craig-y-Rhaidyr of Snowdon, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, as tourist never saw, nor will see, 'cause why, he can't find it; and I will show him the original mouth of the pit

which is Llyn Dulyn, and the lightning lake, where the white syenite is blasted into shivers, which make you shiver, if you be sentimental—but I only think of the trouts—which the last I saw killed in Llyn Melch was 3½ lbs., and we'll kill his wife and family; and crowberry and desolate Alpine plants grow thereby, and we will sleep among them, like love among the roses, Thomas. And oh, what wont we do, except break our necks? and I'll make Tom Taylor come down over Craig-y-Rhaidyr, which is 700 feet of syenite, the most glorious climb I know. You'll be pleased to hear that I got a fishing at Lady M's famous Warnborough preserve last night—the day was B.B.B., burning, baking, and boiling, and as still as glass, so I did not tackle to till 5.30—and between that and nine I grassed twenty fish, weighing twenty-two pounds, besides losing a brace more whoppers. Biggest brace killed, three pounds and two pounds—a dead bright calm and a clear stream. Not so shady, Tom, for all on *shorn-fly* and *caperer*. Mind and don't get these flies too small. I don't mind small hooks, if a big fly be tied thereon—see what a difference a wise man and a fool may make. [Here was a sketch of two flies—'wise man's fly,' and 'cockney maiden's fly.'] Let's have lots for our money, say I, in flies, as in many things. Why do fish take your caperer, spite of his ugliness, but because he looks the fattest one they ever saw yet? Think over these things. . . ." (Pp. 182-3).

At last the happy day was fixed, and the following invitation sent :

"Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the court,
We'll away to Snowdon,
For our ten days' sport.
Fish the August evening—
Till the eve is past,
Whoop like boys at pounders
Fairly played and grassed.
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge and swerve, and leap,

Then up over Siabod,
 Choose our nest and sleep.
 Up a thousand feet, Tom,
 Round the lion's head,
 Find soft stones to leeward
 And make up our bed.
 Eat our bread and bacon,
 Smoke the pipe of peace,
 And, ere we be drowsy,
 Give our boots a grease.
 Homer's heroes did so,
 Why not such as we ?
 What are sheets and servants ?
 Superfluity.
 Pray for wives and children
 Safe in slumber curled,
 Then to chat till midnight
 O'er the babbling world,
 Of the workmen's college,
 Of the price of grain,
 Of the tree of knowledge,
 Of the chance of rain ;
 If Sir A. goes Romeward,
 If Miss B. sings true,
 If the fleet comes homeward,
 If the mare will do,—
 Anything and everything—
 Up there in the sky,
 Angels understand us,
 And no "saints" are by.
 Down and bathe at day-dawn,
 Tramp from lake to lake,
 Washing brain and heart clear
 Every step we take.
 Leave to Robert Browning
 Beggars, fleas, and vines ;
 Leave to squeamish Ruskin
 Popish Apennines,
 Dirty stones of Venice
 And his gas-lamps seven ;
 We've the stones of Snowdon,
 And the lamps of heaven.
 Where's the mighty credit
 In admiring Alps ?
 Any goose sees "glory"
 In their "snowy scalps."
 Leave such signs and wonders
 For the dullard brain,

As æsthetic brandy,
 Opium and cayenne ;
 Give me Bramshill Common
 (St. John's harriers by),
 Or the Vale of Windsor,
 England's golden eye.
 Show me life and progress,
 Beauty, health, and man ;
 Houses fair, trim gardens,
 Turn where'er I can.
 Or, if bored with "High Art,"
 And such popish stuff,
 One's poor ear need airing
 Snowdon's high enough.
 While we find God's signet
 Fresh on English ground,
 Why go gallivanting
 With the nations round ?
 Though we try no ventures
 Desperate or strange ;
 Feed on common places
 In a narrow range ;
 Never sought for Franklin
 Round the frozen Capes :
 Even, with Macdougall,
 Bagged our brace of apes ;
 Never had a chance, Tom,
 In that black Redan ;
 Can't avenge poor Brereton
 Out in Sakarran.
 Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
 By the dirty pen,
 What we can we will be,
 Honest Englishmen.
 Do the work that's nearest,
 Though it's dull at times,
 Helping, when we meet them,
 Lame dogs over stiles ;
 See in every hedge-row
 Marks of angels' feet,
 Epics in each pebble
 Underneath our feet ;
 Once a year, like school-boys,
 Robin-Hooding go,
 Leaving fops and fogies
 A thousand feet below." (Pp. 183-5).

Writing to Tom Hughes, June 12th, 1857:

"Now to business, Tommy, which is fish. Oh that I could go to Lambourne Monday! But I preach in town Sunday, and have three good fellows a-dying in my parish, so that I must be at home Monday afternoon. I think the boys will catch nought. The fish will be gluttoned with the fly, and attendant naiads pitying, holding basins under their noses; mortal aldermanic they were Wednesday here. I caught a fairish lot on the Caperer, which they took as a relish to the heavy fly; but the moment they were ashore the May-flies came up. Oh! a Dover steamer in a chopping sea was clean to it. Poor carnal parties. Why shouldn't they tuck in while they can? May-flies come to them at Whitsuntide, as club-feasts do to the clods, to give them one jolly blow out in the year, and it's a pleasure to look at them. That's why good fishing days always fall on Sundays, Tom, to give the poor fish a good day's appetite (dinner always ready), and nobody to catch them while they're enjoying it. Also make a note of this. A party with doubtful h's, and commercial demeanour, appears on Wednesday on our little stream, and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line, and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here; fly, a little green-drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wing, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast; went home and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemera with green peacock-tail heads. Oh the beauty of them; and wasn't I riled when I found it was all for fancy? But won't I "realoiriorze," as the Scots parsons say, those little fellows next year, and apply them to the part affected" (pp. 201-2).

In July, 1860, writing from Markree Castle, in Ireland, where he had been enjoying a few weeks' rest with Mr. Froude.

"July 4, . . . I have done the deed at last—killed a real actual live salmon, over five pounds weight.

July 5, . . . had a magnificent sport this morning—five salmon killed (biggest, seven pounds), and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him waist deep in water, and was lost, after running 200 yards, by

fouling a ship's hawser! There is nothing like it. The excitement is maddening, and the exertion very severe." (P. 236).

Writing to the Rev. E. P. Campbell, March 12, 1863, from Eversley, he says: "Your patterns of flies are excellent (brown mackerel especially), and would kill well on chalk on still bright days. I send you my pet drake for average blowing weather, and a caperer and alder that can't be beat. In Inverary last August—hardly anything. River like a turnpike road. Salmon asleep. They had to gaff to supply the house. I had one jolly turn, though—poached a 14-pounder with a triangle, had an hour and three-quarters of him, and killed him. Gillie and I fell into each other's arms—and regretted we had no whuskey!" (p. 254).

MARTIAL.



NO Roman writer gives us a closer insight into the thoughts and feelings the habits and customs of the age in which he lived than Martial. With a multitude of minute yet vivid touches he has constructed a complete picture in mosaic of Roman life in Imperial times. Some of the pieces wherewith this picture is built up, are, to use his own words, malodorous as a marine fish-pond, but were obscenity omitted, there could be no truthful picture of those times, or indeed of any time in the history of that superior animal, whose mind has been developed at the expense of his morals. Somewhere he bids, "Nuda, recede, Venus," but those limbs were woven too closely into the texture of his life to admit of a far departure, and Martial, to use an ancient locution, poured from his goblet what his goblet held. But there is no more need for the reader to peruse the objectionable passages than for the wayfarer to walk through the puddles in his path. In some editions the more prurient epigrams are omitted, and where they are gathered, as in others, into one dirty pen, the fastidious reader has simply to refrain from peeping into the forbidden ground.

Apart from this Martial is always an agreeable and diverting companion, and not the less so, because the point of many of his jokes and witticisms require much searching out, and not infrequently even elude the searcher.

He seems to have possessed a strong relish for country life and country occupations and amusements. To the simple pleasures of the "happy fields," (*uris beati*), he returns again and again, and he found frequent opportunity of so returning, in those "copies of verses" wherewith he requited the hospitalities of his richer friends, whose delightful country retreats he praises, and to whom his wit and gaity of spirit, no doubt, ever made him a welcome guest.

His allusions to fish and fishing are frequent, and we have deemed it not amiss to gather some of them into our pages. On reviewing the passages collected, we find that these are more numerous than we expected, and more than we can conveniently deal with in our present paper. We shall exhaust the space at our disposal.

That fishing, and fly-fishing too, was a common country amusement in Martial's day—the time of Titus, Domitian and Trajan—is very clear. It was one of the occupations of that "small cultivator," who :

"Hoc petit, esse sui, nec magni, ruris arator,
Sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat,"

contained in that pleasant sketch addressed Ad Frontonem, with which, had space permitted, we would gladly have brightened our page. A life so pleasing to Martial that he exclaims : "I wish the man who loves not this life may not love me," (i. 56).

"To draw the leaping fish with trembling line," (*piscem tremula salientem ducere seta*), are his words, and the apt phrasing satisfied him, as he gives us the same picture with a little less colour elsewhere. The dweller in the country he says, (iii, 58):

... "tendit avidis rete subdolum turdis,
Tremulave captum linea trahit piscem,
Aut impeditam canibus refert damam."

He lets us know in another place, (x, 37), that the proverbial "blank days" of the angler

were not unknown even in that early age, and we may see how he laughed at the proud slayer of a polecat :

"Dum loquor, ecce, redit sporta piscator inani ;
Venator capta marte superbus adest."

Illustrations drawn from fishing are numerous. The simile of "baited hooks" is in many places applied to the devices of the *dona ferentes* tribe :

"Munera magna quidem misit sed misit
in hamo ;

Et piscatorem piscis amare potest ! (vi. 63);
and elsewhere, (v. 18), with direct reference to fishing with the fly, natural or artificial as may be :

"Odi dolosas munerum et malas arteis.

Imitantur hamos dona : namque quis nescit,
Avidum vorata decipi scarum musca ;"

and again, (iv, 56), he asks one Gargilianus, noted for sending rich gifts to widows and old men, "vis te munificum, vocem ?" and scornfully adds :

"Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus."

We have already mentioned Martial's charming little pictures of life at the country houses by lake and river and sea side, where he, mostly city pent, joyed to escape "*ruri vero*," and where in place of the clipped yew and distorted box of the city gardens, the "*facilis hortus*" gave the morning dew to be shaken from the grass by the white feet of laughing girls (iii, 58). Many of these houses were on the shores of the Bay of Naples, and they were clustered thickly, too thickly no doubt for simple pleasures, at Baia. Here a narrow slip of land between the hills and the sea on the west shore of the bay : a slip of ground now a desert and strewn with shreds of brick, cement and marble, and foul in summer with exhalations from stagnant pools, was in Martial's day a favourite and fashionable watering place. Baia : renowned for its mild climate, its ample shelter from obnoxious winds, for its cool breezes over sunny seas and for its delightful views. Many of the villas had their outermost walls built far out into the sea. The shore has risen and sunk again in the course of

the ages, but the present position of the walls and foundations are much as they were in Roman times. This building in the sea was a common practice and obtained at other parts of the coast. The sea then as now abounded with fish, and it appears to have been the custom to cast lines into the deep water alongside the house whilst Piscator reclined on bed or couch :

"Nec seta longo quærit in mari prædam,
Sed a cubiculo, lectuloque jactatam
Spectatus alte lineam trahat piscis." (x, 30)

At Baia was the further attraction of hot springs: they remain to this day and we have already (p. 101) referred to them and to the famous lakes Lucrinus and Avernus. That the air and the waters were of wholesome quality even in ancient times may well be doubted. Martial notes, (i, 63), their singular effect on a lady :

"Casta, nec antiquis cedens Lævina Sabinis,
Et quamvis tetrico tristior ipsa viro.
Dum modo Lucrino, modo se permittit
Averno,
Et dum Baianis sæpe fovetur aquis :
Incidit in flammæ, juvenemque secuta,
relictæ
Conjuge, Penelope venit, abit Helene."

This "nympharum pariter Nereidumque domus" attracted Martial. It held him captive whilst his friends were ruralizing elsewhere, or were engaged in the more serious business of life. To one he writes "nos blanda teneat lascivi stagna Lucrini," (iv, 57). He pictures the delights of "mollis Lucrinus" when absent, (vi, 43):

"... tibi felices indulgent, Castrice, Baia
Canaque sulphureis nympha natatur aquis."

Here were the famous oysters bred and fed, artificially no doubt, for Roman tables. Oysters so tender, so juicy, so succulent, so delicious, that the poet could find no fitter comparison for a charming young girl, whom he declared, (v, 38), to be: "concha Lucrini delicatior stagni."

Oysters so enthralling that they made Roman hosts flout their guests "Tu Lucrina voras: me pascit aquosa Peloris," (vi, 11), he tells one of his entertainers; and another greedy host is reminded, (iii, 60):

"Ostrea tu sumis stagno saturata Lucrino :
Sugitur inciso mytilus ore mihi."

Still their attractions had their limit, for he says, (xii, 48):

"Si fortunatum fieri me credis, et hebes
Vis scribi, propter quinque Lucrina : vale."

They were impotent to hold him during a recitation of bad verse, as a modern Ligurinus with his dainty dinners held his more complacent guests :

"Nolo mihi ponas rhombum, mullumve
bilibrem :

Nec volo boletos, ostrea nolo: tace," (iii. 45).

He wittily (iii, 50) suggests a fishy disposal of his host's versiculos, (whether as bait in fact as well as figure, the judicious reader must determine), and he indicates the penalty of neglect: "Quod si non scombris sclerata poemata dones:

Cœnabis solus jam, Ligurine, domi."

The sweetness of the Lucrine oyster reappeared in the fish that enjoyed such succulent fare, (xiii, 90):—

"Non omnis laudem, pretiumque aurata
meretur :

Sed cui solus erit concha Lucrina cibus."

This famous lake exists to this day, but shorn of most of its former dimensions, for a mountain, ejected by volcanic eruption, now occupies the better part of its ancient bed. Near at hand is Avernus, a circular volcanic basin of great depth, filled with fresh water. It is now the haunt of waterfowl, contains tench and other fish, and is surrounded by scrubby woods. Needless to say this is the "atri janua Ditis" of Virgil, the Avernus of the "facilis descensus," the fabled entrance to the infernal regions. Sulphureous fumes in early times would find an exit through the chasm which it fills, overpowering the birds, and affording the poet that touch of mysterious awe which his description of the "fauces graveolentis Avernæ" required, (Æneid, vi, 237-242):

"Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris;
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impunè
volantes

Tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris

Faucibus effundens supra ad convexa
ferebat ;

Undelocum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum."

But the place had long ceased to justify its name, (as being without birds), when Martial lived, and here were kept the Emperor's fish: fish secured by the heavenly powers from impious and profane hands and hooks. Here :

"Natat ad magistrum delicata muræna.

Nomenclator mugilem citat notum,

Et adesse jussi prodeunt senes muli," (x, 30).

An audacious angler once cast his line into the sacred waters, and how he fared is told in a wellknown epigram, (iv, 30) which we give in full, together with two translations which we owe to the kindness of the Rev. Canon Ellacombe and the Rev. W. L. Nichols.

AD PISCATOREM.

"Baiano procul a lacu monemus,
Piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ,
Qui nörunt dominum, manumque lambunt
Illam, quæ nihil est in orbe majus :
Quid quod nomen habent, et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus ?
Hoc quondam Libys impius profundo,
Dum prædam calamo tremente ducit.
Raptis luminibus repente cæcus
Captum non potuit videre piscem ;
Et nunc sacrilegos perosus hamos,
Baianos sedet ad lacus rogator :
At tu, dum potes, innocens recede,
Jactis simplicibus cibus in undas,
Et pisces venerare dedicatos."

TO THE ANGLER.

Hence, angler, from this Baian lake depart,
We warn you, lest you rue your angling art—
For sacred fishes in these waters live,
Who know their Lord and him due honour
give,
Kissing his royal hand. Each has its name,
And each when summoned answers to the
same.

A daring Lybian once to this fair shore
With angle tried the fishes to allure—

But straight of sight bereft, with darkened
eyes,

He caught but never saw his finny prize—
Now bitterly his former craft he hates,
And sits a beggar at the Baian gates.

But you retreat unhurt while yet you may,
Feed if you will, but make them not your prey,
These fishes ; they are sacred—haste away !

H. N. E.

AD PISCATOREM.

Fly, fisher ! far from Baia's lake withdraw,
Nor tempt the meed of violated law ;
Awful these waters are, and sacred all
The fish that troop to their dread master's
call ;

Each to his name responds, and licks the hand
Whose sovereign potency doth the world
command.

Know, that by yon deep pool a Lybian slave
Impious presumed its penalty to brave ;
But, as his prey he drew with quivering rod,
Instant struck blind by vengeance of some
god,


Near saw the fish he captured ; and here, lo !
Darkling he sits, a monument of woe,
And asks an alms, and mourns the prey he took,
Cursing his line and sacrilegious hook.

Fisher, first cast from out some simple dish
A tribute to the dedicated fish ;
Then, wiser thou, a *guiltless* farewell take,
And venerate the tenants of the lake.

W. L. N.

THOS. SATCHELL.

SCOTTISH FISH AND FISHING FOLK-LORE.

HE interesting volume published in 1881, by the Folk-lore Society, under the title : "Notes on the Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland." by the Rev. Walter Gregor, contains the result of much assiduous search after popular superstitions in a district which, the author says, "with its hills and vales, and woods and rocks, and

streams, and lochs, and sea—with its fairies, and water-kelpies, and ghosts—with its dialect, and customs, and manners, has become part of myself." Our readers will be glad to see the matter touching fish and fishing brought into one place, and this in the author's own words, for to our mind few things are less to be tolerated than the expanding and condensing and garbling, by which some writers, after a general reference to their authorities, proceed to appropriate the result of other people's labours. The appropriation is in this instance made with the author's permission, and this paper may be regarded as his contribution to the *Note-Book*.

First of fish. "To dream of fresh fish means the arrival of children into the world" (p. 29).

THE DOG-FISH.

"To cure toothache, catch a dog-fish, take from the living fish a piece of the backbone, and return the fish to the water. The piece cut from the fish was dried and carried on the person, or otherwise carefully stored up. If the fish lived, the dried piece of backbone was an effectual cure; but, if the fish died, it had no virtue. There were some who prepared such charms, and gave them to those who stood in need of them. A certain woman possessed herself of this charm. It proved a complete cure. She told this to a neighbour who was afflicted with toothache. The neighbour begged that which had wrought such a deliverance. It was given, and the woman carefully sewed it into a part of her underclothing, and carried it on her breast. The toothache was soon cured. But so enamoured of the cure was the borrower, that she would not give it back to the rightful owner, though asked again and again to do so.

THE EEL.

The skin of an eel tied round the leg or arm was a specific against cramp when bathing.

THE HERRING.

When the herring-fishing is not succeeding the fishermen sometimes perform certain ceremonies to "raise the herring." Several years ago the following charm was enacted in Buckie:—

A cooper was dressed in a flannel shirt, which was stuck all over with burs, and carried on a

hand-barrow in procession through the village.

It is not many years since the following procession passed through the streets, of Fraserburgh:—

One man, fantastically dressed, headed on horseback the procession. He was followed by a second man on horseback, who discoursed music on the bag-pipes. Then came, on foot, a third man, carrying a large flag, and wearing a high-crowned hat, which was hung round with herrings by the tails. A crowd followed the three, and cheered most heartily.

It is a common saying that a late harvest betokens a late herring-fishing.

THE HADDOCK,

The explanation of the black spots on each shoulder of the haddock is that they are the marks left by the finger and thumb of Peter when he opened the fish's mouth to take out the piece of money to pay the tax for the Temple service for his Master and himself. The haddock is said to have spoken once, and its words were:—

"Roast me an boil me,
Bat dinna burn ma behns,
Or than I'll be a stranger
Aboot zir hearth stehns."

The saying about the spawned haddock, "har-roster" or "kameril" is that it is not good till it gets three dips in the "May flood."

THE FLUKE.

"Said the trout to the fluke,
'Fa diz your moo crook?'
'My moo was never even
Since I passt Johnshaven;'"

Another version heard on the Moray Firth is:—

"The fitin said to the fluke
Fait gars your moo crook?"

The answer given is:—

"It crooks because
A 'threw it at ma midder."

THE SALMON AND THE TROUT.

The salmon and trout among some of the fishing population were held in great aversion. The word "salmon" was never pronounced. If there was occasion to speak of salmon, a circumlocution was used, and it was often named after the tax-man of the fishings nearest the villages,

whose inhabitants shunned pronouncing the name of the fish. Thus it would be called "So and So's fish." Sometimes it was called "The beast." In some of the villages along the north-east of Scotland it went by the name of "The Spey codlin."

In going past a salmon cobble in the harbour, a fisherman would not have allowed his boat to touch it, neither would he have taken hold of it either by hand or by boathook to haul past it.

To have said to a fisherman that there was a salmon in his boat, or to have spoken to him of salmon on his proceeding to sea, or to have spoken of salmon or even trout when at sea, aroused his anger and called forth stormy words.

A trout or a salmon caught in the herring-nets, as it sometimes, though rarely, happens, was regarded as a most untoward event, and was looked upon as the harbinger of the failure of the fishing during the rest of the season" (*ib.* pp. 331-3).

BOATS AND FISHING.

"A new boat was always launched to a flowing tide, sometimes prow foremost and sometimes stern foremost. When it was fairly in the water, whisky in free quantity and bread with cheese were distributed among those present at the launch. The boat was then named, and a bottle containing whisky was broken on the prow or stern, according to the way the boat had been launched. The following words were at times spoken before breaking the bottle:—

"Fae rocks an saands
An barren lands
An ill men's hands
Keep's free.
Weel oot, weel in,
Wi a gueede shot."

On the arrival of a new boat at its home, the skipper's wife, in some of the villages, took a lapful of corn or barley, and sowed it over the boat. In one village, when a new boat was brought home, the skipper descended the moment the prow touched the beach, went for the woman last married in the village, took her arm, and marched her round the boat, no matter how far the water reached.

A horseshoe was nailed to some part of the

boat—generally to the mast. A "waith-horse" shoe was most sought after.

The new boat was allowed to take the lead in leaving the harbour or shore the first time the boats of the village put to sea after its arrival. When it was fairly at sea the other boats pushed out as fast as possible; sails were spread to the full, and strong arms were strained in plying the oars to overtake and outstrip the new craft. If it kept a-head, and reached the fishing-ground first, its character was established. When the new boat returned from the fishing-ground, in some of the villages the owner's wife gave bread and cheese to the men of all the boats that arrived from the fishing-ground after it. It is said that at times the new boat lingered so that most of the boats might reach home before it, and thus as little bread and cheese as possible might have to be given.

A boat, that had been wrecked with the loss of life and cast ashore, was allowed to lie and go to pieces. A fisherman of the village to which the boat belonged would not have set a foot in it to put to sea, and a board of it would not have been carried away as firewood by any of the inhabitants of the village. The boat was at times sold to a fisherman of another village, repaired, and did service for many a year.

In some of the villages a white stone would not be used as ballast. In others a stone bored by the *pholas* was rejected. Such a stone bore the name of the "hunger steen."

It was the custom in each village for an aged experienced man to get up in the morning and examine the sky, and from its appearance prognosticate the weather for the day. If the weather promised to be good, he went the round of the village to awaken the inmates. In doing this great attention was paid to the "first fit." In every village there were more than one to whom was attached the stigma of having an "ill fit." Such were dreaded, and shunned, if possible, in setting out on any business.

There lived two such men in one village. Each knew his neighbour's fame, but he did not know his own. Both had got out of bed one morning to inspect the sky, and to prognosticate the weather, and to arouse the village, if the

weather was thought to be favourable for going to sea. Both met, and both took fright, and returned each to his house, and the village lost a day's fishing.

The boats belonging to two villages were one afternoon during the herring fishing season lying at anchor to the west of the larger village waiting till the time arrived for going to the fishing-ground. One of the boats outside belonged to a man who was reputed to have an "ill fit." When he came to go on board his boat, he had to step across another boat or two. When he put his foot on the boat nearest the shore he was met with an oath and the words, "Keep off o' ma boat, ye hiv an ill fit." The man drew back quietly, and turned to the master of the next boat, and, addressing him by his "tee name," said, "I—, a'm sure ye'll let me our your boat." Permission was readily granted. The boats put to sea. The only herrings brought ashore were in F—'s boat; it was the man with the "ill fit" that gave them.

In many of the villages there were no harbours, and the boats had to be drawn up on the beach. They had to be pushed into the water stern foremost. The prow was always turned seaward in the direction of the sun's course.

A fisherman, on proceeding to sea, if asked where he was going, would have put out with the thought that he would have few or no fish that day, or that some disaster would befall him. He might have returned under fear of being drowned if he went to sea. Sometimes such an answer was given as, "Deel cut oot yer ill tongue." When at sea the words, "minister," "kirk," "swine," "salmon," "trout," "dog," and certain family names, were never pronounced by the inhabitants of some of the villages, each village having an aversion to one or more of the words. When the word "kirk" had to be used, and there was often occasion to do so from several of the churches being used as landmarks, the word "bell hoose" or "bell oose," was substituted. The minister was called "the man wi' the black quyte." A minister in a boat at sea was looked upon with much misgiving. He might be another Jonah.

As it was the belief among the agricultural

population that cows' milk could be taken away, so among the fishing population it was believed the fish could be taken away. This power of taking away the fish was in the eye, and such as had the power "glowrt the fish oot o' the boat" merely by a look.

When it was suspected that the boat had been forespoken, or the fish "glowrt oot o' the boat," the boat was put through the halyards. This was done by making a noose or "bicht" on the halyards large enough to allow the boat to pass through. The halyard with this noose was put over the prow of the boat, and pushed under the keel, and the boat sailed through the noose. The evil was taken off the boat.

It was not lawful in some of the villages to point with the finger to the boats when at sea; if such a thing had to be done, the whole hand had to be used.

On no account must the boats be counted when at sea, neither must any gathering of men or women or children be numbered. Nothing aroused the indignation of a company of fish-women trudging along the road to sell their fish more than to point towards them with the finger, and begin to number them aloud :—

"Ane, twa, three,
Faht a fishers I see
Gyain our the bugg o' Dee,
Deel pick their muckle greethy ee."

When a boat was leaving home for another fishing station, as during the herring season, some had the habit of borrowing an article of trifling value from a neighbour, but with the intention of not returning it. The luck of the fishing went along with the article, those who were aware of the fact refused to lend. In Buckie there are certain family names fishermen will not pronounce. The ban lies particularly heavy on Ross. Coull also bears it, but not to such a degree. The folks of that village speak of "spitting out the bad name." If such a name is mentioned in their hearing they spit, or, in the vernacular, "chiff." One bearing the dreaded name is called a "chiffer-oot." If there is occasion to speak of one bearing such a name a circumlocution is used, as :—"The man it diz so in so," or "The laad it lives at such and such a place," or the "Tee-name" is used. If possible the men

bearing these names of reprobation are not taken as hired men in the boats during the herring-fishing season. Men with the reprobated names, who have been hired before their names were known, have been refused their wages, when the fishing season closed, because the fishing was unsuccessful with the boats in which they sailed, and because the want of success was ascribed, to their presence in the boat. Neither would lodgings be rented during the herring season from a man that bore one of the names that were under the ban. "Ye hinna hid sic a fishin this year is ye hid the last," said a woman to the daughter of a famous fisher who had just returned from Peterhead from the herring fishing.

"Na, na, faht wye cud we?" was the answer.

"Oh faht hinnert ye this year mair nor afore?" asked the woman. "Oh faht wye cud we? Ye needna speer faht wye we cudna. We wiz in a 'chiffer-oot's' oose; we cudna hae a fishin." The house in which the family lived during the fishing belonged to a man named Ross.

In some of the villages on the east coast of Aberdeenshire it was accounted unlucky to meet one of the name of Whyte when going to sea. Lines would be lost or the catch of fish would be poor. When a child was being carried to be baptised it was unlucky to meet one who bore the name of Whyte. It was accounted unlucky to utter the word "sow" or "swine" or "pig," particularly during the time when the line was being baited; it was sure to be lost if any one was unwise enough to speak the banned word. In some of the villages on the coast of Fife, if the word is mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman, he cries out "Cold iron." Even in church the same words are uttered when the clergyman reads the miracle about the Gadarene swinery.

Haddocks were cleaned, split, and put in salt for a short time. They were then hung up in the chimney, over a fire of wood, and smoked or "yellowed." In later times the smoking of the haddocks was done in small houses erected for the purpose. In the early part of summer, when the haddocks are still somewhat lean after spawning, many of them are sun-dried, and go by the name of "speldanes" or "spellans." Much of

the skate is prepared by being pressed under heavy stones, and dried in the sun, this forms "blaaïn skate." Cod, ling, and tusk are split, salted, and sun-dried, and in many parts still carried in creels. The haddocks were carried over the country for sale by the women. The creel was, and is yet, carried on the back by a strap round the shoulders in front. Below the creel is worn a plaid; and the women of different villages have different coloured plaids. Some have them white, some red with a black check, others blue with a black check. They left home by a very early hour in companies of tens and scores. As they proceeded, one went off here, and another there, each to supply her own customers. The bulk of them went to the country villages, at which they commonly arrived at an early hour in time to supply newly cured fish for breakfast. They often beguiled their long way—10, 12, 15, and 20 miles—with song. In the villages the fish was sold for money, but in the country districts they were exchanged for meal, potatoes, sids, turnips, and, even if money were given something in the way of barter had to be added. The creel was often carried home heavier than it was carried out.

In the outward journey, if the weather was stormy, companies of the women took possession of the houses by the wayside, if the doors had been left unbarred. After the male inmates left for the barn to thresh, it was usual for one of the females of the family to get up, and secure the doors against their entrance. The railway has modified all this.

The greater part of the cod and ling and other larger cured fish was taken by the fishermen in their large boats to the markets in the south of Scotland. On their return they brought mussels for bait, soap, and other family necessities, and often a quantity of stoneware, of which each house generally possessed a large stock. Sometimes they brought such articles for friends and customers in the country.

Among the fishermen of each village there was a strong contest on New Year's Day which boat should first reach the fishing-ground, "shot" the lines, and draw them, as it was thought that he who first "drew blood" on that

day enjoyed more than an ordinary share of the luck of the village during the year. If the weather was such as to prevent the boats from putting to sea, those who had guns were out along the beach long before dawn on watch for the first living creature they could wound or kill, so that they might have blood shed" (pp. 197-202).

Dur Creel.



HE Leonard Mascall who brought carp into England, though certainly not for the first time, is described by Fuller as "of Plumstead." This is a mistake, for the home of the Mascall family was the Sussex village of Plumpton. Plumpton Place, the name of the family residence, and

WHERE LEONARD MASCALL LIVED,

in the time of Henry the Eighth, is a fine old house, now "utterly and hopelessly dishonoured." Mr. Jennings, in his pleasant "Rambles among the Hills," (London, 1880), describes a visit to the old mansion in these terms :

"I almost wish that I had not found it, for a more depressing sight could not well be met with. Everything that can be done to degrade a house has been done to this ; abject poverty has hung out its miserable sign all over it, and even the beauty which age would have lent it has been ruthlessly defaced and cast to the swine which grovel before its doors. . . Upon its poor old head a new slate roof has been clapped, as if in derision—a hideous slate roof of the commonest kind, giving the building the appearance of a workhouse. The windows have been knocked about, the doorways spoiled, and dirty little cesspools are stuck close to the once famous mansion, near the moat. Never was there a more utterly and hopelessly dishonoured old house—it could not be helped, perhaps, but it makes one wretched to look at it. For the house, to judge from the pictures of it still existing, must have been not only large, but beautiful, perhaps as noble a mansion as one could find in all Sussex. In the time of Henry the Eighth,

Lennard Mascall lived here, and is said to have brought carp into England for the first time, and put them in his moat—a doubtful tale. The moat is still here, or a large part of it, covered with a thick and greasy scum in some places, but in others running clear and bright, as it must have done three hundred years ago. Some large yew trees grow by the side of it, and look as if they were trying to hide from the water the abominations which have been put up close by. Nothing that man can do to cast shame and contempt upon a dwelling-place has been spared.

'You see, Sir,' said an old women of the neighbourhood, 'the house is let out in lodgings at one-and-sixpence a-week. And a lodging-house is always the same—you cannot keep it clean and tidy.' How much better to have pulled it down, stone by stone.

'I remember the time, Sir,' said the woman, when it was all in good order—and very stately-looking. There was tapestry in some of the rooms.

If the expense of restoring the house would have been too great, there was no necessity to turn it into a dunghill" (pp. 255-6).

How the Leonard Mascall of "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," was related to the chief branch of the family we have not been able to ascertain. The Sussex Archæological Society's publications may contain information on this point, but we have not been able to look through these volumes page by page, and this laborious examination must be the lot of any person desiring to consult them, for they contain indexes which are no indexes, but mere snares and delusions. The Mascalls were an old and important Sussex family, and we come upon traces of them in South Down churches, as for instance at Ringmer, where a brass bears the name of Richard Mascall, who died in 1631—"for whose pious memorie his lovinge wife made this memoriall, too little to expresse his desert or her affection."

"Rambles among the hills" also contains a notice of Dove Dale and of Beresford Dale,

CHARLES COTTON'S COUNTRY.

In the church of Alstonfield Mr. Jennings' attention was attracted to a venerable pew, and he found on inquiry that this was the identical pew erected by Charles Cotton when he was the owner of Beresford Hall. "It was elaborately

carved, and of good old oak, but had received a thick coat of green paint at the hands of some barbarian, many years before. Then there was a strange pulpit, bearing the date upon it of 1637, at which period the people of England were just beginning to make up their minds that their King, Charles the First, must either mend his ways or have them mended for him. The pulpit is almost as large as a room, and below it there is a reading desk, all forming part of the same fabric, and all carved with skill and care. It was of fine old oak, and yet had actually been varnished and grained to resemble oak—one of the most curious instances I have ever seen of that depravity in the natural man which leads him to prefer the artificial to the real" (p. 75).

Of Dove Dale, Mr. Jennings has no very high opinion. It is not worth while to explore the whole of it; "mere weariness and vexation of spirit," Mr. Jennings thinks, "but as no one has ever had the frankness to say so, and therefore the tourist feels himself obliged, generation after generation, to go the fixed round like a horse in a mill...In some parts of the Dale the scenery is striking, but not extraordinarily beautiful, although it has been the subject of innumerable poems and fantastic descriptions, also, it must be confessed, there are parts of it which make very pretty pictures. But the first mile is very like all the rest." Beresford Dale, the continuation of Dove Dale, is more sylvan in character and on the whole better worth visiting. Here a little enthusiasm is roused. "One could not but gaze with interest at a little square cottage by the river side, half hidden by trees, with the date of 1674 over the door. This was the fishing-house built by Charles Cotton, when he entertained his dear companion, and the dear companion of us all—Izaak Walton. The river winds almost completely round the cottage, and in front there are two trees with seats near them. It was a classic spot to my eyes, and I lingered aound about it, loth to go away. Inside the cottage is comfortably and solidly built, and I could not but think that there is many a worse place in the world even now in which a man might spend his days. Much pleasanter would it be to live in that cottage amid sunshine and flowers than in the finest house in London amid darkness and fog." This last reflection is a strange one; we do not profess to fathom its mysterious depths. We look forth into our own London garden and see a hundred thousand forget-me-nots spread like a pale blue carpet over the ground, and the world shut out by apple blossoms bathed in sunlight.

"Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ"
(Statius).

Looking lately through Joseph Addison's "Remarks on several parts of Italy, &c., in the years 1701-3," London, 1745, we found an allusion to a writer who finds a place in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*: Sannazarius. We give the passage, which appears on page 123:

'Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Naples, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city.....Two of their finest modern statues are those of Appollo and Minerva, placed on each side of

SANNAZARIUS'S TOMB.

On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas-relief, Neptune among the Satyrs, to show that this poet was the inventor of Piscatory Eclogues. I remember Hugo Grotius describes himself, in one of his poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the sea-side; but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the Temple that Sannazarius mentions in his Invocation of the blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expense:

—Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollet, nautisque procul venientibus offert."

Lib. I.

We may throw in another note respecting a writer whose name occurs in the B.P.: R. B. Peake, who wrote the letterpress to the volume of Seymour's humorous sketches, entitled "Snobson's Seasons, being annals of Cockney Sports" (London, Nattali, n.d.). Mr. Edmund Yates in his *Recollections* (1884, vol. II, p. 202) writes: "A real Adelphi success was achieved by *Title Deeds*, a play written by Mr. R. B. Peake, who had scored previous successes, and of whom Shirley Brooks used to tell a ridiculous *non sequitur* story: 'Who do you say is the author of this farce?' asked an elderly playgoer; 'Dickey Peake.' 'Damned nonsense! he couldn't write a farce! *I knew his father!*'"

THOS. SATCHELL.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. VI.

- _____ The N. C. angler, 1786, 1789,
1800, 1817
- Northrup. †Camps and tramps in the Adiron-
dacks, 1880
- Norway. A trip to N., 1874
- _____ The...salmon fishing laws of N., 1877
- _____ Three in N. by two of them, n.d.
- _____ Two summers in N., 1840.
- Number. The number of the fish, (1855).
- O'Connor. Introduction to field sports of
France, 1846, 1847.
- Ogden. On fly tying, 1879
- Ogle. A word to the angler, 1810.
- O'Gorman. Practice of angling, 1845, 1855.
- Oke. Handy book of...fishery laws, 1861, 1863,
1878.
- Olavsen. Um Lax-veidina, 1786.
- Oliver [Chatto]. Scenes and recollections of fly
fishing, 1834
- _____ Rambles in Northumberland, 1835.
- Olivier. Der Deutsche Angelfischer, 1794.
- Once upon a time, n.d.
- Ongaro. Alceo, favola pescatoria, 1582, 1587,
1603, 1737.
- Onomatologia...Fisch...Lexicon, 1772-3, 1780.
- Oppian. Halieuti ka, (*Lat.*) 1478; (*Gr.*) 1515;
(*Gr. & Lat.*) 1517, 1555, 1597, 1776, 1786,
1813; (*French.*) 1817, 1841; (*Ital.*) 1728;
(*Eng.*) 1722.
- Oracle of rural life, 1839, 1840, *then as* Sporting
Oracle, 1841, Sporting almanack & oracle,
1842-4
- Ortus Sanitatis. (*Lat.*) n.d., [1490?], 1491,
[1498?], 1511, 1517, 1536. (*Germ.*) n.d.
bis, 1485, 1485, 1486, 1486, 1492, 1517,
1526, 1535, 1536; (*French*) Verard, [1501?],
1529
- Orvis & Cheney. Fishing with the fly, 1883.
- Osbaldiston. British sportsman, (1792.)
- Otter [Alfred]. Complete guide to spinning &
trolling, 1859, 1860, 1863, 1876, 1878.
- _____ The modern angler, 1864, 1866,
1870, 1876, 1878.
- _____ The young angler's guide, 1867.
- Ovidius Naso. Halievticon, [1530?], 1534,
1537, 1582, 1819, 1838, 1878.
- Paciersio. Theatro della caccia...et arte d'...
pescare, 1669, 1673.
- Paez. †Wild scenes in S. America, 1863.
- Palladius. *De re rustica, 1543; *in* Scrip. rei
rusticæ, 1472, 1735, 1724, 1781, 1788,
1794-7; (*Ital.*) 1528, 1560, 1816; (*French*)
1553 or 4, 1844; (*Germ.*) 1612; (*Eng.*)
1803
- Palmer Hackle. See Blakey
- Paradise for...anglers, 1883.
- Paterson, J. Treatise on fishery laws, 1863.
- _____ J. H. Objection to...fish ways...
answered, 1870.
- Patterson. †Birds, fishes...frequenting Belfast
Lough, 1880.
- Paul. Digest of laws...for preservation of...fish,
1776.
- Payton. †Moss from a rolling stone, 1879.
- Peacham. Compleat gentleman, 1626-7, 1634,
1661.
- Peard. A year of liberty, 1867.
- Pearson. The angler's garland, 1870, 1871.
- Pêche. La pêche à la ligne, 1826
- _____ et son influence, n.d.
- _____ aux bains de mer, 1869.
- _____ John Fisher. La pêche à toutes
lignes, 1881.
- Pêcheur. Le pêcheur malheureux, n.d.
- _____ Les pêcheurs à la ligne du Loire,
1861.
- Peebles & its neighbourhood, 1856.
- Peel. Our trip in Norway, 1861.
- _____ E. L. A Highland gathering, 1885
- Penn. Maxims & hints for an angler, 1833,
1839, 1842, 1855, 1863.
- Pennell. Spinning tackle, 1862, 1862.
- _____ Angler naturalist, [1863], [1875]
- _____ Book of the pike, 1865, 1870, [1876]
- _____ Fishing gossip, 1866.
- _____ Can fish feel pain, 1870.
- _____ Modern practical angler, (1870).
- _____ Trolling, 1876, n.d.
- _____ Fly-fishing & worm-fishing, 1876.
- _____ Bottom or float-fishing, 1876.
- _____ Fishing, 1885
- _____ Sporting fish of Gt. Britain, 1886
- Pesson-Maison neuve. Nouveau manuel com-
plet du pêcheur, 1826, 1836 [1836?], 1864.
- Peyner. Fischereibetrieb...in Oesterreich, 1874,
(*Eng.*) 1876.
- Pfundheller. Der Angelfischer, 1878.
- Philip's tourists' companion to...Scotland, 1858.
- Phillips. True enjoyment of angling, 1843
- Philoparchi. Kluger Forst-und Jagdbeamter,
1774.
- Pigureau. Nouveau traité de la pêche, 1828.
- Pipe. The social Life, 1826.
- Piscator. Observation on the public right of
fishing, 1826.
- _____ [Hughes]. The practical angler, 1842
- Piscieptologie, ou l'art de la pêche à la ligne
[Cussac] 1820, 1823, 1828, 1829.
- Plat. †Jewell house of art 1594, 1613, 1653, 1673
- Pohl. Das neueste der Fischerei, 1829.
- Poitevin. L'ami du pêcheur, 1873, 1877
- Polehampton. †Kangaroo land, 1862

IZAAK WALTON AND ALEX. BROME.

I. THEIR SEPARATION :

A MINOR MYSTERY AND ITS ELUCIDATION.

MY Father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

In these few words, Charles Cotton has, I think, summed up, very concisely, a whole volume of commentary upon the personal characteristics of the author of *The Compleat Angler*. That "a man may be known by the company he keeps," is a maxim which was one of Walton's guiding lights; it peeps out in *Piscator's* censure of "mine Host"; it shines brightly in his praise of "honest Coridon"; it has beamed beneficently on the witty scapegrace, Charles Cotton, upon whose sins and frailties we incline to look leniently, the rather that his adoptive father, has testified to his honesty and sincerity by being willingly accounted his companion for all time, and in all society where "Anglers and very honest men" are to be found. And if any of my readers should feel disposed to take exception, at the outset, to the moral and literary fitness of Cotton for the position which he holds (and assuredly will maintain, as long as the English language is spoken) close to Izaak Walton's side—but a little in the rear, as becometh a pupil—I would answer that the angler-poet of the Dove never did write much of the trash which now passes current in what is entitled *The Genuine Works of Charles Cotton, Esq.* That he fell into the error of employing coarse similes and ludicrous expressions (after the fashion of his model, Scarron) in the burlesque versions of Virgil and Lucian, I have already admitted (*Bookworm*, V. 114): but the publishers' hacks supplied most of the rank obscenity after his death, as anyone may find out who will take the trouble to compare the first editions of his works with the collections issued under his name towards the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries.

Although my present business is scarcely that of rehabilitating Charles Cotton, the foregoing

remarks will not be found unnecessary in arriving at a solution of the question, inferentially proposed by Messrs. Westwood and Satchell (*Chronicle of 'The Compleat Angler,'* 1883, p. 13) Why were the commendatory verses, written by Alexander Brome and printed in the second edition of *The Compleat Angler*, discarded from the third, and every subsequent, edition of Izaak Walton's immortal pastoral? The point thus raised is interesting to Waltonian students in more ways than one—not only as affording fresh scope in a field of research already crossed and recrossed by highways and bye-paths; but, also, because its investigation appears to give us additional insight into the life-character of him whom Gerard Langbaine (*Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 77) has, with great justice and happy discernment, described as "that Virtuous Man, the common Father of all Anglers." Other matters will speak for themselves as we proceed.

"The most peaceful of Pastorals," says Mr. Westwood, was "ushered into and accepted by the world at the stormiest and most turbulent of times"—more than this, it was ushered into and accepted by the world upon its own merits, for it came out unheralded by a single flourish of trumpets. Not a line of eulogy, in the form of "commendatory verses," is prefixed to the first edition, although Walton himself had been laid under contribution by Mosely, the publisher of Cartwright's posthumous *Comedie &c.* in 1651, only two years previous. Amongst the minor poets who figured in that wonderful advanced-guard (fifty-two in number) was Alexander Brome, an attorney, of whom Langbaine says that he "was eminent in the worst of Times for Law and Loyalty and yet more for Poetry."

Brome was known to Cotton, whom he appears to have visited at his home upon fair Dove's bank, and to Cotton's kinsman, Sir Aston Cokain, who (*Small Poems of Divers Sorts*, 1658, p. 204) addressed an epigram "to my ingenious Friend Mr. Alexander Brome on his essay to translate *Lucretius*." Hence, as poet and loyalist, he must have become favourably known to good old Izaak Walton, who in all likelihood had heard his rollicking Cavalier ditties sung at Beresford and had even joined in singing them, so far as

they avoided profanity, and were confined to witty abuse of Old Noll and his Roundheads. Now, it is clear that during the troublous times amidst which *The Compleat Angler* appeared, the songs of Alex. Brome might, if printed, have cost him his ears; and the shrewd attorney, having an eye to publication when the king should come to his own again, rightly judged that to be publicly accepted as the friend of so worthy an author as Izaak Walton must be a step in the right direction. So he volunteered his quota of commendation (which as we know was accepted and duly printed, together with the effusions of grave and learned Masters of Arts, as "forewords" to the second edition, 1655, of *The Compleat Angler*) and thus contrived to establish a claim upon the gratitude and future goodwill of one whose *imprimatur* was likely to be of incalculable future service to him.

The Wheel of Time revolving with its usual regularity brought, at last, a good time for Cavaliers; lenten fare gave way before cakes and ale; ginger was, once more, hot i' the mouth; and the snuffling melodies of the Conventicle became lost amidst the out-pour of boisterous music set to verses of a full-flavoured sort—Puritanism had had its day, and, if the recoil from rigid virtue seems to us somewhat rude, let it not be forgotten that the "saints" had tightened the strings of public and domestic life to such a pitch that some such consequences became inevitable at the last. It also brought Brome's opportunity, of which he was not long in availing himself, nor did he forget to remind Izaak Walton of certain literary indebtedness and to suggest a mode whereby the debt might be discharged. He had, in short, a volume of *Songs* ready for the press—good, earnest, cavalier songs, which, as his old friend knew, (none better, in that he had helped to sing them in the bad old times now happily past away) were no less cleanly in diction than loyal in sentiment. Whatever might be said in dispraise of Cotton's muse, whose songs and epigrams were also at the same time passing from hand to hand in the author's neat autograph, Brome's inspiration as Walton's experience could assure him flowed from a far purer source—such arguments we may readily imagine

would flow from the solicitor's lips. And our good old *Piscator*, happy in obliging his friend, and always willing to promote the cause of "Merriments, Songs and Musick."—as the appreciative reading to the 16th Chapter of the second edition of *The Compleat Angler*, plainly shows—sat down on "the 29th of May, 1660," and penned the "humble Eglog" which is prefixt to *Songs and other Poems. By Alex. Brome, Gent.* 1661. The Towneley copy of this volume lies before me; it is in the original binding, is adorned with the "*Vera Effigies A. Brome, 1661.*" by Hertocks, and is further enriched by certain "cancels"; the first of these occurs after sig. C, p. 32, being four unpagged leaves, signed, d., the second, after Sig. I. p. 126, eight leaves paged 127–142, being an additional sheet, K. Herein and hereby Brome's offence becomes manifest.

The eclogue, "Daman and Dorus," is addressed "To my ingenious Friend Mr Brome, on his various and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog," it is full of earnest loyalty and praise of the writer's friend. The dialogue, in which we may imagine Walton to speak as *Daman*, conveys the strongest personal testimony to the loyalty and charity of Brome's muse. For example:—

"And *Dorus*, to invite thee, look,
 "Here's a Collection in this book
 "Of all those cheerful songs, that we
 "Have sung with mirth and merry-gle;
 "As we have march'd to fight the cause
 "Of *God anoynted*, and our lawes."

And as if in contradistinction to the loose versifying of the period, Daman urges that here are

"Such songs as Virgins need not fear
 "To sing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
 "Here's *love* drest *neat*, and *chaste*, and *gay*
 "As *gardens* in the month of *May*;
 "Here's harmony, and *wit*, and *art*
 "To raise thy *thoughts* and cheer thy *heart*."

Let any reader turn to the book itself, let him look at the cancels especially, and allow his eye to rest for a moment upon "The Old man's Delight," "To his Mistres affrighted in the wars," and some other effusions of the same sort which, although they form not the bulk of the book, do surely give evil point to Walton's invi-

tation *virginibus puerisque*. Then let him consider what must have been the feelings of the punctilious old man on finding that advantage had been taken of his good-nature and confiding friendship to set him up in public as the sponsor for all this ribald doggerel! He could not remove his own verses from Brome's books, for they continued to appear again and again in subsequent editions; but he could, and did, remove Brome from his own company, not caring to be seen twice with one who had so vilely deceived him. The third edition of *The Compleat Angler* contains various alterations once thought trivial but which now become significant. Brome is not only dismissed but a line is added to the preliminary address, referring to the author's "having been too easily drawn to please others"; the chapter-heading, "*Merriments, Songs and Musick*," now becomes "*Chap. XVI. Is of nothing, or that which is nothing worth*"; and, in still more evident allusion to the "*Songs, &c.* By Alex. Brome, *Gent.*" the former censure upon "mine Host and another of the company that shall be nameless," for profane and lascivious jesting, receives plain and unquestionable application:—"I am sorry he [*i.e.* the nameless one] is a *Gentleman*, for less Religion will not save their souls than a beggars; I think more will be required at the last great day"—Alexander Brome, as an attorney, was, of course, "a gentleman by Act of Parliament." The gentle spirit of Izaak Walton moved, even with deep and righteous indignation at seeing himself thus entrapped, would not suffer him to inflict heavier punishment than this. But my readers who may, by this time, have become tired of this elucidation of a minor mystery, will agree with me in thinking that to be deprived of such friendship, and such companionship, must have been punishment enough.

II. A LITTLE JOKE OF IZAAK WALTON'S.

There is a certain curious point in Izaak Walton's "humble Eglog" prefixed to the first edition of Brome's *Songs and other Poems*, 8vo, 1661, which as it appears to me, has been missed by most readers of *Waltoniana*. I do not

mean Mr. R. H. Shepherd's compilation in particular, but the many stray odds-and-ends that have been chronicled concerning Father Izaak, yet the mention of that work reminds me that the reprint of "*Daman and Dorus*" contained therein does not so exactly follow the original as it ought to have done. I have already censured this kind of inaccuracy, in relation to Mr. Shepherd's version of Flatman's verses upon Walton, and may repeat here, that the present age is, very properly, intolerant of over-much "edited" reprints of old authors—that is to say, we all prefer to have the text presented to us *verbatim et literatim*, and if the editor must needs "work his wicked will," we would have him confine his emendations (learned or otherwise, as the case may be) to notes that can be skipped at pleasure. First then, I will transcribe the piece entire, as it appears in the Towneley copy of Brome's *Songs*, 1661, now before me:

*To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome,
on his various and excellent Poems:
An humble Eglog.*

Daman and Dorus.

Written the 29 of May, 1660.

Daman.

*Hail happy day! Dorus sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Lets banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our lawes, and have our King*

Dorus.

*Tis true and I wood sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low
Twill not be rais'd.*

Daman.

What not this day?

*Why tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels spirits sink: let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To rume families and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.
And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a Collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry-gle;
As we have march'd to fight the cause*

Of *God's* *anoynted*, and our *lawes* :
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us *mortals* and the *Gods* :
Such songs as *Virgins* need not fear
To sing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's *love* drest *neat*, and *chast*, and *gay*
As *gardens* in the month of *May* :
Here's *harmony*, and *wit*, and *art*,
To raise thy *thoughts*, and cheer thy *heart*.

Dorus.

Written by whom ?

Daman.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine :
A Civil *swain*, that knows his times
For businesses, and that done, makes rimes ;
But not till then : my Friends a man
Lov'd by the Muses ; dear to *Pan* ;
He blest him with a cheerfull heart
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no *Swain*
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Dorus.

I woo'd fain see him :

Daman.

Go with me.

Dorus.

To yonder broad beech tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis
Perrigot, and Amaryllis,
Tyrterus, and his dear Clora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora :
There we'll dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Lawes,
God bless the King.

Iz. Walton.

Several alterations from the foregoing genuine text have been made in Mr. Shepherd's version, more particularly in the use of italics, capital letters, and of the final "e". Now, it will be seen by all who read these verses carefully that the writer had some especial reason for referring so pointedly and repeatedly to "our laws" in connexion with the King's return on the 29th of May. It may be urged in reply that any loyal poet would naturally rejoice at his country's deliverance from the lawless times which preceded the Restoration ; but Izaak Walton, staunch Loyalist and hearty Cavalier as he was, meant something more than this. I will even ask my readers to believe with me that he was

firing-off a double-barreled pun (a very harmless one !) aimed at Alex. Brome's profession and charged with the name of a distinguished musician. Thus, the first line, in Roman letter, amidst the italics of the opening verse runs thus :—

"We have our lawes and have our King."

Here the point is plain, but Mr. Shepherd has prefixed a capital L to "lawes" and obscured it. Again in similar context :

"As we have march'd to fight the cause

Of *Gods* *anoynted*, and our *Lawes*."

And Mr. Shepherd's liberality in the use of capitals has again spoilt Izaak Walton's little joke. Brome as an attorney was of course interested in the restoration of *law* as well as of order ; and, as a poet, he was naturally wishful that his songs should be sung. To this end, they must have been set to music, and we may see, by a glance at *The Compleat Angler*, that part-singing was a fairly common accomplishment at that period. Here (2 Ed., p. 298) is *The Anglers Song*, "for two voyces, Treble and Basse," so arranged that two persons, singing from the book, may read the music whilst facing each other, the two parts being, relatively, turned upside down. And the tune is set by Mr. Henry Lawes—"we have our Lawes?" In the year 1653 (the date of *The Compleat Angler*) appeared a folio volume of *Ayres and Dialogues, for One, Two, and Three Voyces. By Henry Lawes, Servant to his Late Majesty in his publick and private Musick &c* ; and in 1659, John Playford put forth a similar work to which contributions were made by, amongst others, Henry Lawes and Nicholas Laneare ; in this last we have the song which Izaak Walton desired to hear his Kenna sing, "Like Hermit poor," also the lines put into the mouth of *Peter* (in that section of the *Compleat Angler* which is devoted, in the second edition only, to *Merriments, Songs and Musick*.) "In praise of Musick, "signed W. D. Knight":—

"Musick miraculous *rhetorick* ! that speakst sence

"Without a tongue, excellent eloquence :

"The love of thee in wild beasts have been known,

"And birds have lik'd thy notes above their own.

"How easie might thy errors be excus'd,

"Wert thou as much beloved as th'art abus'd

"Yet although dull souls thy harmony disprove,
"Mine shall be first in what the angels love."

Brother Peter it will be seen did not quote quite correctly and scarcely deserved the praise bestowed upon his accuracy by Piscator, but this is rather wandering from one's text. The hinge upon which Walton's joke turns proves to be the name of the celebrated composer, Henry Lawes, whose music was in the hands of all loyal cavaliers, and *Daman* unfolds it when he concludes his invitation to *Dorus* with these lines :—

There we'll dance, Shake hands and sing
(We have our "Lawes")
God bless the King !

The variation in type, when aided by the substitution of parentheses in place of commas as above, leaves no room for doubt ; for elsewhere "lawes" is printed with a lower-case initial.

Having rallied lawyer Brome, pleasantly enough with reference to the turn o' th' tide which enabled him to practice, yet again as of old, in the Lord Mayor's Court, he turns, naturally and easily, to the *Songs* which form the subject of his encomium, and indicates the music to which they may be sung, adding that, as "Lawes" is so readily accessible, there can be no difficulty in all joining in the loyal chorus of *God bless the King*. "Come Master, you can sing well, you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper."

ALFRED WALLIS.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FISH-HOOK.

By EDWARD LOVETT.



Although the subject of my paper is hardly within the scope of natural history it is nevertheless one of very great interest as connected with anthropology : and as my principal observations will refer more especially to the 'stone age' and the relation that recent works of man bear to it, my subject is one intimately connected with the early races of mankind, and consequently with natural history in its highest form. In the International Fisher-

ies Exhibition, of 1883, I was much interested, in common with others, in the splendid collection of North American and Eskimo fishing apparatus, exhibited in the United States section, by the National Museum of Washington. The most remarkable objects in this collection were the fish hooks used by the coast living Indians, before the introduction into their neighbourhood of iron and steel hooks ; the knowledge of which superior implement is now resulting in a complete neglect of their former curious gear. Many of these shell and bone hooks had stone sinkers attached to them, thus carrying the stone age forward in these regions till it has suddenly come face to face with the iron age and civilization ; these sinkers, however, seemed to throw some interesting light upon many doubtful points, as to the uses of similar weapons found in peat beds, caves, river gravel, and lake deposits, and it seems propable that many so called celts of an unusual form are not celts or hatchets at all, but the fishing line sinkers of Neolithic or Palæolithic man. Again, the forms of the hooks themselves seemed to suggest a probable use for flint flakes to which a somewhat unsatisfactory use had up to the present been attributed, and besides the hooks, there were other 'lures' in the shape of gorges which undoubtedly helped to throw considerable light on a form of flint implement of very general distribution, wherever such objects are found in their last resting place, namely the caves and peat beds already mentioned. Some years ago, I had the pleasure to examine the undisturbed floor of a cave in the Island of Jersey, which cave had been the residence, and undoubtedly the workshop too, of pre-historic flint-workers. It would entail too much time to give a proper description now, of our investigations, but I will very briefly describe the 'Find.' The cave itself was difficult of access and hard to find ; it was in the face of the present granite (or more correctly speaking syenite) cliff and the sea which broke on its torn and rugged base was deep water even at low tide. The floor of this cave was composed mainly of felspathic clay, the decomposition of the syenite rock ; in this clay was embedded a large boulder of a hard sand-stone, unlike any other

stone in the Island, and distributed through the clay floor were thousands of chipped flints, most of them struck off in the manufacture of weapons, and some no doubt weapons themselves. Spear-heads, arrow-points, scrapers, knives, drills &c., were the chief, but there was a great number of curved fragments with a sharp point, and others that were long narrow flakes, commonly called knives, but which would have made but a poor implement in this respect. It is to these latter two forms that I wish more especially to refer; before doing so, however, I wish to point out that one of the greatest points of interest in connection with this discovery is that Jersey being composed of igneous and metamorphic rocks, flint is unknown in its natural position, viz., in the chalk which does not exist in the Island, and therefore the occurrence of worked flint in a Syenite island opens up a subject too wide for discussion now. In a former paper on edible mollusca, I pointed out that evidence went largely to show that prehistoric man fed largely on shell fish, for not only do we find the shells of several species in close proximity to earth mounds and in cave earth, &c., but enormous mounds of shells themselves exist, which are called kitchen middens, and these mounds often contain worked stone implements. My opinion is, that the shells found being mostly shore species, early man's first food was what he could pick up, and what required no hunting or trapping. In course of time, however, as his intellect became sharpened by necessity, he was obliged to enlarge his sphere of action, and as most possibly, after bad weather, fish were thrown upon the shore or left stranded in shallow rock pools, Palæolithic man became acquainted with a superior kind of food in the shape of marine or river fish. To entrap these delicacies would now become the great aim of his life, and the question was how was this to be done? How it is that there is a general resemblance all over the world between prehistoric stone implements is perhaps as difficult to answer as how it is that there is a marked similarity between the implements of Fijians and Eskimos of recent times; but certain it is that a remarkable resemblance does exist, and per-

haps it may be accounted for by supposing that similar wants and necessities call forth similar means of meeting that want, even though the circumstances under which that want exists may be so different. However, the want of Palæolithic man was to catch fish, and as he had probably seen fish feeding on other marine animals, he concluded that some means of entangling the fish by means of its food, would, no doubt, effect the desired result. The first fish hook therefore was made, but I do not think it was a hook at all but a 'gorge,' which would be made of flint, fastened possibly to a line of twisted vegetable fibre, or even to a, hardened thong of one of the whip-like marine Algæ. I think this because I do not consider that as yet man had learnt to attract mammals or birds, so that he would have no thongs of skin for his fishing lines or bones for his hooks, though, of course, this experience soon followed for we can quite understand the mind that grasped the idea of entrapping a fish would not be long in following up the idea with regard to animals and birds. The gorge in question was, I consider, the very common form of flint flakes, which for want of a better name, have hitherto been called knives; this flake by being suspended by a line round the middle would hang at right angles to the line. When baited it would lie on a plane with the line, and would be covered with some substance suitable for a bait. When swallowed by a fish a sharp jerk would bring the flint at right angles with the line and force the ends into the gut of the fish, and thus bring it to shore. In order to carry out my observations I negotiated an exchange of specimens with the National United States Museum at Washington, and I obtained from them a few fish hooks from Alaska and other remote spots. The most valuable of these was a bone, sharpened at both ends and tied round the middle by a strip of skin. This is from Cape Vancouver, and is said to be used for catching gulls; I am inclined, however, to think that even if used to catch such useless articles of food as gulls now, it was originally a fish gorge and a modern representative of the very flint gorges so abundant in the Jersey flint cave, and in Yorkshire, and many other localities

The 'gorge' not being suitable perhaps for all kinds of fish, was rapidly improved upon, and the first real fish-hook appeared; it, too, was made of flint, but was a somewhat clumsy concern, and as man had become better able to make use of his surroundings, there is no doubt that the rude stone hook soon gave way to hooks of shell and bone. The hooks illustrated are restored from specimens found in the Jersey cave also; there are several of them, and they all possess many peculiar characteristics, which show that whatever they were used for, there was a method in their manufacture, and this method seems to point to one conclusion only, namely, that they were fish-hooks. The points of resemblance are these: each specimen has an apex, or a proof that it had one once, it has also a flattened shank, by which it could be fixed to a wood or bone shaft, it has also a notched surface opposite to the shank to enable it to be bound with fibre to the shank, and it has also a slight projection corresponding to the apex, enabling a cross binding of fibre to strengthen the first lashings. When I restored these specimens, I took for my pattern a hook from Fiji, made of the shell of a species of *Haliotis*, and lashed my barbs in the same manner as it had been; when finished I tested their strength, and I found that these flint hooks could land a fish of fifteen pounds dead weight, and I believe if bitumen was used, as it is used by the Borneo Dyaks to finish off their obsidian weapons, that a shark or a sturgeon could have been brought ashore with one of these flint hooks. These restored hooks have no barb, but that is not important as many shell and bone and even iron hooks have none either; still the barb is by no means a recent invention, and in fact I know of no artificial contrivance which, for its ingenuity, is so old and so universal. In the flint arrow heads of the drift of Ireland and Scotland, and indeed of almost all deposits containing stone weapons, we find splendid examples of the barb. All the spears, harpoons, arrows, or javelins, from the Eskimo to the Dyaks of Borneo, prove its wide-spread use and manufacture; and fish hooks from any part of the world, and of whatever material show it in the majority of instances. In fact it was the simplest appara-

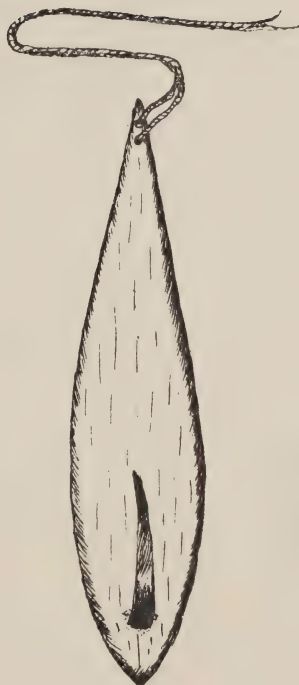
tus that suggested itself when the necessity arose for an implement that would not easily withdraw from the object it had pierced, and hence the origin of the barbed hook. From the nature of the material flint would soon give way for the purpose of such delicate objects as fishing hooks to such substance as shell and bone, for the shells of *Haliotis*, and similar bright examples, would very naturally suggest a happy combination of hook and bait together, for that is the way they are used even now where iron hooks have not quite superseded them. Indeed, so valuable was this early discovery of man, that even to-day we have the best steel hooks fixed to a disk of *Haliotis* shell and used as a trolling bait for Jack and Pike. This links the hooks of to-day with a period immediately after the dawn of fishing, or even possibly with palæolithic man himself. The shell hooks, coming as they do chiefly from Fiji and other islands, seem to point to the fact that this was partly owing to the abundance of the material and the scarcity of bone, in the form of Mammalia; for if we come to examine the hooks from the shores of large continents, as for example the northern coasts of America, we find them chiefly of bone, and varied somewhat in form. In one of the specimens illustrated, the bone is carved to resemble a fish, thus combining the bait and hook in one. Here too we find the point of the hook is an iron nail, thus showing the introduction of metals, or indeed of the iron age. Another example has the shaft of bone, the point of iron, and a polished stone sinker, showing an interesting combination of the stone, bone, and iron ages in one specimen. These northern hooks are of considerable interest, for they are the outcome of a severe struggle for life. The Eskimos have but few courses open to them for obtaining food, and no race is so compelled to become fishermen as they; and besides that nets are of but little use, owing to the ice, so the hook is to them a most important implement, and suitable material for making hooks is comparatively scarce, hence their varied form and material: wood, bone, walrus ivory, horn and latterly scrap iron, and of course, still more recently, European-made hooks have all been used. Nordensköld, in his



Polybarb bone hook,
alaska. $\frac{1}{2}$ NS



Curved bone hook
bone nail point.
alaska. $\frac{2}{3}$ NS.



Bone hook, with point of
bone nail; "Fox" Expedition.
NS.



Bone hook, copper point
Stone sinker (Squeezes
rock)
Diomedes Island $\frac{2}{3}$ NS

FISH HOOKS OF BONE & METAL
NORTH AMERICA.
(LOVEY, T. COLLECTION).



Primitive hook, of
Haliotis Shell. NS.



Ostrea shell hook.
1/2 NS.



Tortoise-shell hook.
Ostrea Shell Shank. 1/2 NS.



Barbed circular hook
of Tortoise-shell. NS



Hook, wood & shell
Bone barbs. 1/2 NS.

RECENT SHELL HOOKS.

FIG. 1. (LOVETT COLLECTION)

'Voyage of the Vega,' describes fishing as being the chief occupation of the Chukches, and states that they cut a hole in the ice, and the fish, being attracted to it, a line, provided with a hook of bone, iron, or copper, and baited with fish entrail, is thrown in, and when a fish became hooked it was landed or rather thrown up on the ice by means of a short gaff, or hook, fixed to the end of a short stick. In describing the fishing at Naïtskai, the same author says that hooks are exclusively used, and no nets or other fishing implements; these hooks are not barbed, but the fish are landed as before mentioned, by gaffs. The women of the settlements are chiefly engaged in the fishing industry. The hooks figured in Nordenskiöld's work are of the same make as those sent to me from the Washington Museum. Reverting to the hooks from the South Sea Islands, I have been enabled to exhibit a variety of forms, for the most primitive of which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Calvert, who was for some time in Fiji, and who informs me that these hooks are used trailing over the stern of a canoe, hence they need no barb, for as soon as a fish, attracted by the rapidly passing glitter of the shell, takes it, it becomes hooked, and is drawn into the canoe without further play or ceremony. These Fijian hooks are made, when shell alone is used, of a species of *ostrea*, known to commerce as mother-of-pearl shells; in some cases a piece of fibre has been added to give the effect of a fin or tail to the bait. There are also a remarkable series of hooks from Nukufetau, in the Ellis group of islands. These show the dawn of the iron period in these islands. They are made, I am told, of the iron used in fixing the lids of cases sent from Europe to European residents in the Pacific islands. This stout iron wire, for so it is, is bent round in a curve, the end sharpened to a point and curved inwards and downwards. The line, which is of vegetable fibre and very strong, is lashed on in such a way that the strain on the hook has a tendency to keep the curve of the barb in its proper place and not lose the fish. One of these curious hooks is formed of the bifurcating stem of some strong-wood tree. It is the first of the kind I have ever seen or heard of, and is most inter-

esting to me, as, before I had this specimen sent me, I had made several models of hooks in this identical manner to illustrate what I considered to have been an exceedingly probable form of fishing hook. Coming now to the continent of Europe, more especially to this country, we do not find any very abundant traces of hooks anterior to the iron age. This probably owing to the fact that metals were known and used in this region before any other parts of the world had become acquainted with them, and no traces of any value seem to exist of what was used before that. In the Berlin Museum are some remarkable specimens of prehistoric fish hooks of the later period, when man had learnt the use of some metal, namely bronze. These hooks are from the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and are exceedingly curious. One is a good bronze barbed hook, so closely resembling the hooks of our own time that it would almost appear as if it belonged to recent times. Another bronze specimen, though labelled 'hook,' does not seem to be adapted to fishing, and the same might be said of another of bone and two others of bronze. Three others present quite a new feature in fish hooks; they are made of the jaw bone of small species of mammals, and from their appearance they do seem to have been used for fishing. The most extraordinary of all is a hook formed of the upper mandible of an eagle, notched down to the base. Of course, the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland are of all other localities the one from whence we might expect such curious forms. The inhabitants of these isolated settlements no doubt were great fishermen out of sheer necessity, and the position of their habitations seem to point to the fact that from some cause or other they were compelled to cut themselves off from the land and live in huts on the water itself; therefore, their stock of material for hooks would be limited, and hence the use of these remarkable objects. I have been informed by correspondents in the wilder parts of the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland that the men allude to the hook of bone, but I do not think they have ever seen a British made one, but that the idea has arisen from seeing similar objects brought home from foreign shores

by their sailor friends. Some very early metal fish hooks, said to be Roman, are, I believe, in the Guildhall Museum, but although the Romans undoubtedly used fishing hooks to a considerable extent, yet I am inclined to believe that many of these so-called hooks were not so at all, but fragments of metallic articles of adornment, &c. However, fishing has been undoubtedly carried on in this country by all the people who have lived here till our own time; and from the dawn of the iron period, hooks have undergone but little change, except in point of finish and quality, the form being practically the same as that invented by pre-historic man, and used by the uncivilised races of all parts of the world where fishing is, or has been, carried on; so that we find a gradual development from the rudest form of stone, through shell, wood, bone, copper, and iron, down to the beautifully tempered fine steel salmon hook of the present day, and we also have examples in which each of these stages of progression overlaps one another, as shown by hooks of compound manufacture, such as shell and bone, wood and bone, bone and iron, and even stone, bone, and iron together. Having now arrived at the final, or rather latest, stage of the fishing hook, it would be interesting to examine the artificial baits at present used for various fish, from a naturalists' point of view. The most striking feature of these artificial baits is that they bear no resemblance to anything in nature, and one would think that fish would scarcely be captured by such a palpable swindle as many of these lures obviously are, and yet the most absurd looking fly, or other bait, is often the most deadly. The mother-of-pearl spoon bait used for pike is interesting, as being a survival of the Fijian hooks and probably dates back to a very early period indeed; the metal spoon bait is simply another form of this, and the object in each case is to produce a flashing bright body in the water, to which fish on the feed always seem strongly attached. This class of bait does not appear to be represented at all in nature except by the silvery bellies of such small fish upon which pike and other fish-eating fish prey; but when we come to a spoon bait of

a brilliant red colour, it is obvious that this argument will not apply, and bass, which is fished for with this latter bait, can have no experience whatever of this object, but must be simply attracted by the bright colour. In like manner we may dispose of other killing baits, such as a bunch of silvery goat's hair for pollock, which is like no living thing whatever; Indian rubber sand-eels which resemble nothing in particular; shrimps made of red quills, therefore conveying the idea that they are boiled, under which condition, I am told the fish prefer them; and lastly a bit of a red flannel shirt which is a killing bait for mackerel, and which is about as unreal a material as a fish could well select as a substantial article of food. But of all fish, mackerel, when on the feed, are the most indiscriminating, and have been known even to take a bare hook without any bait whatever. The same remarks as to the thoroughly unnatural structure of artificial baits applies also to flies, though not to all, for trout are certainly particular in this respect, but it is to salmon and pike flies to which I must particularly refer. The following is an extract from a work on fly-fishing in salt and fresh water. 'Jack will also take a very large artificial fly; the length of the fly from the nose to the tip of the tail, is *one foot two inches*, and you make him thus.' Then follows an elaborate description of a machine, in which a piece of wood, some gimp, cock's hackles, part of a cock pheasant's tail, gold or silver tinsel, curlew feathers, peacock's feathers, coloured worsted, two glass beads and a bit of wire, red sealing wax and a fair number of hooks form an important part, it also suggests that you should have several flies of this sort of all colours and sizes, and varying both in bodies and wings. Now did any etomologist ever see an insect from any part of the world in any way approaching this? Why fish take a fancy to such things is a mystery, but it helps to show that in early times of man's history the primitive form of hook which he used was after all not so very unreasonable an affair. And now for a short reference to that height of perfection in the gentle craft, the salmon fly. I fear that what I have already said with regard to other flies and baits will ap-

ply almost as strongly to the salmon fly. It is neither, fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red her-
ring, but a gaudy mixture of coloured feathers,
silks and tinsel, and yet salmon are caught by
them, and not only so, but each salmon river has
its particular fly, and every fisherman on these
rivers knows exactly what fly he requires under
certain conditions, and how that fly is made and
of what material. Certainly then there must be
a reason for this, and I venture to think that this
reason is as follows. As I have already stated,
mackerel eagerly bite at red flannel, pike at any-
thing in the world that glitters, from a shell
spoon bait to a piece of broken looking glass,
and the South Pacific fish are caught in thousands
by pearl-shell, tortoiseshell, coral, and the like, so
that we may safely presume that salmon do not
take artificial flies because they know they are
flies, which they are not, but because they are a
light moving body recognizable under existing
conditions, and that brings us to consider why a
Shannon fly would not kill on the Tweed or *vice*
versâ. Now there are many conditions under
which salmon live, permanent conditions and
temporary conditions. The former would be
geological, and refer to the formation or kind of
rock through which the salmon stream flows,
which would of course have considerable effect
upon the appearance of the water, and would
naturally modify to some extent the conditions
under which the fish lived, so that salmon in-
habiting a stream running through certain rocks
or soils would more readily see the fly usually
worked on the stream than others in other local-
ities, if the same fly were used there. Tempora-
ry conditions would be due to the weather,
and would include clear or thick atmosphere,
heavy rain, frost, great heat, state of water after
a flood, ditto after drought, and so on. There-
fore there are a great variety of conditions, and
combinations of conditions, under which salmon
exist quite sufficient to show why a particular
salmon fly is deadly on certain streams, or at
certain times of the month or day, or under
certain states of the atmosphere.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.



FROM the stream of books passing
on our shelves we have chosen
for notice in our pages :—

Poems of the rod and gun ; or, sports by flood and
field. By Isaac McLellan, Greenport, Long Island,
N.Y. Edited with memoir of the author by Will
Wildwood.... New York : Henry Thorpe1886
Half-title, etching, title, pp. 271. 8vo.

The verses of an octogenarian sportsman and
naturalist are here gathered into a very interest-
ing volume. Mr. McLellan has, we must sup-
pose, ardently sought sport in all quarters of the
globe. He is equally at home whether watching
for elephants by night in an African swamp or
spearing eels by torch-light in Maine ; whether
tiger hunting in India or shooting grouse on the
plains of Illinois ; whether chasing the giraffe in
Africa, the chamois in Switzerland or the bison
in the far west and the moose in Canada. Now
we find him shooting the black coot in Delaware
Bay, the sand-hill crane in Mexico, or wild cats
on the Red River ; anon he is among the brant-
geese in the Arctic Circle or with the red-head
and canvas-backs by the brackish tides of Sus-
quehanna. As a fisherman his experience is as
wide and varied. He has taken the swift bonito
on the coast of Sardinia and in Long Island
Sound ; the blue and silver kingfish from the
surf at Barnegat ; speckled bass, with opal
stripes and scales of azure, green and gold, in
the secluded Lake Pepin. He has hooked the
silver spangled sturgeon in Androscoggin's flood,
the Spanish mackerel from the billows of grey
Montauk ; the greedy sheepshead on the sandy
shores of Absecon Inlet ; bunkers of blue and
gold in Narragansett Bay ; the huge bronze-
tinted black drum at Cuttyhunk rocks ; the swift
crevalle, the red grouper and the great tarpum,
silver king of Southern seas, at Homosassa and
Mosquito inlet. He has captured the lordly
salmon in the swift St. Croix or where Spruce
Mountain throws its inky shadow ; sea bass on
the yellow beach of Long Island ; silvery por-
gee where the flood tides foam over the shoals
of the Chesapeake ; glittering albicore in the
South Pacific ; the game and crafty snapper in
Indian river, pickerel through the ice of Northern
lakes, and the delicious pompano of frosted
silver flecked with blue, from the tepid tides of
Florida. Let no reader, however, dream of
finding details of pursuit and capture. Mr.
McLellans verses all contain bird's eye views,
vignettes, little pictures of scene and quarry,
often brightly and delicately coloured. Above

all things he is a lover of nature : the mountain stream that foams and flashes on its stormy way, the frozen mountain top where the wind is fierce and bleak, the low island groves of the South that seem to float upon the waves, the woods where white streaks of sunshine sparsely gleam through green branches are all much to him, and the *game* to be found there is no more.

Despite his years Mr. McLellan can still enjoy "the bliss, the speechless joy of the angler's rapture." He tells us :

"And now that the silver circlet
Of time on my head is laid
And years with their wintry blossoms
My furrow'd brow invade,
I still by the brook and the sea-side,
Those early sports renew,
And find the pastime as pleasant
As when this old rod was new."

An Amateur Angler's days in Dove Dale, or, how I spent my three weeks' holiday (July 24—August 14, 1884).... (By E. M.) London : Sampson Low. 1884. Pp. viii, 86. Imp. 32mo.

Scarcely an angling book save in title, but nevertheless more pleasing than nine out of ten records of Piscator's exploits. A genial business man essays at sixty to cast his first fly, and tells of his mishaps with hearty good humour. His enjoyment of the book which Nature holds ever open for those who care to read ; and his regret that he has hitherto turned over but few pages, are not to be read without emotion. Truly a pleasant little book, this record of *Piscator Minor's* brief sojourn, with his little granddaughter, in pleasant Dove Dale.

Camping and Cruising in Florida, by James A. Henshall, M.D. Author of Book of the Black Bass. Illustrated. Cincinnati : Robert Clark & Co. 1884. Half-title, pp. xvi, 248, Map and 13 plates. 8vo.

Here we have a bright and cheerful account of two excursions made by the author, up the rivers and through the lagoons and among the thousand islands which line the coast of the "Flowery State" of the Union. No pleasanter narrative was ever penned. Dr. Henshall is an observant naturalist, and taking good store of knowledge with him, was, for that reason, enabled to bring back what was worth remembering and worth repeating. We are not tantalized as too often, alas ! elsewhere, with general remarks about "luxuriant foliage" and "gorgeous flowers" and "strange forms of life" in

fowl and fish, but have the glowing pictures resolved into their component parts, learning precisely what trees and plants give attraction to the "keys" and "hamaks" ; what birds haunt the shores and the swamps ; and what fish they are which flash through the abounding waters. Still there is something further. To use Dr. Johnson's word on a memorable occasion, it is the "potentiality" of this pleasant land which so fascinates the reader, whatever may be the particular bent of his tastes or his studies in the great book of Nature.

The author too is a shrewd observer of character. We pass over the many records of his doings with rod and gun, all lightly touched and never wearisome, which we had marked for quotation, and find place for the sketch of a worthy, met with on the West coast, who is known as—

"ALLIGATOR FERGUSON"

"We left Caximbas Pass in the middle of the forenoon, with a north-west wind, sailing close-hauled all day until an hour before sundown, when we put into Estero Pass for the night. We had just made everything snug, the king-fish was spluttering in the frying-pan, the venison broiling over the coals, and the aroma of old Government Java was ascending towards the mast-heads, when a small schooner also put in and dropped anchor on a shoal within fifty yards of us. The sails were lowered away and furled by the crew, which consisted of a solitary one-armed man. In a short time the receding tide left the little schooner aground, when I went over in the *Daisy* to see if we could be of any service. "Oh, no," said the combined skipper and crew, "she'll lay all the easier aground, and she'll be afloat time enough for me in the mornin', bet your ribs!" Then making a fire in his little stove, he began preparing his supper. He had a cargo of bananas for Ceder Key. This man, from his habit of hunting alligators in the summer, had obtained the sobriquet of "Alligator Ferguson," and was a character of some note on the West Coast. After supper he came over to the *Rambler* and assisted the boys in shark-fishing, regaling them, between bites, with accounts of his prowess in hunting the huge saurians, which with him had become an all-absorbing passion.

"What I don't know 'bout 'gators, gentlemen," said he, "the 'gator don't know himself. If I can ketch his ugly eye, I can tell jist what he's thinkin' 'bout. If he sees me a comin' with old "Sure-death," my big Springfield rifle, he jist sez, sez he, 'Thar's Alligator Ferguson ; my hide's good as off, my teeth's good as gone ; I've done swallerin' fish an' pine knots in this vain

world ; my watery pilgrimage is over ; far'well to Florida'."

"You must have killed a good many?" said Jack.

"Well, yes ; a good many, and more too. I couldn't 'zactly say jist now how many I've killed and skun, or how many teeth I've pulled ; but there ain't a butcher who hez skun more beef-cattle or mutton-sheep than I've skun 'gators ; and there ain't a tooth-carpenter in the Newnited States who hez extracted more teeth from humans than I 'gators, I'll be dod-busted if there is !"

"I suppose that with the hides and teeth it is a pretty profitable business," said Squire.

"Well, I care more for the fun than the profit. The hides and teeth buy grub and tobacker, that's bizness, bet your ribs ! But the enjyment of the fun is what makes life wuth livin' with me. You clean out 'gators, and you clean out me ; 'xterminate 'gators, and you 'xtinguish Alligator Ferguson. Without his open count'nance and lively tail, this vale of tears 'ud have no attractions fur me !"

"Take it altogether, then, hides, teeth, and fun, and it pays you pretty well," said Squire.

"Bet your ribs ! I get a half-dollar for hide, five dollars a pound for the teeth, and a dollar and seventy-five cents in fun for every 'gator I kill !"

Jack who was lying on his bunk, fished out from under it the skull of the big one he had shot at New River, and like Mr. Boffin in Mr. Venus' shop, "lying behind a smile" said :

"How is this for a specimen head, Mr. Ferguson ?"

"Well that ain't half a bad head, but I've seen bigger ones, with bigger teeth, but I never saw one jist like it on this coast ; how long was he ?"

"Twelve feet to an inch," answered Jack.

"I've killed a good many 'gators, but I never killed one over twelve feet, And 'gators is like humans, some has big heads, and some small heads ; and't ain't allus the biggest 'gator as has the biggest head ; but generally the bigger the head the smaller the brain, jist like humans, but I'm bound to say no 'gator's got much brain to brag on. I've caused a good many to die with watter on the brain, but I'm bound to say none ever did of inflammation on the brain, cause they ain't got enough to inflame. There is another curis thing 'bout 'gators, the smaller the brain, the more musk they carries, jist like humans !" (Pp. 194-6).

Gathered in the Gloaming : Poems of early and later years. By T. WESTWOOD. London : Printed at the Chiswick Press. 1885. Pp. xi, 348, 8vo.

Into the pages of one volume Mr. Westwood has gathered all that he cares to preserve of the

poetical offspring of his life time. A delicate kindly humour, a vivid imagination, and a true poetic sense are visible throughout the volume : the work of one writing from pure love of his art. "The Garland of Angling Rhymes" will ever be a cherished possession of the fisher, and it would be indeed difficult to find a fitting pendant to the "Lay of the Lea," commencing :

"I'm an old man how,
Stiff limb and frosty pow,
But stooping o'er my flickering fire in the
winter weather,
I behold a vision
Of a time Elysian,
And I cast my crutch away, and I snap
my tether !"

We ahall make no excuse for reproducing the fine sonnets written to celebrate the bi-centenary of Izaak Walton's death. Although now for the second time printed in book form they are scarcely known, and there are certainly not in existence a dozen collections of angling books wherein the dainty "In Memoriam" volume, in which they first appeared, is to be found.

THE BI-CENTENARY.

I.

"Father of Anglers ! when, two hundred years
Agone, Death sealed thine eyes—his visage froze
Was touched, the legends tells, with pity sore.
He closed thine eyes and sealed them safe from
tears,

With touch of frosty fingers on their spheres,
But spared thy heart, and let its pulses beat
Unchecked. "Not Death, but dreams" he said,

"O sweet

Soul, be thy portion : dream of woods and meres,
Trout-dimpled pool, bright beak, and sighing sedge ;
Dreams of old faces, comrades dear, that throng
About thee, with gay gossip, laugh and song,
In hostel, or by honeysuckle hedge.
Such dreams be thine, with endless morn and
May !"

And ceasing, the gaunt shadow went his way."

II.

So Fine-ear, stooping with a steadfast will,
Above thy mouldering tomb, in summer-times,
Hears still what seems a ripple or a rhyme,
Unsilenced by the centuries—hears still,
Through chink and cleft, a little babbling rill,
Then quaint discourse, Piscator's homily,—
(The voice we honour), Auceps' grave reply,
Venator's jest, and presently a thrill,
Of music, joyous, without fret or jar,
"Come live with me and be my love," and near,
The nightingale's sweet cadence, full and clear,
Or bay of otter-hounds from fields afar.
Old life, old sport of Lea-side and of Dove,
The life we cherish and the sport we love !"

T. S.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. VII.

- Pollard. New & complete Angler, 1802 or n.d.
 Pope. Windsor forest, 1713, &c.
 Price, M. The angler's companion, n.d. [1821]
 — R. L. The two Americas, 1877
 Prime. I go a-fishing, 1873.
 — see House.
 Principes...de jurisprudence, sur les droits...de pêche, 1775
 Pritchard. Anglers' guide to...North Wales, [1864], n.d., 1870
 Pritchett. †Gamla Norge, 1879.
 Pritt. North Country flies, 1886
 Prognosticacion & an almanack, [1549].
 Prouty. Fish: their habits & haunts, 1883
 Prueckmannus. Tractatus...de piscatione, 1605.
 Puckle. Fresh water fish in...Bengalore, 1869.
 Pulman. Book of the Axe, 1841, 1844, 1845, 1854, 1875.
 — Rustic sketches, 1871.
 — Vade mecum of fly fishing, 1841, 1846, 1851
 — Rambles, roamings & recollections, 1870.
 Racing and chasing, [1868]
 Raimondi. Le caccie, 1621, 1626 or n.d., 1785
 Raison. Code...de la pêche, 1829
 Randall. †The Severn valley, 1862
 Rapin. †Les plaisirs du gentilhomme, 1583
 Rapport sur la pêche fluviale dans...l'Aube, 1851
 Rau. Prehistoric fishing, 1884
 Ravenstein. The...angler's map of...Thames, [1861], [1876]
 Raymond. The art of fishing, 1866
 Recepten. See Büchlin
 Recreation. The royal recreation of jovial anglers, [1654?]
 Recreator. †The popular recreator, Cassell, n.d.
 Reck. Disputatio...de piscatione, 1662
 Recueil des lois...de la pêche, 1836
 Red Spinner. See Senior
 Reeves, B. Sports...in...country, 1841
 — W. C. Remarks on Irish fishery Acts, 1863
 Reider. Das Ganze der Fischerei, 1825
 — Die Geheimnisse der Angel-und Netzfischerei, 1849
 Reiman. Praktischer Abriss, 1804
 Renauld. Le parfait pêcheur, 1858, 1865, 1868, 1877
 René et Liersel. Traité de la pêche, n.d., [1857?], 1876
 Rennie. Alphabet of scientific angling, 1833, 1836, 1849
 Resources of solitude, 1848
 Révoil. Chasses et pêches de l'autre monde, 1856
 — Pêches dans l'Amérique, 1863, 1870
 — Shooting and fishing in.....North America, 1865
 Rheinisches Rural-Gesetzbuch, 1839
 Richardson. †Holiday sports and pastimes, 1848
 Richters. Ichthyothologie, 1754; in Dutch, 1780
 Right. Public right of fishing by anglers, 1872
 Ripon see List
 Rippelmeier's Angelbuch, 1881
 Rimbaud. L'industrie des eaux salées, 1868
 Roberts, A. Gossiping guide to Wales, 1879
 — R. Trout and grayling, 1860; then as The river's side, 1866
 — Glenmähra, 1870
 Robertson, H. R. Life on the Upper Thames, 1875
 — J. Angling streams...in the Scottish Lowlands, 1859
 — The hand-book of angling for Scotland, 1861
 Robinson. Fishes of Fancy, 1883
 — Angling in Gt. Britain, 1883
 Rochester. †Windsor, 1703, etc.
 Ronalds. The fly-fisher's entomology, 1836, 1839, 1844, 1849, 1856, 1862, 1877
 Rondonneau. Code de la...pêche, 1810
 Rooper. Flood, field and forest, 1869, 1870, 1874
 — Thames and Tweed, [1870], [1876]
 — A month in Mayo, 1876
 Roosevelt. Game fish of...America, 1862, 1865, 1866, 1884
 — Superior fishing, 1865, 1868, 1884
 — and Green. Fish hatching and fish catching, 1879
 Roscoe. Rambles with a fishing rod, 1883
 Rosenhane. Respublica glacialis, 1681
 Rota. L'egloghe pescatorie, 1560, 1566, 1572
 Routledge's hand-book of fishing, 1867
 Rowan. †The...sportsman in Canada, 1878
 Rühlich. Der praktische Angler in Deutschland, 1871
 Rules [and regulations of fishing clubs]: Ribble, 1859; South London, 1871; Vale of Cothi, 1855; Northumberland, 1862.
 Ruses. Le ruses innocentes, 1660, 1688, 1695; next as Les delices de la campagne, 1700.
 Russel. The salmon, 1864
 Russia. Izslayedovaniya..... v Rossii, 1860-3
 S., J. The true art of angling, 1696, 1697, 1704, 1716, 1716, 1725, n.d., 1740, 1740, n.d., 1770
 — T. F. [Salter]. Hints to anglers, 1808
 Sabie. The fisherman's tale, 1595, 1897
 Sagot. De la...pêche à la Guyane, 1874
 Salerno. Regimen sanitatis Salernitanum, [1480?]
 [1482?] bis. [1483?]. 1487, 1491, 1493, 1497; Venice [1500?] ter, 1501, 1505, 1507, 1509; [Paris, 1515?], 1516, 1551, 1553 bis, 1557,

- 1558, 1559, 1584, 1625, 1638, 1649, 1656, 1657, 1672, 1683, 1711. *Flos medicinae*, 1842, 1859. (*Eng.*) 1528, 1530, 1535, 1541, 1557, 1575, 1617, 1830
- St. John, C. W. G. †Short sketches of the wild sports of the Highlands, 1846, 1847, 1878, 1881.
- †A tour in Sutherlandshire, 1863, 1884
- †Natural history and sport in Moray, 1863
- F. †Rambles in Germany, &c., 1853
- S. †Life in the forests of the far East, 1863
- Salad for the solitary†, 1853, 1885
- Salmon fishing [Lithographs, 1867]
- The salmon question, 1863
- Salter, R. The modern angler, n.d., 1811
- T. F. The angler's guide, 1814, 1815, 1815, 1816, 1823, 1825, 1830, 1833, 1841; Maynard, n.d.; Bohn, n.d.
- The angler's guide abridged, 1816, 1822; Sherwood, n.d.; Wicksteed, n.d.; Maynard, [1841]
- The troller's guide, 1820, 1830, 1841
- Sang. The angler's...trout flies, [1881], n.d.
- San Martino. *Pescatoria*, [*cir.* 1566]
- Sannazaro. *Pescatoria*, 1526, 1526, 1527, 1527, 1528, 1533; in *Opera omnia*, 1526, 1535, 1536, 1540, 1547, 1549, 1570, 1587, 1592, 1609, 1689, 1699, 1725, 1728; in *Poemata*, 1719, 1731, 1740, 1746, 1757; in *Italian*, 1788, 1823; in *English*, 1726
- Satchell. Glossary of fish names, [1879]
- Westwood and Satchell. *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 1883
- Angler's Note-Book, 1881, 1885-6
- Bibliography of...compleat angler, 1882
- Saunders. The compleat fisherman, 1724
- Savouré-Mourlot. *Dictionnaire de la pêche*, 1850, 1875
- Schilling. *Die wilde Fischerei*, 1831
- Schmidlin. Handbook der Wurtembergischen Forst-Gesetzgebung, 1821-3
- Schneider. *Bibliothek der Forst-und Jagd-Literatur*, 1856
- School of recreation. See H. (R.)
- Schreiner's sporting manual, 1841
- Schultes. An essay on aquatic rights, 1811
- Schuyllkill. An authentic historical memoir of the S. fishing company, 1830
- Scotcher. The fly-fisher's legacy, [*cir.* 1800]
- Scott, G. C. Fishing in American waters, 1869, 1875, 1882
- W. Land of Scott, or guide to...Tweed, (1850)
- W. H. [G. J. Lawrence]. British field sports, 1818, 1820
- The sportsman's calendar, 1818
- Scribner's...Magazine now The Century, † 1870, etc. P.P.
- Scrope. Days and nights of salmon fishing in the Tweed, 1843, 1854, 1885
- Secrets see D. (J.) and G. (C.)
- †Valuable secrets in arts and trades, [1758?], 1775
- Selys-Longchamps. *Sur la pêche fluviale en Belgique*, 1867
- Senior. Waterside sketches, 1875
- By stream and sea, 1877
- Travel and trout in the Antipodes, 1880
- Serres. †Théâtre d'agriculture, 1600, 1603, 1605, 1608, 1611, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1623, 1629, 1635, 1636, 1639, 1646, 1651, 1661, 1663, 1675, 1802
- Servant-maid. The complete servant-maid [n.d.]
- Seymour. †Humorous sketches, 1834-6, 1838, 1843, 1866
- †Snobson's seasons, n.d.
- †Book of cockney sports, [1867]
- †The odd volume, Kidd, n.d.
- Shepherd. The Shepherd's daughter [Dublin?] n.d.
- †A garland of verse, 1884
- R. H. Waltoniana, 1878
- Sherer. †Rural life described, n.d.
- Shields. Rustling through the rockies, n.d.
- Shipley. A true treatise on art of fly-fishing, 1838
- Shirley. The angler's museum, [1784], n.d., n.d.
- Sidney. †The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, 1570, &c.
- Sigurdsson. *Litil Fiskibók*, 1859
- Silvester. †Original poems, 1733
- Simeon. Stray notes on fishing, 186c, 1863
- Sinceri. Der...Fischerei dientliche Kunste, 1720, 1734
- Skylark. †The skylark, 1772
- Smail. †Innerleithen, 1863
- †Guide to Jedburgh, 1871
- Smith, A. The Thames angler, 1860, *bis*
- G. †The laboratory, 1799, 1810
- H. †Festival's, games and amusements 1831
- J. V. C. Fishes of Massachusetts, 1833
- J. *England's improvement reviv'd, 1673
- J. Profit and pleasure united, 1684, 1704
- J. R. Bibliographical catalogue.....on angling, 1856
- T. Every man his own fisherman, [1770?]
- W. A. †Lewiana, 1875
- †Benderloch, 1883
- Snart. †Elegant extracts, 1813
- Soland. *Etude sur les poissons*, 1869
- Soltau. Trout flies of Devon, 1847, 1856
- Somerville. Field sports, 1742
- The chase, 1804
- Songs. Songs of the chase, 1811
- Soubeyrau. *Sur l'exposition internationale*, 1866

Our Creel.

WE find in "The Land of the Five Rivers and Sindh, by David Ross," (London, 1883), some passages which may be stored in "Our Creel."

On the Indus a great number of people find occupation and subsistence in fishing. These are the Muhana or Miani tribe of fishers and boatmen. "Many of them as fishermen live, it may be said, *in* rather than *on* the river. All have villages immediately on its banks, their boats and nets furnishing all that is required for their maintenance. In many places, especially near the Manchhar lake, whole families of this class live entirely after the Chinese fashion, in their boats, having no other habitation. The women share the labour equally with the men. *Miani* in Sindhi means a fishing village, hence there are several places of that name" (p. 44). Their chief employment appears to be

PALA FISHING,

and one method of capturing this fish is by means of the *mati*, or fishermen's float which is "a large earthen pot on which the fishers of *pala* (the *hilsa* of the Ganges) float down the Indus, opposite Kotri, with a small net fixed on the end of a pole about five feet long. The *pala* swims against the stream, and is caught in the net; the pole is then drawn out of the water, and the fish is stabbed with a knife carried by the fisherman, and thrown into the *mati*, on the top of which he balances his body, guiding his movements down stream with his feet (p. 33). In Lake Manchhar the fish "are generally caught by spearing, the dense growth of weeds preventing the employment of nets. A fisherman stands in the prow of a flat-bottomed boat which is slowly and steadily propelled by another man. He holds three or four light cane spears in one hand, each about eight feet long and barbed at the top. So soon as a fish is seen, he hurls the handful of spears after it, and though some take no effect, it generally happens that one or two hit the mark. The shaft soon becomes entangled in the weeds, so the prey is easily secured and lifted into the boat. Should a fish be lying quietly amidst water-lilies or similar growth, it is killed by a stab with one spear" (p. 49).

This fish, it may be mentioned, and indeed all the fish in the Indus, are thought by the natives to pay particular respect to a very sacred shrine on an island near Bukkur "by never turning their tails when receding from it" (p. 67).

Other methods of fishing pursued on this river are by means of

TRAINED OTTERS, PELICANS, AND CORMORANTS.

"The otter (*Lutra nair*), or *loodhra* of the Sindhis, is very common on the bank of the Indus. These animals are trained by the Muhanas to catch fish, and also to drive them in 'shoals' towards the nets, just in the same manner as a collie dog collects sheep at the order of the shepherd. The otters may be seen near the fishermen's boats in twenties and thirties, tied round the waist and secured to stakes, playing in and out of the water with the children and dogs.

The pelican (*Pelicanus onocrotalus*) and cormorant (*Graculus carbo*) are also used to catch fish, which they secure with their huge bills, where they are retained until released by the fisherman. A string is tied moderately tight round the neck of the bird, so as to prevent the fish being swallowed. Two or three cormorants are generally attached to each boat. They are quite as tame as the otters.

Passing to another quarter of the globe we pick a note about

FISHING FOR JEW-FISH,

from Lady Brassey's entertaining account of the latest voyage of the "Sunbeam," called "In the Trades," (London, 1885):

"The Jew-fish is a big creature, rather like a halibut, weighing in some instances as much as six or seven hundredweight. At certain seasons of the year he and his friends hibernate; and the fisherman, first observing their whereabouts through the ever-useful sponge-glass, dive to the bottom, fix a hook firmly into the fish, as he lies in a state of torpor, and haul their weighty prize aboard the boat. Occasionally the finny monster happens to wake up at the critical moment, and the fisherman has his hand bitten off; but that is an event of very rare occurrence" (p. 332).

On another page Lady Brassey says that

FISHING IN THE BAHAMAS

"must be very amusing work from all accounts. You bait your hooks and let them down over the boat's side. Then you take one of the sponge-glasses and watch all the finny creatures disporting themselves round and about the tender morsels, till at last one bolder and more adventurous, and perhaps more greedy than the others, takes the bait, and is hauled to the surface. None of these semi-tropical fish are very good to eat: at all events they do not suit an English palate, unless dressed up and disguised in some toothsome fashion.

THE BARRACUDA

is a fish that varies greatly in this respect, sometimes being good to eat and of excellent flavour, and at others malignantly poisonous, producing pains in the joints, dizziness, and all sorts of unpleasant symptoms in those consuming it. Nobody seems to know exactly why there should be this difference in the character of the fish; whether it depends on the season of the year at which they are caught, the island they frequent, the food which they feed upon, or some peculiar disease from which they happen to be suffering. Whatever may be the cause, it is an unfortunate failing; for when the barracuda is good I believe it is one of the best fish to be met with here; although, as may be readily imagined, there is always an unpleasant amount of uncertainty and risk about eating it. Some people say that only a negro can dress and cook the barracuda properly; others make it a rule to cause a negro to eat some portion of the dish first; and if it does him no harm, they enjoy the remainder in peace and comfort themselves" (p. 331-2).

A DISH OF LIVE FISH.

Now that we have touched upon fish-eating we may insert a note on the subject gathered from Dr. Dresser's "Japan" (London, 1882), wherein opsohagy is presented in a novel aspect. The author is describing a native banquet at Tokio, to which he had been invited, that was served in the most fashionable of Japanese tea-houses and "according to the highest rules of Japanese taste and etiquette." After many dishes had been served in many courses, Dr. Dresser proceeds: "now comes the viand of viands—the most dainty of morsels—the bit that is to the Japanese epicure what the green fat of the turtle is to the city alderman, a dish that is none other than a living fish. Resting on a large Kutané dish is a mat formed of rounds of glass held together by plaited threads, on which is a living fish with gills and mouth moving regularly; at its back rises a bank of white shreds resembling damp isinglass, but in reality a colourless seaweed, while the fish itself rests on green algæ. In front is a pile of small slices of raw fish garnished with a radiating tuft of variegated bamboo leaves. A portion of the raw fish from the pile in front of the living victim is now placed on a saucer and passed to one guest, and so with the rest till the pile is consumed. Then to my disgust, the serving-maid, not having enough in the pile for all, raised the skin of the upper side of the fish, which I now saw was already loose, and simply picked up slice after slice from the living creature, which although alive had been already carved; nay, the pile of fish already served con-

sisted of the lower half of the creature's body. There is a refinement of barbaric cruelty in all this which contrasts strangely with the geniality and loving nature of the Japanese, for with consummate skill the fish had so been carved that no vital part had been touched; the heart, the gills, the liver, and the stomach are left intact, while the damp algæ on which the fish rests suffices to keep the lungs in action. The miserable object with lustrous eye looks upon us while we consume its own body; and rarely is it given to any creature to put in a living presence at its own entombment; but, if being eaten is to be buried, this most miserable of victims to man's sensual pleasure actually enjoyed (?) that rarest of opportunities. This cruelty is practised only by the rich. No living fish ever makes its appearance on the poor man's table; but the infliction of suffering on one of the lower creatures causes, probably, no self-reproach amongst a people who appear to regard neither pain nor death with dread. As an illustration of Japanese hardihood, I may say that over seventy persons, two of whom were women, committed hari-kari only six weeks prior to the date of which I write, because they had been defeated in a small insurrectionary movement.

With the living fish came in another large saucer-like dish, also of Kutané ware. On this were two kinds of fish, the one browned the other white, but both baked. A portion of each was served on a large saucer simultaneously with the live quivering flesh; but the living flesh is the luxury, and each morsel is dipped into soy and swallowed like an oyster. Feeling that by tasting it I added no pang to the victim. I ate, and certainly in flavour and delicacy this surpassed any of the preceding dishes. The slow and solemn dance, and the weird strains of tremulous music, was a fit accompaniment of a dish so ghastly as that of which we were partaking. But what have the Japanese to say, I wonder, about our swallowing live oysters? We may argue that an oyster is a creature of low organization, and that it cannot suffer much pain. What such a creature suffers we do not know, there is reason to suppose that feeling becomes less acute as the organization is more simple; yet that by eating live molluscs, and by the treatment which some crustaceans receive at our hands, we inflict pain there can be no doubt. So, perhaps, the Japanese are not much worse than ourselves after all" (pp. 26-8).

FISH MANURE.

It has been termed "one of the sights of the world" to see the cod-fish approach in countless millions the shores of the Loffoden Islands, about the end of January, for the purpose of spawning in the fjords. The taking of them,

which extends over three months, employs some thirty thousand men, and forms as is well known the principal industry of Norway. The bodies are dried and salted for food, the livers yield oil, and the rest of the fish has hitherto been wasted, despite many attempts to convert it into manure. A fresh and more hopeful attempt in this direction is now being conducted by Messrs. J. Jensen & Co., who have established works on the Islands where the heads and backs of the fish are dried and reduced to a powder, which, mixed with the sulphates of potash and magnesia, becomes a fertilizer rich in phosphates and ammonia, valuable for all crops, and specially adapted for use in the garden, the green-house and the stove. We have tried it with the happiest results in growing gloxinias and pelargoniums. We have heard of its successful application to orchids. In our opinion no artificial manure can enter into competition with it. Mixed with the soil used for potting plants, or sprinkled over the surface of the soil, it is equally efficacious. The price varies from sixpence per pound in small tins to twopence in bags containing a hundred-weight. It is termed "Fish potash manure," and, as far as we are aware, can at present only be obtained from the makers.

The unexpected and hitherto unexplained outbreak of

SAPROLEGNIA AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

among the young salmon hatched at the Fisheries Exhibition and reared in the tanks there, has been carefully investigated by Mr. Murray, of the British Museum, and its origin has been distinctly traced. After he had assured himself that the water supply was not in fault, nor the tanks themselves, nor the landing nets, &c., Mr. Murray, at the suggestion of Professor Huxley, examined the food as a possible vehicle for the infection. He intercepted some of the earthworms used for feeding the fish, and in two days *Saprolegnia* unmistakably showed itself. Worms were procured from various parts of the country, including the Tweed district, which has been largely infected by the disease, but, in no case could he find oöspores in their earthy contents, or rear the fungus on their bodies.

Pursuing his inquiries nearer home he discovered that worms taken from a piece of waste ground near the Buckland Museum yielded the fungus and that the bones of fish that had died in the tanks were to be found mixed with soil. It proved that a labourer had, "once or twice in rainy weather," obtained worms from the infected spot for the fish in the Exhibition. The conclusion was obvious: the *Saprolegnia* had remained alive in its resting state during the damp weather, and been spread about by earth-

worms, and finally conveyed by them into the tanks where the outbreak took place.

The "Upper Austrian Fishery Society" has shown that the absence of

EELS FROM THE DANUBE

and its affluents, first noticed by Albertus Magnus, nearly four centuries back, is not due, as has been asserted, to the water being unfavourable to their development. Four years ago a number of young eels were deposited in a disused arm of the river where no eels previously existed, and during the last winter well-grown fish, measuring from eighteen to twenty-two inches and weighing above five pounds have been taken. That these fish will live and thrive in the Danube can no longer be doubted, but it by no means follows that all parts of the river form an equally suitable *habitat*. The fact of the absence or scarcity of the fish is against this supposition.

CARP PONDS

Those who have read William Cobbett's racy and entertaining "Rural Rides" will remember his allusion to the carp ponds formerly possessed by most Kentish and other South country farmers, and out of which and their rabbit-warrens, they drew a large portion of their rent. Few of these ponds now exist, and it is certain that these few are no source of profit. The attempt to revive them which some enthusiastic fish-culturists appear inclined to make, is absurd. The carp is neither fitted for food nor sport. In former times when intercourse was restricted and when sea-fish rarely reached inland places, and salmon and trout were not procurable, carp no doubt supplied a want which the fasts of the church created and maintained. What we now require is the more rapid, cheap and uniform distribution of the excellent sea-fish caught on our coasts, and of which a large portion neither benefits those who take them nor those who would gladly purchase more largely such inexpensive and nourishing food. Elsewhere it is different. In parts of the Continent and in America where the immense distances to be traversed render fresh sea-fish an impossible article of diet, carp may be advantageously cultivated. For instance in Northern Ohio every farmer who can possibly make an artificial pond by damming or draining is certain to do so, and in nine cases out of ten he stocks the pond with German carp. "Unsurpassed as food," say those who eat them—in default of fish more succulent and more toothsome. Car loads of young carp are, it appears, now and again even sent to New York, but as *Forest and Stream* remarks, "there is a very limited sale for the fish in that City."

A paragraph in a recent number of that journal, headed "Live carp shipped without water," tells of a new method of sending this fish packed in "excelsior," a sort of wood shaving lately introduced by a carp breeder in Indiana. "The fish were at least three hours on the road," says the reporter; "we had never heard of carp being shipped dry, and there they were alive and kicking and not a drop of water around them. To say that we were surprised expresses our astonishment but feebly." But the method is not new—what method, device or appliance is quite new? we found "Webb's joint" the other day in the "*Technica Curiosa*" of Gaspar Schottus (*Herbipol.* 1687); and to-day in the "*Memoirs*" of that erratic and inventive genius Colonel Maceroni, (London, 1838), we read that once when the Colonel was fishing in the extinct crater of Astroni, some of the Inspectors of the Royal Gardens came with nets and took a quantity of fish which they placed in a large tub full of water for conveyance by cart to the waters of Caserta. "I assured these people" writes the irrepressible Colonel, "that they would not succeed in getting one single carp alive to Caserta, a distance of 20 miles, and it turned out as I had predicted." He offered to show them how to carry the fish without water, and filled several shallow baskets with carp packed in wet grass, laying one basket on the top of another and placing a cover on the uppermost. He threw some water over the baskets during the journey and reached Caserta with every fish alive. "By this method," he adds, "carp, tench, pike roach or bream may be conveyed not twenty miles, but a hundred or more, whilst if we were to take them in a cask of water, not one would live" (vol i, pp. 455-6).

The carp pond in England has passed from the farmers to the poet. See what dainty use Mr. Austin Dobson makes of a "gray-stoned pond beneath the arching trees," in his charming

IDYLL OF THE CARP.

The Princess

"These, Denise, are my suitors!"

Denise

"Where?"

The Princess

"I feed them daily here at morn and night. These fish

With crumbs of favour

Denise

"And is there none

More prized than most! There surely must be one

A Carp of carps!"

The Princess

Ah me! he will not come!

He swims at large,—looks shyly on,—is dumb. Sometimes, indeed, I think he fain would nibble, But while he stays with doubts and fears to quibble,

Some gilded fop, or mincing courtier-fribble Slips smartly in,—and gets the proffered crumb. He should have all my crumbs—if he'd but ask; May, an he would, it were no hopeless task To gain a something more. But though he's brave,

He's far too proud to be a dangling slave; And then—he's modest! So.....he will not come!"

Mr. Dobson may not be himself an angler, but in "A Gentleman of the Old School" he has given us a passage which Piscator will take to heart and memory:

"But most his measured words of praise

Cressed the angler's easy ways,—

His idly meditative days,—

His rustic diet"

He is observant too of the denizens of "Sweet Themmes" as may be noted in that delightful "Autumn Idyll," which shares the chief place in our affections with the piquant "Tu quoque," and the arch "Dialogue from Plato":—

"Hist! That's a pike. Look—nose against the river,

Gaunt as a wolf—the sly old privateer!

Enter a gudgeon. Snap,—a gulp, a shiver;

Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here."

And can be gently satirical on the "contemplative man's recreation":

"Sing you again. So musical a croaker

Surely will draw a fish upon the hooks."

Professor A. Landmark, the chief director of Norwegian fisheries, has been studying the

THE JUMPING POWER OF SALMON.

He is of opinion that the height of the jump depends greatly on the nature of the water below the fall to be surmounted. If there be a deep pool right under the fall, where the water is comparatively quiet, a salmon may jump 16 feet perpendicularly; but such jumps are rare, and the Professor can only state with certainty that it has taken place at the Hellefos, in the Drams River, at Haugsend, where two great masts have been placed across the river for the study of the habits of the salmon, so that exact measurements may be effected. The height of the water in the river, of course, varies, but it is, as a rule, when the salmon is running up stream, 16 feet below these masts. The distance between the two is 3½ feet, and the Professor states that he has seen salmon jump from the river below across both masts. As another ex-

ample of high jumping, he mentions some instances at Carratunk waterfall, in Reumbec, in North America, where jumps of 12 feet have been recorded. Professor Landmark further states that when a salmon jumps a fall nearly perpendicular in shape it is sometimes able to remain in the fall, even if the jump is a foot or two short of the actual height. This, he maintains, has been proved by an overwhelming quantity of evidence. The fish may then be seen to stand for a minute or two a foot or so below the edge of the fall in the same spot, in a trembling motion, when with a smart twitch of the tail the rest of the fall is cleared. But only fish which strike the fall straight with the snout are able to remain in the falling mass of water; if it be struck obliquely, the fish is carried back into the stream below. This he believes to be the explanation of salmon passing falls with a clear descent of 16 feet. This is the extreme jump a salmon is capable of, and, of course, not all fish are capable of performing the feat.

BOUILLABAISSE.

A note may be acceptable as to the way of concocting the famous fish-stew immortalised by Thackeray in his charming ballad. Mr. Becker remarks in his "Holiday Haunts by cliff-side and Riverside," 1884, that it is obvious that Terray was a very inferior provider of *bouillabaisse*. "Thackeray tells us that roach and dace entered into the dish as provided at Terrays tavern. Now, putting aside the question that roach and dace are not very good to eat under any circumstances, it may be observed that *bouillabaisse* is so essentially a dish of sea-fish, so distinctly maritime in its character that the cook is recommended to wash and clean his fish with salt water." He held a sort of competitive examination when at Marseilles trying the famous Provençal dish at Roubion's, at Estacque, and at the hotels and restaurants in Marseilles itself. The recipe preferred was that used at the Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix :

Recette de la Bouillabaisse.

Poissons : Rascasse, vives, lèterasse, rougets, verdeau tache rouge, chapons, macquereau, merlan, anguille de mer, langoustes (petites), cigale, galinette, St. Pierre.—N.B. Le poisson doit être lavé et nettoyé dans l'eau de mer, l'eau douce lui enlève sa finesse de goût.

Composition.—Huile fine, un peu de cognac, un peu de vin blanc, poivre moulu de frais, sel, safran, oignon, bouquet garni, ail très peu. N.B. Bouquet se compose de laurier, basilic, sauge, thym, fenouil, persil.

N.B. Cuise vivement pendant sept minutes.

The list of fish scarcely bears out Mr. Becker's

assertion that *bouillabaisse* is a "dish of sea-fish," for it includes the roach (*rouget*), and if this be the name given in France to a sea-fish then the inference that Terray was an "inferior provider" falls to the ground. [*Rouget* is the Red Mullet.]

The greatest living authority on matters gastronomic, Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his "Journey due South," gives some further and more practical particulars respecting *bouillabaisse*, or more properly Bouil-Abaise. He declares that the "weighty Durand only admits to two kinds—that *à la Marseillaise* and that *à la Nîmoise*." Here is the recipe for the former. "In the bottom of a stew-pan a small quantity of chopped onion should be placed. This, with a little good oil, should be passed for a moment over a fire. Then your assortment of sea-fish must be cut in slices, notably, your loup, your moyaine, your whiting, your rascasse, and your langouste or cray-fish; but of this last only the tail of him. The slices of fish are then to be placed in the stew-pan together with some well-chopped parsley and garlic, a slice of lemon, a tomato, from which the water and seeds have been expressed; the whole seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little powdered saffron. The whole mass is then to be sprinkled, and that liberally, with good olive oil, and is then to be thoroughly "wetted" with a glass of dry white wine and some fish bouillon, zoutche, or broth made from fishes' heads and "trimmings," carefully boiled down and strained through a tamis. When the fish is entirely covered by the liquid the stew-pan is to be set to the "double-quick boil," until, by means of such heroic coction, the contents are reduced to three-quarters of the original volume. The reduced sauce—"Bouil-Abaise"—is then to be poured into a deep dish, in which slices of the crumb of fine white bread—what we term French roll—have been systematically arranged. The slices of fish are served separately.

Bouillabaisse à la Nimoise differs from that *à la Marseillaise* in the particulars that among the fish red mullet, soles, and eels, are admitted, and that when the fish is cooked it is served up with a saueir made from the boiled and pounded liver of a fish called a "baudroie," mingled with the yolks of three eggs, some good oil, and a glass of madeira. Instead of the sauce of the "Bouil-Abaise" being poured over slices of bread in that of Nîmes, the sauce and the fish are served together, and the whole dish is encircled by "croutons" of bread fried in butter. Altogether there would appear to be a minimum of garlic in the Nîmes recipe; nor is there any mention made of saffron as an ingredient. In the Marseilles *bouillabaisse* it is almost unpleasantly prominent.

THE CREEL IS CLOSED;

but, as every angler knows, the lid has a hole through which a final capture may be dropped. One word then—a personal word—to those who have helped us to fill the panier or have, at least, taken intelligent interest in the sport:—We promised

SUPPLEMENTS TO THE BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA, and the promise will be kept, perhaps, some day, but not just yet. Like all promises, this one was contingent upon certain things—and, first, upon a desire to have the supplements. Now, those who have expressed this desire are few, and, of their number, the people who have given practical expression to their wishes by sending me particulars of omissions, additions, and above all, of *errors*, may be counted upon the fingers of one hand—are in fact just three and no more. Were the cost of a supplement to be divided upon this basis the quotient would be the value of four copies of the B. P. itself and more. Well, no golden harvest was reaped from the work itself, and I have no margin of profit wherewith to indulge in extravagant freaks. On the contrary, it absorbed (delightfully enough, it is true) all my leisure for nearly two years, and cost as much money as would have provided one hundred of those fish upon which Calliodorus supped on a memorable occasion, not one-fifth part of which has come back, or will ever come back, to me in coin of the realm. May I hope in these circumstances to stand excused for not pressing on the supplements? I think—I feel sure that I may!

THOS. SATCHELL.

[Before these concluding words were in type, the amiable and accomplished writer had breathed his last. In accordance with the wish he had expressed to me a few days before his death, I have “put the papers into shape,” and now “close the lid of the Creel,” that he had so well filled for the amusement and instruction of his friends.

ALFRED WALLIS. *June 6th, 1887.*]

AN OLD ANGLER & A NEW PAPER.



KIND Exeter correspondent has sent us the remains of one of the brown-leather clad books so dear to the angling bibliomaniac. It is a collection of tracts on country pursuits, badly maimed at the beginning and end, and much worn, as if it had travelled afield in many a pocket, and been shaken ere now out of many a creel. A fragrance of tobacco hangs about it,

and what the “ministering angels” who flout their lords’ old books call “a nasty smell of mould and moths,” is, we are persuaded, a whiff of hay-fields and Spring meadows yet haunting the pages which anglers, who have long crumbled into dust, have consulted in the sunny Mays of nearly two hundred years ago. First, comes a book of cookery and receipts of seventy-two pages. The title is gone with a few leaves from the beginning and we shall be greatly obliged to anyone who can help us to its name and date. Here are some helps. At p. 50 are receipts—“to hinder the night-mare from riding horses” and “to cure an Ague,” this is effected by hanging the celebrated Abracadabra amulet round the neck; “it is said one cured above 100 with it.”

Then follows Gervase Markham’s compilation (the book, it should have been named, is a 12mo), “The Compleat Husbandman and Gentleman’s Recreation.” This consists of 38 pp., and details the diseases of cattle, fowls, hares, &c. The Second Part of this volume is entitled “The Husbandman’s Jewel” (52pp.). Up to p. 28 this contains receipts, prognostics of weather and the like. Then comes what mainly gives the quaint little volume its value to an angler, “The Angler’s Instructor” headed by a curious little woodcut. It treats of general angling subjects, baits, pastes, flies, &c. concluding the treatise with a couple of receipts for taking pike. These seemed familiar to us and on turning to the useful pages of *Bib. Piscatoria*, it appears these nine pages on angling are *identical with that very rare little book the “Young Angler’s Instructor,” of which we possess a copy deficient in title-page. Fowling and Trapping conclude this part. Next come 68 pages of “Every Man his own Gauger,” by J. Lightbody, Philomath. Printed for G. C. [George Conyers] at the Ring in Little Britain.” The whole volume concludes with “A New Book of Knowledge,” an omnium gatherum of receipts, dated 1697, but only containing 10 pages; bad usage and envious time having made away with the rest. Will some kind reader let us know how many pages it ought to possess? This book belonged to one Saml. Renshaw, who has here and there scribbled very shamefully on its dear old yellow leaves. We can only wish that lover of old books, Dr. J. H. Burton were living, rightly to anathematise him.

M. G. WATKINS.
[The title of the first tract is “Notable things, or the way to save wealth,” 1697; the “Book of knowledge” should have 12 pages. Gervase Markham is not responsible for these pieces, and they were issued—but is not all and more, set forth in the pages of the B.P.? Ed.]

*In many parts identical, would be a truer description. Ed.

A Collector's Hand-list of Angling Books. VIII.

- Soubeyran. Rapport sur l'exposition des produits de pêche de la Haye, en 1867. Paris, Martinet, 1870
- Spectacle de la nature†. 1763; in *Eng.* 1743, 1744, 1766
- Speedy. Sport in Highlands and Lowlands, 1881
- Sport. Sport with rod and gun (Ed. Mayer), 1863
- Sporting. Sporting almanac, 1839-44
 ———— Sporting-Almanack, 1844
 ———— Sporting anecdotes, (1807)
 ———— Sporting gazette, 1862, &c., Pp.
 ———— Sporting magazine, 1793-1870, Pp.
 ———— Sporting repository, 1822
 ———— Sporting review, 1839-70, Pp.
 ———— Sporting sketch book, 1842
 ———— Sporting times, 1865, &c., Pp.
 ———— New sporting almanack, 1844
 ———— New sporting magazine, 1841-1870, Pp.
- Sports. Aquatic sports, 1845
 ———— Old sports, 1825
 ———— Wild sports of the world, 1861
- Sportsman. The sportsman, 1834-70, Pp.
 ———— The sportsman's cabinet, 1832-3
 ———— The sportsman's calendar, 1818
 ———— The sportsman's dictionary, 1735.
 1744.
 ————
 1782, 1785, 1786, 1792, 1800, 1807
 ———— The sportsman's magazine, 1824,
 1845-8
 ———— The young sportsman's miscellany, 1826
- Staentz de Cronfels. *Piscinarium, 1680
 Stahl [Hetzel]. Les pêcheurs ennemis, 1881
- Stark. Praktische anleitung, 1847
- Steele. †Canoe and camera, 1880, 1882
- Steinbock. Unterricht...der Fischerei, 1710
 ———— Die...Kunst der... Fischerei, 1730
- Stevens, C. W. Fly-fishing in Maine lakes, 1881
 ———— S. The spiritual fisherman, 1769
- Stevenson, M. †The twelve moneths, 1661
 ———— W. Original poems, 1765
- Steward, C. Treatise on the law of Scotland relating to rights of fishing, 1869
 ———— W. C. The practical angler, 1857, 1857, 1857, 1861, 1867, 1874, 1877
 ———— A caution to anglers, 1871
- Stockhausen. Beiträge zur...Fischerei-Statistik, 1859
- Stoddart. Art of angling, 1835, 1836
 ———— Angling reminiscences, 1837, 1848
 ———— Songs and Poems, 1839
 ———— Angler's companion, 1847, 1853, 1864
 ———— Angler's rambles and angling songs, 1866
- Songs of the Seasons, 1873, 1881
- Stone. The angler's assistant, n.d., T
- Stonehenge [Walsh] Manual of British rural sports, 1856, 1857, —?, 1859, —?, 1863, 1867, —?, 1871, —?, —? [1875], —?, [1878], 1881
- Stradanus. Venationes...piscium, [civ. 1580]
- Stretton. †Sport and sportsmen, 1866
- Strickland. †27 years in Canada, 1853
- Strutt. †Sports and pastimes, 1801, 1875
- Sweet. †Woods and water, 1860
- Swete. †Hand-book of Epsom, 1861
- Taplin. Sporting Dictionary, 1803
- Taschenbuch. Neuestes ... Taschenbuch, 1841, 1849
- Taunt. New map of the Thames, 1872, 1873, &c.
- Taverner. *Certaine experiments concerning fish, 1600
- Taylor, J. The Trent fisher, 1781
 ———— I. E. Nature's bye-paths, 1880
 ———— S. Angling in all its branches, 1800
- Teale. Lives of...Izaak Walton, 1842
- Teichmann. Ueber Teichfischerei, 1812
 ———— Die Teichfischerei, 1831
- Teignmouth. †Sketches of...Scotland, 1836
- Tempesta. Venationes...piscium, 1602, 1627
- Tenorio. La avicteptologia, 1843
- Thames. An essay on right of angling in Thames, n.d., then as A letter to a proprietor
 ———— A fishery on Thames, (1787)
 ———— The Thames angler, 1846, 1846
 ———— Fishery bye-laws, 1870
 ———— Rules, orders and ordinances, (1785), 1827, 1835, 1847, 1848
 ———— The Blue Book of Thames Angling Preservation Society, 1881, etc.
 ———— A tour on the banks of the Thames, 1834
- Theocritus. †Idylliums, 1767, etc.
- Thevenin. Nouveau manuel de pêche, 1879
- Thibault. Observations sur...la pêche, 1814
- Thiemen. *Haus...und Wunderbuch, 1682
- Things. †Notable things, 1697
- Thomas. The rod in India, 1873, 1881
- Thompson, F. B. Angler's manual, Dipple, n.d.
- J. Hand-book of angling, 1825
 ———— W. †Natural history of Ireland, 1849-56
- Thomson. †The seasons, 1728
- Thornton. A sporting tour through...England, 1804
 ———— A sporting tour through ... France, 1806
- Thorpe. †Mystery of backwoods, 1846
- Tod. Trout fishing in the Isle of Man, [1865]
- Tolfrey. Sportsman in France, 1841

- Sportsman in Canada, 1845
 ——— Jones's guide to Norway, 1848
 Toussaint. Nouveau manuel du pêcheur, n.d.
 Traité. Traite de toute sorte de ...pêche, 1714
 Treatise. A concise...treatise on...angling, 1809
 ——— A concise...treatise on artificial fly-fishing, 1860
 Trent. Practical observations on angling in Trent, 1801
 Troller. The competent troller, 1862
 Trollope. †British sports and pastimes, 1868
 Trotandot. *see* Pulman
 Tscheiner. Der...Fischermeister, 1821
 Tngwell. On the mountain, 1862
 Turton. The angler's manual, 1836
 Tweddell. Izaak Walton, 1854
 Ubique [Gillmore]. †Gun, rod and saddle, 1867
 ——— †Accessible field sports, 1869
 Valverde. Manuel del pescador, 1879
 Vanhaecken. †The wonders of the deep, 1762
 Vanière. Prædium rusticum, 1730, 1742, 1746, 1749, 1750, 1765, 1780
 ——— Fishing, 1800
 Varro. De re rustica lib. iii, 1472, 1735, 1773-4, 1781, 1787-8, &c.; *in English*, by Owen, 1800; *in German*, by Grosse, 1787-8, by Mayer, 1774, 1781; *in French*, by Rousselot, 1826
 Vaughan, H. †Works in verse and prose, 1868
 ——— T. †The golden fleece, 1626
 Venables, G. Salmon in the Thames, 1851, —?, 1874
 ——— R. The experienc'd angler, 1662, 1668, 1676, 1683, 1825, 1827
 Vianelli. La marina, 1806
 Victoria. Sea and river rambles in V., 1860
 Vie. La vie à la...pêche, 1861, *etc.* PP.
 Villifranci. L'amoranto, favola pescatoria, 1614
 Voigt. Ueber den Fischereibetrieb, 1870
 Volckhart. Dissertatio...de jure piscandi, (1671)
 Voyage. Voyage d'un chasseur, 1839
 Vox. Vox piscis : or, the book-fish, 1627
 W., H. On roach fishing, 1860
 — J. [Worlidge]. Systema agriculturæ, 1668-9, 1675, 1681, 1698, 1699, 1716
 — W. The vermin killer, 1680, n.d.
 Wade. Halcyon ; or, rod fishing, 1861, *as* Rod fishing in clear water, n.d.
 Wagner. Der...Fischer, 1729, 1730, 1739
 ——— Der vollkommene Fischer, 1762, 1785
 Waidweryk. Waidweryk, [Augsburg, *cir.* 1525] 1530, 1531
 Waler. †Divine meditations, 1680, 1682, 1839
 Wallis. †Bemrose's guide to Derbyshire, [1878]
 Wallon. Questions de pêche, 1868
 Wallwork. The modern angler, 1847, T.
 Wallter. Hints to young sportsmen, 1871
 Walton, Izaak. The compleat angler, Marriott, 1653, 1655, 1661, 1664, 1668, 1676; Kent, 1750, 1759; Hope, 1760; Rivington, 1766; Causton, 1772; Rivington, 1774, 1775, 1784
 1791, 1792, 1797; Bagster, 1808, 1810, 1815; Smith, 1822; Major, 1823; [Hodgson, 1824]; Major, 1824; Tegg, 1824; Dove, 1825; Pickering, 1825, 1826; Tegg, 1826; Cole, 1828?; Chambers, 1833; Bell, 1834, 1834; Fraser, 1834; Major, 1835; Tegg, 1835; Pickering, 1836; Bell, 1836; Fraser, 1836; Tilt, 1837; Lewis, 1839; Chidley, 1841; Washbourne, 1842; Lockwood, [1844]; Piper, [1844]; Sherwood, [1844]; Philadelphia, [1844]; Bogue, 1844; Johnson, 1844, 1846; Curry, 1847, New York, Wiley, 1847, 1848; Johnson, 1848, 1849, [1849?]; Causton, 1851; Johnson, 1851; Wiley, 1852; Ingram, 1853; Cooke, 1854; Bohn, 1856; Johnson, 1857; Milner, 1857; Groombridge, 1858; Routledge, 1859; Wiley, 1859; (*in German*) Hamburgh, 1859; Nattali, 1860; Bohn, 1861; Bell, 1863, 1864, 1865; Boston, Ticknor, 1866; Little, 1866; Wiley, 1866; Little, 1867; Bell, 1868; Murray, 1869; Bell, 1870; Murray, 1872; Chatto, 1875; Bell, 1876; Stock, 1876; Routledge, [1878]; Warne, [1878]; Ward, 1878; Bell, 1878; *in* Fishing Gazette, 1879; Wiley, 1880; Routledge, 1881; Strahan, [1881]; Lippincott, [1881]; [Griggs, 1882]; Stock, [1885]; Nimmo, [1885]; Cassell, 1886
 Walton and Cotton Club. Rules, 1821, 1840
 ——— Rules... of Cambridge University, W. & C. C., 1826
 Waltonian. Rules of the W. Society, 1868
 Walwyn's complete art of angling, [1844?], T.
 Ward. †Wars of the elements, 1708, 1730
 Warde. †The secrets of Maister Alexis, 1615-4
 Warren, J. R. Shooting...and Fishing, 1871
 ——— S. Trout fishing, [1862?], T.
 Watkins, M. G. Treatyse of fysshynge, with introduction by M. G. W., 1880
 ——— W. Boy's own hand-book of angling, London, Lea, n.d.
 Watt. Remarks on shooting...trolling, 1839
 Wayth. Trout fishing, 1845
 Webb's fishing book: angler's daily register, 1876
 Webber. †Wild scenes, 1852
 ——— †Romance of natural history, 1852
 Wecker. †18 books of secrets of nature, 1660
 Weld. †Two months in Highlands, 1860
 ——— †Auvergne, 1850
 Wells. Contemplative and practical angler, 1842
 ——— Temperance fishing book, 1842, 1853
 Westwood. A new Bibliotheca Piscatoria, 1861-9
 ——— Chronicle of complete angler, 1864, 1884
 ——— †Quest of the Sancgreall, 1868
 ——— Gathered in the gloaming, 1885
 ——— & Satchell. Bibliotheca Piscatoria, 1883
 Wheatley. The rod and the line, 1849
 Wheelodon. Angling resorts near London, 1878
 White. †A rich cabinet, 1651; *then as* Hocus Pocus, [1715?]

Whitney. The genteel recreation, 1700, 1820
 Wilcocks. The sea fisherman, (1865), 1868, 1875
 Wild-fowler [Clements]. Shooting and fishing trips, 1876-7
 ——— Shooting... and sea-fishing, 1879
 Williams, F. T. Angler's pocket diary, 1867
 ——— S. Boy's treasury of sports, 1814
 ——— W. M. Through Norway, 1859
 Williamson, J. The British angler, 1740
 ——— T. The complete angler's vademecum, 1808, 1822, 1825
 Wilson, Jas. The rod and the gun, 1840, 1841, 1844
 ——— Voyage round Scotland, 1842
 ——— Jno. Recreations of Christopher North, 1842, 1848, 1857, 1865
 Winkler. Eenige opmerkingen, 1860
 ——— Over het Visschen, 1861
 ——— Over de Kabeljauwvangst, 1861
 Wirth. Die Teichfischerei, 1840

Woelfer. Die wilde Fischerei, 1831
 ——— Gründliche anweisung zur Angelfischerei, 1837
 Wotton. Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651, 1654, 1672, 1685
 Wright. Fishes and fishing, 1858
 Wyndham. Wild life...Norway, 1861
 Yarrell. History of British fishes, 1836-9, 1841, 1859 [1st Supp. 1839 ; 2nd Supp. 1860]
 Young, Alf. The angler's hand-book, n.d., T.
 ——— And. Angler and Tourists' guide to... Scotland, 1857
 ——— Arc. Angler's.....guide to Sutherland, 1880, 1881
 ——— L.J.H. Sea-fishing as a sport, 1865, 1872
 Younger. On river angling, 1840; *then as River angling*, 1860, 1864
 Zeller. Die...Fischerei-polizei, 1830-1
 Zouch. Life of Walton, 1790, 1823, 1826, 1830
 ——— Works of T. Zouch, 1820

THE PEDIGREE OF "JO. DENVOS." (See "Green Series" of *Angler's Note-Book*, p. 181.)

30, TORRINGTON SQUARE,
 8, September, 1881.

My Dear Sir,

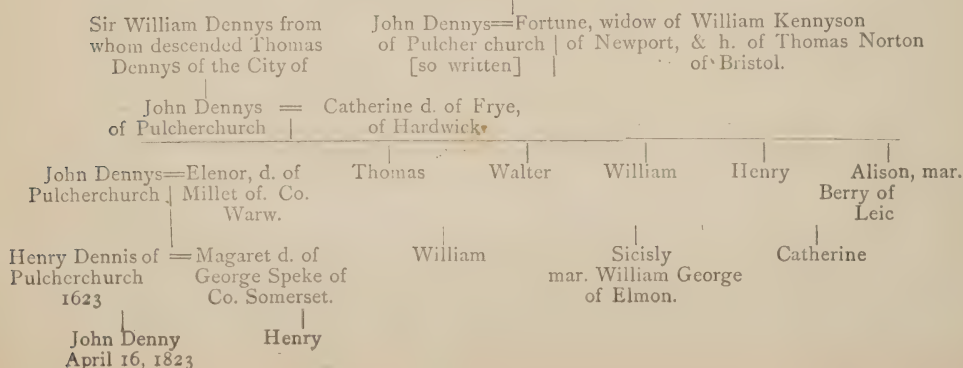
I have read with great interest the communication with which you have had the goodness to favour me respecting the author of the *Secrets of Angling*, 1613. It cannot, I think, be for a moment doubted that the author, whoever he was, lived near the Boyd and that the banks of that stream were the principal scenes of his piscatory exploits. Neither can it now, I think, be doubted that the "Da" of the early editions of Walton and the "Devors" of the later, do represent, though how it may not be easy to explain, the name of Dennis, which name, as you well know, appears in the *Stationers' Register* as that of the author, especially as you have so plainly shown that an esquire's family of that name was seated at the near "Deinton" and "Wick." On first reading the

monumental inscriptions from Pucklechurch, I thought we had the identical John Dennis in the earlier of them, for I understood it to mean that John Dennis married Margaret Speke, and died in 1638; but the first *qui* belongs, I find, to Henry Dennis, so that we have in fact no person named in the inscription who could have been the John Dennis of 1613. But on referring to the Visitation of Gloucestershire, 1623, I find that the father of Henry was named John; and *he*, whose birth may with probability be referred to 1560-1570 is, I conceive, the person to whom we owe the poem in question.

Perhaps a copy of the Visitation pedigree may be acceptable to you, as your attention has been turned to this piece of literary history, and as it contains something more on which I will remark hereafter.

MS. Harl., 6185, f. 48 & 75.

Sir Walter Denny = Agnes, d. & h. of Sir Robert Davers



Now what I meant to remark was this : the singularity that the great-grandmother of John Dennis, who appears in Walton under the name of John Davors, should have been an heiress of the name of Devers. There is probably something more than an accidental coincidence here.

One thing strikes me as remarkable on looking at this subject, that Sir John Harington, of Kelston, who was born about 1560, and so must have lived all his life contemporary with his poetical neighbour at Pucklechurch, has no allusion to him, though he names so many of his friends, and especially his poetical friends, Daniel, Constable, and others. My researches in his writings for this purpose have gone no further than the notes to the Ariosto and the Epigrams.

The other daughters of Sir George Speke married Horner, of Malls; Brydges, of Keynsham; Warre, of Hutercombe, and Chester, of Almesbury. There is one, if not more, poetical inscription on the Brydges' monuments at Keynsham, which may possibly be the work of John Dennis.

The conclusion of the first of the two inscriptions from Pucklechurch is, I suppose, meant to be enigmatical, and I confess my inability to guess the answer. The etymology of Pucklechurch is, I suppose, inadmissible, Pulcherchurch. There is something peculiar in this.

(*cætera desunt*).

A NEW FRIEND OF IZAAK WALTON



SIR HARRIS NICOLAS in his Life of Walton, prefixed to Pickering's 1836 edition of the "Complete Angler" (pp.ii-iv), writes : "The earliest notice of Walton after his birth is of a very interesting nature, as it is intimately connected with those literary pursuits, to which he is indebted for the regard of posterity. In 1619 a small poem was published, entitled 'The Love of Amos and Laura, written by S. P.' which was dedicated to Walton in the following verses :—

'To my approved and much-respected friend Iz. Wa.

To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,

I too unworthy of so great a blisse :

These harsh tun'd lines I here to thee commend,

Thou being cause it is now as it is :

For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might

These have been buried in oblivion's night.

If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,

And disavow my title to the verse :

But being bad I needs must call them mine,

No ill thing can be cloathed in thy verse.

Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended

S. P.'

"It is evident that Walton either suggested various improvements in, or had written part of the poem, whilst two of the lines prove that it was printed at his recommendation. The poem was first published in 1613, six years before, together with three others; but in the only known copy of that edition, which is unfortunately imperfect, the verses to Walton do not occur; and it is doubtful whether they were omitted, or have been abstracted from that particular copy. As there is no variation (except of a single word) between the two editions, the alterations, which the author so gratefully acknowledges, must have been made in the original manuscript; and as Walton was only twenty years of age in 1613, the love of literature, which never deserted him, must have commenced at a very early period of his life. Much light would probably be thrown upon this point of Walton's career if 'his more than thrice beloved,' S. P., could be identified; but the attempt to discover him has not been successful, though some circumstances render it likely that the initials were those of Samuel Purchas, the author of "The Pilgrimage," who is known to have written various miscellaneous pieces, besides the works which bear his name."

That Izaak Walton should have shown a love of literature "at a very early period of his life," that is in 1613, is in the highest degree probable, but there is nothing in the above statement which establishes the conjecture as a fact; neither is there any reason to suppose that he had "written part" of his friend's poem, or that the poem was first printed at his recommendation; or for stating that the alteration "*must* have been made in the original manuscript," or that "there is no variation (except of a single word) between the two editions," or that the dedicatory verses may "have been abstracted" from the Bright, Corser and Museum copy, which is

the only one known and which appears to have been personally examined by Sir Harris Nicolas.

The real facts are these: there were three editions of S. P.'s little love poem, a jejune and uninteresting performance at the best, dated 1613, 1619 and 1628, and all "printed for Richard Hawkins dwelling in Chancery lane, neare Sericants Inne." The last of these editions (1628), called on the title-page: "The second impression," is a reprint, apparently *verbatim, literatim et punctuatim* of the first (1613), and both are printed in small quarto with large type. The dedicatory verses do not appear in either of these editions, and as no leaves have been abstracted (notwithstanding the doubt expressed by Sir Harris) from the 1613 copy, save the two last (M 2 & 3) which would only suffice to complete the text, it may be safely asserted that this edition never contained them. The verses first appear in the intermediate edition of 1619, when Walton was twenty-six, and are prefixed to the poem, which is printed in smaller type and in small octavo form, while the punctuation is amended throughout, and corrections and alterations made in the text. Sir H. Nicolas's comparison has been limited to the first page. In line 8 he found the "single word" to which he believed the variation between the two editions to be confined: "great renown" of 1613 is altered to "good renown" in 1619. Had he turned a little further, however, he would have found other corrections: "goods safely landed in the Fort" reads "in the Port;" and a few lines before, "the merchant's" is altered to "a merchant's." There may be other variations, we cannot say, for our comparison was made in a cursory manner. But these are sufficient, it seems to us, to justify the language used in the dedicatory verses, always to be taken *cum grano*. Whilst commending the verses, or suggesting a reprint, Walton probably pointed out these errors to the author. Possibly he had noted them in his own copy and had also there amended the punctuation. In this light the matter is clear enough:

"Thou being cause it is now as it is :
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence
might
These have been buried in oblivion's night."

The "Love of Amos and Laura" is now attributed without question in the Museum catalogue, and on the excellent authority of Mr. Corser, to Samuel Page, Vicar of Deptford, who printed several sermons between 1609 and 1619, and died in 1630. (Watt.)

It may be added that the editions of 1613 and 1628 contain "Alcilia, Philoparthen's louing Folly, ...Pigmaliions Image, The Loue of Amos and Laura, and Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others"; while that of 1619 omits the "Epigrammes."

THOS. SATCHELL.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MEM. The so-called fac-simile of the first edition of Nobbes' *Complete Troller*, 1682, frequently has the trade label of Higginbotham (the tackle-maker, for whom it was printed) placed after the preliminary matter. The water-mark in the paper is a fleur-de-lys, and on p. 37 the point of the fish-hook is turned to the inside of the page, having been traced from the original and reversed.

Twelve copies, only, of the Walton and Cotton Bibliography were excerpted from the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, in small 4to form, for presentation to his friends, by Mr. Satchell.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MEM. The first of the two issues of Chetham's *Angler's Vade-Mecum*, dated 1700, ought to have a two-page illustration, containing twelve copper-plate cuts of fish, nearly identical with those in the 5th edition of *The Compleat Angler*, 1676, and unquestionably by the same artist. Page 267 is misnumbered 682. The book is very rare.

Collectors of original editions of Charles Cotton's works may be interested in learning that a manuscript book of *Poems*, formerly in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, contains "The Legend of Sir Peregrine" in the autograph of the angler-poet. The rarest of his books is *The Fair One of Tunis*, 1674.

ANGLERS' STORIES. We don't insist upon any one weighing every fish he captures; but we request that no one after jerking out a few parr, will maintain next morning, or even that very night, that he has had a most toilsome but very glorious day, and has killed five dozen and four of the finest trout the human eye ever gazed upon. 'All men are liars'—and several anglers—is a proposition the exact import of which depends much on the mode of construction.

James Wilson, "Rod and Gun."

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